









THE  
WESTMINSTER  
AND  
FOREIGN QUARTERLY  
REVIEW.

APRIL, 1847—JULY, 1847.

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“Legitimæ inquisitionis vera norma est, ut nihil valeat in practicam, cujus non sit etiam doctrina aliqua et theoria.”—BACON, *De Augm. Scient.*

“Those who have not thoroughly examined to the bottom all their own tenets, must confess they are unfit to prescribe to others; and are unreasonable in imposing that as truth on other men's belief which they themselves have not searched into, nor weighed the arguments of probability on which they should receive or reject it.”—LOCKE, *Essay on Human Understanding*.

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THE  
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ART. I.—1. *A Word to the Public.* By the Author of ‘*Lucretia*,’ ‘*Rienzi*,’ &c.

2.—*Dombey and Son.* By Charles Dickens. Parts 1 to 6.

SIR Edward Bulwer Lytton has appealed from the critics to the judgment of the public, in defence of ‘*Lucretia*,’ and in explanation, generally, of his moral and artistic aims as a novelist. He disputes the charge of having made crime the ordinary and favourite subject of his works; and shows that out of sixteen publications, in three of them only are the heroes or heroines criminals, ‘*Paul Clifford*,’ ‘*Eugene Aram*,’ and ‘*Lucretia*.’

We pass this as a fact which does not affect any strictures of our own, and not material to the question whether, in the latter novel, the author has administered to a healthy taste, or to one for morbid excitement?

Sir Edward proceeds to demonstrate, by a host of authorities, from Sophocles downwards, that the delineation of crime is a legitimate subject of fictitious composition; but this, we think, is irrelevant to the case. Many things may be established by precedent, but the evidence of classic authorities is not an answer to the question of *cui bono*? Admitting that crime may be delineated (a very safe proposition), we have still to inquire in what manner it should be portrayed, and what crimes should be selected for delineation? Crimes the most revolting and rare in their occurrence? or those to which all of us may be exposed by temptation? And, in aiming at moral objects, whether in the novel or in the play, we may ask, is it well to dwell so exclusively upon horrors as to shut out from the mind all fairer and brighter images?

As a question of art, Sir Edward reasons as if his critics would require a painter to dispense with light and shade. To adopt the simile, we may remind him that light and shade may

be artistically employed, without copying the dark background of Rembrandt's portraits.

We must take leave to doubt whether the contemplation of unalloyed evil produces, under any circumstances, a salutary impression. Any thought which takes exclusive possession of the imagination produces a corresponding and often a dangerous bias. The mind slides insensibly from abhorrence to indifference, and learns to brave consequences by looking them in the face. Hence the monomania of suicides and would-be regicides. A lad throws himself from the monument, and in a week it has to be closed, from the numbers who imitate the example. An idiot shoots at the Queen or Louis Philippe, and a crowd of idiots become infatuated with a similar design.

"Crime," says Sir Edward, "is the essential material of the *tragic* drama." If so, we should be disposed to assert that the decline of the drama, as far as tragedy is concerned, is not a subject for lamentation; and the fact that many tragedies formerly popular, and still considered classic, have been driven from the stage, we trace to the tendencies of a growing civilization, which set in an opposite direction to "the passion of terror." The public no longer require, as a means of pleasurable excitement, gladiatorial contests or the combats of wild beasts. The burning of heretics has ceased to be the pastime of fanatics. Instruments of torture have not only been abolished, but it would be difficult now to find an individual who could use them, even upon his most bitter enemies, with the cruel relish of former times. A distaste for symbolical terrors is a natural consequence of this improvement. Sophocles, were he among us, would find the parricide of *Cædipus* a subject only for the minor theatres. '*Titus Andronicus*' could not now be written; and how much would have been softened by Shakspeare, even in the best of his tragedies, had they been addressed to an educated audience of the nineteenth century! We tolerate from habit the spectacle in '*Othello*' of a woman strangled upon the stage, but what modern dramatist would venture to introduce a similar incident? Shakspeare is not immortal because of any interest we take in kingly murderers, such as *Macbeth* or *Richard the Third*, but from that profound and varied knowledge of the human heart, of which his plays became the medium of expression. In the agony of *Richard*, in the tent scene, what is there of painful interest different to the sufferings of a malefactor broken on the wheel? Kings and princes no longer assist at public executions; their fascination has ceased, or is diminishing, with the multitude; and so it must be as society advances, with all public exhibitions of hopeless misery, real or symbolical. Wherever civilization is incomplete, wherever there

assertion or proposition. Truth is predicated only of affirmations, or judgments respecting two or several ideas when compared. My idea of an angle or a circle, of a horse or of the will, is my idea and nothing more—it is neither true nor false—or equally both. By looking at such questions as Kant raises a little steadily, they cease to have meaning, they vanish into thin air; and, after meditating on his spiritual conjurations for an hour, we exclaim, with Macbeth, upon the disappearance of the witches, “Where are they? gone? Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar!”

Our great dramatist, Shakspeare, had an eye to this sort of reasoning, when the clown, in clerk’s or student’s dress, visits Malvolio, and reminds him of what the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, “That, that is, is: So I, being master parson, am master parson: For what is that, but that? and is, but is?” And when Malvolio complains, as we of transcendentalism, “this house is dark,” the clerk replies, “Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.”—*Twelfth Night*, Act 4, Scene 2.

After many others, Mr. J. D. Morell, the intelligent and well-meaning author of two volumes on the ‘*Speculative Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century*,’ has undertaken to give an account, in English, of these writers; and more especially of Kant, whose productions form, in his judgment, “incomparably the greatest æra in modern philosophy, the results of them having become insensibly incorporated, more or less, into all our metaphysical thinking.” Now, it is extraordinary, that while Kant is very much forgotten in Germany itself, and each succeeding writer in the department of speculative philosophy professes to see and maintain a principle of reason, more clear and more important than any to be found in Kant, as is evident from Mr. Morell’s own pages; it is extraordinary that the English should be going to seek wisdom at this oracle, and puzzling themselves, at this late hour, with its ambiguities and mystifications, striving to raise themselves from the solid ground of earth and experience, upon the cloudy ravings of this idealist, “to those lofty and supersensual ideas, which link us to the infinite and eternal.” To those vast heights does our historian profess himself to be raised by the discovery of that higher faculty in man, which he considers entirely owing to Kant, the climax of whose merits it was, that he pointed out its existence—the faculty of the *Pure Reason*.

Now, it is a very worthy effort in Mr. Morell, both to endea-



your to attain himself, and to convey to others, clear ideas of the nature and the relative value of the critical philosophy; to point out its bearing upon the general intelligence of Europe; and to show in what respects it was an advance upon any previous attainments in that department of human inquiry, which, for the sake of distinctness, has been called, very properly, the philosophy of the human mind. We must confess, however, that we have gained from Mr. Morell's labours only a confirmation of an impression, deepened by every succeeding German work on these subjects, original or translated, which falls into our hands, which we would gladly exchange for an impression of more pleasing character—that it is an abuse of terms to call it philosophy at all. It is a mere jargon of unmeaning sounds, "*vox et præterea nihil.*" The thread of the verbosity is so much finer than the staple of the argument, that we find it impossible to extract an iota of valuable meaning from it. The veriest cobweb spun by spider is substance itself in comparison. The more we read it, the less we agree with it. There is, in fact, nothing to agree with, or disagree with. The glimmer of meaning goes out when you examine it, like the light of a glow-worm exposed to the sun, or brought to the rays of a table-lamp. Its sparkle, far from being of the diamond, is not even that of a painted glass. Mr. Morell virtually pronounces its condemnation when he renounces the strange, uncouth phraseology, as he calls it, of its author, for a phraseology not the author's; respecting which, therefore, we have no confidence that it expresses the author's real sentiments, but a phraseology—be it whose it may—not definite, not clear, nor self-consistent; presenting, after all, nothing but a heap of obscurity and confusion, in which useful terms are denuded of their proper significance, totally misapplied, and turned out like well-born children, in the rags, and dirt, and frippery of a lawless and smoke-besmeared gipsy camp. What hope of sound, sterling sense from those with whom their very mysticism is a pride and boast? When we look for light, behold darkness! for sense, behold sound! We want the realities of nature, and are put off with long words. We want an analysis of complex mental phenomena; an examination of the primitive, simple elements, out of which the infinite variety of trains of associated thoughts and feelings may be composed; a rational and consistent view of the process of the mind in the attainment of knowledge and truth; and we are launched at once into the infinite, the necessary, the absolute, the eternal. Our ideas are at one time spoken of as matter, and then matter is resolved into an idea. We are tossed to and fro upon a wide sea of speculation, without the least knowledge of our direction or probable harbour of refuge. We dive into

the great deep without object, and bring up no pearl. Our only sensation is that of a singing in our ears from the pressure of the vasty deep in which we are engulfed. As the grand apostate said, "Evil! be thou my good!" so there is a philosophy which seems to say, "Madness and folly, be thou my reason!"\*

While we admire the ease with which Mr. Morell has filled a volume on what he calls, after the fashion of Cousin, Leibnitzian Wolfianism, we must pronounce a deliberate opinion that he would have written a more instructive history of philosophy had he troubled himself less with the grim obscurities of transcendental idealism, and taken the pains to verify the representations, and examine the reasonings, of the German and French lecturers, whose writings he has liberally, if not unfairly used. It is the duty of every Englishman to protest against the introduction of such phrases as the *me* and the *not me*, the *now* and the *here* into the English language; barbarisms contrary to the analogy of the language, and of no significance in an intellectual point of view. Let us leave to the Germans their *das Ich* and *das nicht-mich*. We have our essays on the sublime, the beautiful, and the romantic, and our tours in search of the antique and the picturesque. We can, or we must allow these adjectives to be treated as nouns, these abstractions and qualities to be treated as substantial and solid existences. The dilettanti essayists may say many pretty things under any title. But we cannot allow every pronoun, adverb, preposition, and conjunction in the language to be turned into a noun by the prefix of an article. What judicious teacher would begin a discourse on personal identity to his pupil with a distinction between the *thee* and the *not thee*, or, uniting himself with other minds, would speak of the *us* and the *not us*? Yet this appears just as reasonable as the attempt to make a substantive of the pronoun of the first person. It is wholly unnecessary and uninformative. It adds nothing to our ideas, while it is an intolerable violation of grammar. Are grammar and metaphysics necessarily inconsistent? Only in Germany. We are persuaded that there is no real distinction in the objects of human attention and study—in the conceptions of the mind—which may not be expressed in grammatical English. Philosophy, far from demanding the abuse of language, respects the

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\* See a passage in Maclaurin's 'Account of Sir Isaac Newton's Discoveries,' p. 378, 4to. edit., in reference to Plotinus, who contended that the most perfect worship of the Deity consisted in a certain mysterious self-annihilation, or total extinction of all our faculties; a work touching on the speculative philosophy of the 19th century to which Mr. Morell has made no allusion, though in our view, one of the most profound, instructive, and beautiful. ?

ordinary and accepted structure of speech, as indicative of the processes of the human understanding. The true cultivator of science in one department, is respectful to his brethren of all other departments. He will say, "If I can only be a speculative philosopher by turning the grammarian out of doors, I renounce speculative philosophy." The pure reason will never trifle with words, which are its tools for business, its only implements for the serious task of building up a clear and powerful intellect.

We may speak of the ups and downs of common life, and of the ins and outs of Parliamentary connexion and official life, but in a serious scientific treatise we look for a dignified phraseology, of correct taste and superior significance.

Reserving to ourselves the task of justifying some of the opinions now expressed, and of showing that neither in his own language, nor in any language, can the critical philosophy of Kant be made anything better than a mere rack of torture to the clear and unsophisticated intellect—a mass of verbal assumptions, without any foundation in nature, without any consistency of reasoning—we shall proceed to give an idea of Mr. Morell's history, and to examine, with some attention, those statements in it to which we attach the greatest importance.

After a preface, in which he bespeaks the kind consideration of the critical reader, and describes his course of study in London, in Glasgow, in Germany, and in the writings of the French, he begins his work with an introduction, wherein he explains his "general idea of philosophy." Having grasped the idea of philosophy generally, as he expresses it, he attempts next "to classify the different systems which have been in vogue, more or less, in every age of the world. Having found four great generic systems, as the result of this classification, he endeavours, in the first part of his plan, to trace their history, from the revival of letters to the opening of the 19th century; in the second part, to follow up that history more minutely to the present age; and in the third part, to discern their tendencies as it respects the future."

Now this is a very important, very interesting, but, at the same time, very great and arduous undertaking. For the worthy performance of such a task, high attainments and rarely-found qualities are required. To observation the most careful and particular, should be added analysis the nicest and most complete. A wide range of literature must be surveyed, and the relative merits of the most masterly productions sifted and weighed. Chronological order must be considered as subsidiary to historical development. No distinctions which are just should be regarded as too refined. Above all, to the most scrupulous fidelity of

quotation, should be added a logic the most correct, if not severe, and a method the most clear, obvious and practical.

More especially in writing a history, it is desirable to start with a clear idea of the subject of that history; to perceive distinctly the object of which we propose to give account; to set down the limits which separate the matters comprehended within our title, from those which do not fall within the range. Now, without charging our author with utter incompetency for his task (for it is evident that he has ventured upon a very wide field of literature and thought), yet he does not appear to have placed before himself any distinct object of investigation. His title is not a very happy one—‘*A Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe*’—adopted, probably, after Chalybäus ‘*Historische Entwicklung der Speculativen Philosophie*.’ But that which suits the historian of transcendental speculations from Kant to Hegel, is little accordant with a sober estimate of the merit and influence of the analytical investigations of Locke, Hartley, and Mill. And what is speculative Philosophy? Who wrote of it? More’s ‘*Utopia*,’ Harrington’s ‘*Oceana*,’ Burke’s ‘*Vindication of Natural Society*,’ Plato’s ‘*Republic*,’ and perhaps such a book as the ‘*Vestiges of Creation*,’ may rank under the title of speculative philosophy, because they avowedly proceed upon certain assumptions, and merely deduce the consequences that flow from them. They are, properly speaking, philosophical speculations, picturing a state of things that might or would arise, if certain preliminary assumptions were really existent, or to be conceded. They are legitimate conclusions from imaginary premises. They are a mixture of philosophy and romance, as our modern romances are made vehicles for political philosophy. But are such works as Locke’s ‘*Essay*,’ Hartley’s ‘*Observations*,’ Mill’s ‘*Analysis*,’ to be characterized as speculative philosophy? By no means. They are no more speculations than Lindley’s ‘*Botany*,’ Herschel’s ‘*Astronomy*,’ or Sir Isaac Newton’s ‘*Principia*.’ They are sober examinations of nature, of the nature of the human mind, attempts to come at the laws of thoughts, in the only way in which laws can be deduced—namely, by observation of the phenomena. It is a grievous wrong to their authors to place them in any inferior light, and to attribute to their labours a purpose which they would utterly disclaim—a character far beneath their real merits.

Our objection to Mr. Morell’s title is this: that while speculative philosophy comprehends every subject, physical and metaphysical, on which man may choose to speculate and to philosophize, and might justly include a notice of Sir Henry De la Beche’s geological speculations, it is evident that he had in view only

that branch of philosophy which relates particularly to the constitution and powers of the human mind. His only business was with man, as an intellectual and moral being, as capable of acquiring knowledge and practising virtue. The question before him was simply this,—Who has thrown the strongest light upon that constitution? Who, among the writers of the 19th century, saw most clearly, and developed most fully, the great, essential, and prominent characteristics of our mental and moral being? Who have studied, analyzed, and described, with most correctness and completeness, the phenomena of the human understanding? This is a question of the deepest interest. We are persuaded that it is susceptible of a distinct and simple answer—that truly accurate and invaluable knowledge has been attained, and may be attained, in this, no less than every other branch of human inquiry. Mr. Morell's work furnishes, we are sorry to say, no considerable help to its more easy attainment for the uninitiated. It might have been far more valuable had he not attempted so wide a field, had he kept before him a more distinct and simple object, had he a greater taste for definition, and a juster notion of reasoning; in short, had the idea of philosophy, which he very properly undertook to settle when he began his work, been less wild and vague—that is, more truly philosophical. It is true that Mr. Hallam, in his 'History of Literature,' gives to one of his chapters the title of Speculative Philosophy, and includes, under this title, Bacon, Gassendi, and Hobbes. But he speaks of a time prior to the 18th century, before what he himself considers as the proper philosophy of the mind had arisen.

We must confess that Mr. Morell's introduction threw a great damp upon any expectations which we had formed of instruction and of pleasure from his pages. We cannot consent to regard philosophy in the light, or rather darkness, in which he has placed it; namely, as the striving of man's reason to comprehend the great problems of the world within and the world without—to probe their real nature and assign their true origin. "If the philosophic spirit" be only "a striving after a perfected system, in which every phenomenon within and around it shall be accounted for, and every problem analyzed and solved," we must beg to disclaim that spirit; we strive after no such vanities. Either this is merely a grandiloquent way of saying that the philosopher gets as much knowledge as he can upon every subject, or it is nonsense. And the logician must be very good natured who gives to an author, affecting philosophy, the benefit of a meaning which he has not himself expressed. "Universal knowledge," says Gibbon, "is impossible." Nor needed we

Gibbon's learning to find out that. But of a greater than Gibbon we read as follows :—

“The variety of opinions and perpetual disputes amongst philosophers has induced not a few, of late as well as in former times, to think that it was vain labour to endeavour to acquire certainty in natural knowledge, and to ascribe this to some unavoidable defect in the principles of the science. But it has appeared sufficiently from the discoveries of those who have consulted nature, and not their own imaginations, and particularly from what we learn from Sir Isaac Newton, that the fault has lain in the philosophers themselves, and not in philosophy. A *complete system* was not to be expected from one man, or one age, or perhaps from the greatest number of ages ; could we have expected it from the abilities of any one man, we surely should have had it from Sir Isaac Newton ; but he saw too far into nature to attempt it.”\*

What Sir Isaac Newton forbore to attempt in natural philosophy, humbler men may well despair of in the more obscure region of metaphysics. But “fools rush in, where angels fear to tread.”

The fact is, that Mr. Morell is a worthy disciple of a bad master. He has announced his attachment to an unfortunate school—the school of incorrectness, and of bombast—the school of Cousin. In the fourth lecture of Cousin's course on the History of Philosophy, we learn that the entire history of civilization is but the pedestal of the history of philosophy.

“The history of philosophy is then eminently human ; it contains the history of religions, the history of arts, the history of legislation, the history of wealth, and, up to a certain point, physical geography itself. For if the history of philosophy belongs to the history of humanity, the history of humanity belongs to that of nature—the primal base and theatre of humanity—to the constitution of the globe—to its divisions,—in a word, to physical geography. Considered from this point of view, the history of philosophy becomes of the highest interest ; but to arrive at this height, it is necessary for it to be thorough master of its various stages (*traverser bien des siècles*)—it is necessary that philosophy, whose representative it is, should herself have accomplished the universal harmony of things, and brought the harmony of nature and humanity, and that of all the parts of humanity together, under the dominion of reason.

\* Maclaurin's ‘Account of Newton's Philosophical Discoveries,’ conclusion of book i. ; where an estimate is given of the nature and value of the speculations of Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz, with which neither Mr. Morell, nor those whom he has quoted, manifest any acquaintance.

"Who, gentlemen, shall realize this ideal of the history of philosophy?" continues the eloquent lecturer. "It needs a man who joins knowledge the most various, and erudition the most extensive, to superior philosophic views, a man who is no stranger to any of the facts which compose the mighty history of humanity, and who has mastered all the facts by thought, who, while he can follow them in all their exterior development, can perceive their secret relations, their true order, and can trace this order to its only source, in a comprehension of the constituent elements of humanity, and from the bosom of this invisible world of conscience, can prophesy in some measure the events of the exterior world of history. It must be no less than Leibnitz himself—that is to say, *l'esprit le plus grand*, and *le savoir le plus vaste*—and even a Leibnitz at the summit of the last age of humanity."

From such a history, and from such a Leibnitz, we can only say, "ye ministers of grace defend us." This is precisely the sort of philosophy of which there is such a happy description in Johnson's 'Rasselas,' and respecting which the simple-minded prince felt that he should understand it less as he heard it longer. It tells us, that to live according to nature is to act up to the universal relations and irresistible tendencies of things, and to co-operate with the great and unchangeable system of causes and effects. It breaks up and annihilates the distinctions which it is the business of philosophy to preserve. It increases the confusion and the darkness which it is the sole purpose of philosophy to dissipate. Instead of solving a single one of the great problems of the world—instead of assisting in the solution of a single question which the mind is clear enough to place before it as susceptible of an answer, and which derives an interest from connexion with truths already mastered, and wants already felt—it confounds the simple object of investigation with everything with which it ought not to be confounded, and loses sight of the peculiar qualities which specially belong to it, and which alone give it interest and value, whether as an individual or as belonging to a class. In the language of Whately's Logic, "The attempt to comprehend so wide a field is no advancement of science, but a mere verbal generalization, which ends in nothing but vague and barren declamation. In every pursuit, the more precise and definite our object, the more likely we are to arrive at some useful and practical result."

But we have something further to say upon the contents of Mr. Morell's introduction. It is the porch or vestibule to the entire building, and we find so much that is curious in its construction, and even grotesque in its character, that we cannot quit it without further observation, at the risk of some injustice

to the chambers of the great house awaiting our inspection. We find a section entitled, "Primary elements of human knowledge." It would probably be as tiresome to the reader as to ourselves to examine this section, paragraph by paragraph. We are troubled in it with Aristotle's ten categories, and then Kant's twelve categories, and then Cousin's reduction of all our thoughts to two primitive ideas—*action* and *being*—the one giving the category of causality, the other of substance; and lastly, we have Mr. Morell's own categories of the Self, and the Not-self; the Me, and the Not-me, which he is pleased to call two of the *most fundamental* ideas of the human mind—thinking, no doubt, of Milton's—

"And in the *lowest* deep a lower deep,  
Still threatening to devour."

Finally, we are told that the three great and primary elements of all our knowledge are—firstly, the idea of our own individual existence, or of finite mind in general; secondly, the idea of nature; and thirdly, the idea of the absolute and eternal as manifested in the pure conceptions of our impersonal reason. "Every notion of our intellectual life may be traced," says our author, "to one of these sources, and we regard them, therefore, as the primitive elements of all our knowledge, starting points from which every true system of intellectual philosophy must take its rise." What words are these! "To the privilege of absurdity," said the philosopher of Malmesbury, "no creature is subject but man only. And of man, those are of all most subject to it that profess philosophy." Is it possible that any man who has read Bacon's 'Novum Organum,' the 'De Augmentis Scientiarum,'—who thinks there is any sense whatever in Locke's 'Essay,' or Mill's 'Analysis,' or who has cast his eye over the first page of Berkeley's 'Principles of Human Knowledge,'—can imagine that he has approached its primary elements when he has conjured up these ghosts of metaphysical abstraction, phantoms of a diseased and word-beguiled brain? Did Mr. Morell ever hear of Bacon's comparison of the sophists to the spiders, who form their webs from their own bowels, to catch unwary insects in their aerial flights; while the bee, that gathers the matter from the flowers of the field, from which, with admirable skill, she makes her honey, is the emblem of the true philosopher. It may be questioned whether we have any such ideas as those which Mr. M. has chosen to call the prime sources of our intellectual life. The '*self*,' '*nature*,' the '*absolute*,'—are not these terms significant of an infinite congeries of states and impressions, and of objects and qualities—differing altogether in



value according to the particulars with which they are connected, and the individuals to which they are applied? Has not Cuvier given twenty different meanings to the word Nature? But even conceding the existence of distinct ideas corresponding to the terms, what possible pretence is there for representing these or any specific ideas as primary elements of knowledge? I want to know something of Mr. Morell's 'History of Philosophy,' and of the statements or systems of the various philosophers of whom he has given, or should have given, some account; and I am gravely referred to my idea of finite mind in general, of nature, and the absolute, for information. Surely I consult in vain that reference, and am sent back, no wiser, to whence I came. And if I cannot know anything more of any one subject of human attention by ever-so-long meditation on these ideas—self, nature, and the absolute—with what propriety can they be represented as elements or sources of universal knowledge? It is to ask how many nothings make the half of something. It is to bring philosophy into contempt, and to fill the unsophisticated, but sensible, student of metaphysics, with an excusable and unavoidable disgust. There is more philosophy in one of the little stories of 'Evenings at Home,'—'Eyes, and no Eyes,' than in all the categories—those of Kant's 'Critick of Pure Reason' inclusive. If you wish a child to know, you must teach him 'how to observe,' according to the popular title of some late treatises; put him into the hands of good teachers, who will call his attention to many things of which, without their help, he would be ignorant—who will again and again impress the same facts upon his memory, and by "line upon line, precept upon precept," at length familiarize him with rules and examples, ideas and principles, which, as they become clear, large and coherent, will prepare the future philosopher, and form the investigator, the interpreter, and the registrar of nature, of language, and of the mind. But these are not the elements of wisdom to suit your transcendental mystic. He turns away with contempt from simplicity like this. He vanishes in a cloud of absolute entities and subjective conglomerations. He loves to light up the cold abstractions of reason with the flashes and fires of spontaneous imagination. Like the man who has swallowed the nitrogen gas, he imagines himself a philosopher, but, with equal propriety, he may call himself the Great Mogul. For our part, it would appear a desecration of their merits to quote from the sober and judicious investigators of the human understanding, any sentences or sentiments confirmatory of these obvious, but neglected principles of common sense. It was very childish of Dr. Reid to set up common, that is ordinary sense, as an

antagonist to the superior sense of such a man as Locke; but an appeal to common sense is, after all, the readiest and best protection against the extravagances of paradox, and the intrusions of inanity, and if that fails, we must consign dull obscurity to its doom, and conduct raving idiocy to its cell.

We shall part with Mr. Morell's introduction with one word more, and that is, that in the Eclecticism, to which he appears to give in his preference as a school of philosophy, that must be selected from the various teachers, which will really combine harmoniously together in one consistent system—a system founded in correct observation, true to itself, because true to nature and the mind,—built on the *facts of consciousness*, to use that phrase, if not on the less subtle phenomena of the senses. Such is the system which alone can be safe in its results, be its researches extensive or contracted as the case may be.

We shall now pass to the first chapter, 'On the progress of Sensationalism,' and shall content ourselves with examining the criticism on Locke, because we regard this examination as calculated to be most important and most instructive. In the outset, it is a manifest fault in Mr. Morell's volumes that he has not obliged us with anything like accurate reference, that is to say, with chapter and verse, for the sentiments which he has fixed upon as eminently characteristic of the authors whom he names. He has done this in very rare instances. Now, it is not enough to suppose that these authors and their works are well known. We have been so accustomed, in carefully prepared histories, to notes of reference and authority at the bottom of the page, that we naturally and justly look for them in volumes pretending to a sober critical character, and demanding scrupulous fidelity and exactness. The reader should not be allowed nor compelled to trust entirely to his own recollection for the truth of the colouring, and the accuracy of the likeness, preserved in Mr. Morell's portraits. But it is not true that the most profound writers on the mind are by any means familiar to any considerable number of readers, and few even of the most careful readers can remember with precision those shades of meaning and niceties of expression, which characterise and qualify refined investigations and reasonings in the volumes of the thoughtful and truly philosophic. We do not wish to intimate that Mr. Morell has knowingly been unfair—but we cannot acquit him of unphilosophic carelessness. He dashes into the arena of speculative controversy, and without steady aim or definite purpose, plunges about among friends and foes, scarcely discriminating one from the other, with universal compliment misleading and

deceiving all. We impeach, however, not his intentions, but his judgment—his logic, not his will.

After an account of Locke's great Essay, which is totally inadequate to the importance of the work, Mr. Morell ventures to bring a very grave charge against this prince of metaphysicians, whom the greatest thinkers since his day view with reverence but little this side idolatry—a charge no less than this—that he has violated the Baconian, or true method of philosophizing, by incomplete induction—and that he has *thereby* been led, on many occasions, into no little inaccuracy and confusion. This charge is bold; but we pronounce it rash. Far from being substantiated, it recoils upon its author, and that with crushing effect—for Mr. Morell has himself misunderstood that method, and instead of making good his case, has exposed his own unfitness to handle these great themes, and write the history of mental science. Nay, he has been signally unfortunate in the parallelism which he has instituted between Newton and Locke, with a view to show the difference in their methods of proceeding. He ventures the opinion, that “if Newton had neglected a diligent induction of *all* the phenomena of the heavens, before he attempted to explain the origin of those few which presented themselves confusedly, and in the aggregate, to his mind, as Locke neglected—*systematic induction of all the ideas of the human mind* before he investigated their origin, he would have taken rank among the ingenious speculators, who before him had beaten the path to oblivion.”—Spec. Phil.; pp. 96, 97.

Now, it is commonly taught to children who have been at a decent school, that it was meditation on one single fact—the fall of an apple—that led Newton to the discovery of the great principle and theory which distinguishes his memory. Be this a child's tale or not, we may trust the article on Newton in the ‘Encyclopædia Britannica,’ for the information that the first idea of gravity as the cause of the celestial motions occurred to Newton in the year 1666, when sitting alone in the garden of Woolsthorpe. He first bethought him that the influence which drew the apple to the ground might extend as far as the moon, and was led to confirm the conjecture by calculation, and finding the motions of the moon accordant with his theory, he was led on to apply it to the motions of the several planetary bodies that compose our solar system, and to the movements of the comets; and at length the doctrine of universal gravitation appeared fully established—“that every particle of matter is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter, with a force inversely proportional to the squares of the distance.” Drawn from

observation on isolated phenomena, but justified by ever enlarging application to all phenomena—built upon fact and experiments, and the everlasting testimony of nature—the Newtonian philosophy triumphed over opposition, and finally supplanted the rival systems of Aristotle and Descartes.

But was Locke the unworthy, though intimate and confidential friend of the great interpreter of the heavens? No! The same age which produced a Newton, to overthrow the mechanism and subtle ether of Descartes in physics, produced a Locke, to show the futility and erroneousness of starting from abstract and innate ideas in metaphysics. While Newton was studying the mathematics at Cambridge, Locke was at Christ Church, Oxford, with a club of students, studying chemistry under Peter Sthael, of Strasburg. "Scorning to take notes," says the writer of Anthony-a-Wood's *Life*, in a curious notice of him, "so that while every man besides of the club were writing, he would be prating and troublesome." This account of what Locke was doing at a period of his life when very little is known of him, has escaped his biographers, Lord King included. Locke was then far on his way towards his analytical view of the human understanding, and knew what he was about far too well to be guilty of any such breach of the rules of inductive science as Mr. Morell has charged him with. For what can be a greater mistake than to suppose, that to useful and perfect classification an actual examination and enumeration of every individual in a class is necessary; for to that extent, if we understand Mr. M., does he push the principle on which he grounds the charge. Must I have examined and numbered all plants and minerals of a particular species or genus, before I determine the peculiar character and qualities of the individuals that I see, and before I separate and class them according to their specific differences? Must I have seen and examined all the individuals in every class of animals, before I distinguish the mammalia from the vertebrata and radiata? The question answers itself. Why, then, should Locke be called on to examine all possible ideas, before he determines the origin and specific difference of such as he knows himself and others of mankind possessed of? By happy attention to some of the simplest phenomena of the human mind, Locke saw and seized upon the primary elements, of which the infinite variety of our notions is composed; and his conclusion upon the subject of their origin, so far from being a guess or mere hypothesis, which may or may not be true, is a conclusion founded upon the solid basis of fact and nature, upon that only basis of true philosophy in mind and physics—namely, experience—which all subsequent examination has confirmed, and must

confirm ; for, with the same confidence which any natural philosopher can feel in the Newtonian theory of gravity, as proved by observation of the heavens—we pronounce Locke's resolution of our ideas into ideas of sensation, and ideas of reflection, perfectly conformable to a just theory and true observation of the human mind. Beyond what our senses teach us of external nature, and what reflection teaches us of our states of mind, we can have no objects of knowledge. It is obvious that whatever value or meaning there may be in the terms objective and subjective—the *Me*, or the *Not-me*—which Mr. Morell, after his continental instructor, has chosen very frequently to employ, they are significant of nothing more than Locke has called, with much greater propriety and distinctness, with much closer accordance with the phenomena, with more reverent regard both to the true laws of thought and received structure of language—ideas of sensation and of reflection. They comprehend and they exhaust the finite nature and the finite self ; and if Mr. Morell means to say that we have a fundamental notion of the absolute as a distinct source of knowledge, neither springing from the one nor resolvable into the other, this we take to be fundamentally erroneous, and absolute nonsense. There is a peculiar felicity in Locke's division of our ideas, as comprehending all the objects of human attention and knowledge—the physical sciences resting upon the one, the evidence of the senses and uniformity of nature ;—the political and moral sciences resting on the other, *i.e.*, on our ideas of reflection—ideas of the constitution and character of man, the elements and securities for human happiness and improvement.

No man has yet attempted to show, with any shadow of success, any other origin of our ideas than that which Locke has pointed out, nor proved that we have ideas which are not virtually comprehended under Locke's classification. Dr. Price, in his 'Review of the Principal Questions and Difficulties in Morals,' made an attempt to prove that the understanding itself is a source of ideas which cannot be resolved into Locke's sensation and reflection. But it was unsuccessful. Examination of Dr. Price's 'Review' will soon convince the critical reader that he meant nothing by the understanding but what Locke meant by his reflection. Hutcheson inquired into the origin of our ideas of beauty and virtue. He wrote his essay when comparatively young, and had evidently paid no close attention to Locke. He ascribed these ideas to an inward sense—the sense of beauty, and the moral sense, which he considered implanted in our natures—and the latter he represented as the foundation of virtue. The distinction to which Hutcheson and his works were raised by the attentions and patronage of some great people, make it

interesting and creditable to know something of their character. But a critical examination of his theory exposes its shallowness. The inward sense of which he talks is nothing more than another term for those very ideas of beauty and virtue, into the origin of which he professed to inquire. It is obvious that Locke went much deeper into the constitution of the mind, and that we could have no ideas of beauty, did not observation of nature, and the use of our senses and faculties, make us acquainted with objects of all sorts, which we call beautiful or the contrary;—nor any ideas of virtue, unless experience of life, and reflection on the nature and consequences of actions, and on the conduct and characters of men in relation to positive law, human and divine, furnished us with those many and complex notions and feelings respecting the right and wrong in human conduct, which, for brevity and convenience sake, we choose to comprise under the phrase, the “moral sense.” From Hutcheson downwards, it has been the disposition with most of the fashionable writers on metaphysical and moral questions north of the Tweed, to carp at certain passages or expressions in Locke’s ‘*Essay*,’ and to charge upon Locke conclusions and consequences which were not his; but there has never been a serious attempt, by a master-mind of acknowledged power, to overthrow the great principles of the essay, by a demonstration of their futility, by a legitimate deduction of absurd and injurious consequences, or by the erection of a more comprehensive and truer system.

It is not worth while to go with Mr. Morell into his discussion of the meaning of the term origin—which he says may bear two senses—either the cause of anything being produced, or the occasion of its production. But we deny that Locke overlooked any real or necessary distinction, or that Kant has thoroughly proved and refuted any fallacy which can be found in Locke. Mr. Morell, taking after his models, is far too loose in his treatment of these subjects. As for Kant’s proving that the true cause of many of our conceptions “is to be found solely in the original constitution of the understanding or the reason,” who ever denied or questioned that, or who needs the proof? The business of the metaphysician is with that very constitution of the understanding, its nature and powers, into which Locke instituted his masterly inquiry. Is it or is it not true that, be our conceptions what they may, whether they have relation to things mundane, or forms and matters transcendental—be they objective realities or subjective spiritualities—they are all ultimately resolvable into ideas of sensation and ideas of reflection? Have they or have they not respect to the world of matter and the world of mind? We give up to Mr. Morell his own peculiar source of knowledge,

the notion of the absolute, which belongs neither to the one nor to the other—which relates neither to matter nor to spirit—neither to God nor man—and is fittest, therefore, only for a metaphysical Frankenstein of his own creation. Whence all the talk about the phenomena or facts of consciousness, which Dr. Reid absurdly enough raised into a distinct power or faculty peculiar to the mind? Is it not another word for the mind itself? Does it not express that which belongs to and spreads over all our thoughts and all our feelings? To have a sensation, and be conscious of a sensation, to have a thought and be conscious of a thought, are one and the same thing. This has been well pointed out by Mill, and to it Mr. Morell has adverted.

It is difficult to understand clearly the drift of Mr. Morell's criticism of Locke. But one thing is evident, that he has not had the grace to allow that great author to speak for himself, nor to be interpreted by himself. He puts this question:—

“Does Locke intend, that by means of reflection we can gain any actual materials of knowledge distinct from the intimations of our senses, or that the use of it is simply to *combine* and *prepare* the materials which the senses primarily afford us? If he means the former, then he admits that there are two distinct and original sources of knowledge; if the latter, then he allows but one real inlet for our ideas, although reflection may give us the means of extensively modifying and combining them. A careful perusal of the first few chapters of the second book is, I think, quite sufficient to convince us that the latter of these opinions was the one which Locke decidedly entertained.”

We think far otherwise. The fourth section of the very first chapter of that book, where Locke gives an account of reflection, convinces us of the contrary. Over and over again Locke says, that—

“The *operations of our minds within* are the *objects of reflection*, that these operations furnish us with another set of ideas, *which could not be had from things without*; and such are Perception, Thinking, Doubting, Believing, Reasoning, Knowing, Willing, and all the different actings of our own minds, which we, being conscious of and observing in ourselves, do from these receive into our understandings as distinct ideas, as we do from bodies affecting our senses.”

Now, whatever obscurity or confusion there may be in Locke's subsequent mode of dealing with these inward operations, and it must be admitted there is much, there is no pretence, no foundation for the opinion that he materialized or sensationalized, so to speak, all these operations, and our understandings. He never represented our different faculties as holding a place quite

subordinate to sensation. He does not use perception to express merely the consciousness of our sensations. He uses it loosely, too loosely to render the term of any value in strict analysis, for "thinking in general." He confounds it with sensation itself, in the latter part of his chapter, but in the former he connects it with the manner in which ideas of sensation are altered by the judgment. He does not say that perception is passive—but that in bare, naked perception, the mind is, "*for the most part, only passive.*" In short, whatever obscurity there may be in Locke's treatment of these operations, whatever be the materials with which the faculties of the mind deal, it is perfectly clear that our ideas of the will, the memory, of our inward emotions and passions, and of what passes in ourselves, never were and never could be confounded, by Locke or by any of his English followers, with mere sensation. We can attach no meaning whatever to Cousin's language about the logical condition of the existence of an idea being its true origin. To say, "that the total neglect of the logical dependence of our ideas upon one another, is the fundamental error pervading Locke's attempt to give to our pure and absolute conceptions an empirical origin," appears to us utterly unfounded. It is not correct to say, that Locke ever made such an attempt. The neglect of logical dependence is much more the error of those who use such epithets as logical, pure, absolute, and empirical, without any regard to their distinctive propriety, without considering whether the subjects to which they are applied have or can have the qualities of which those adjectives are or ought to be significant.

The defects of Locke's Essay lie in a direction different from that in which Mr. Morell has chosen to look for them. Locke wrote it without having methodized the whole of the matters of which he meant to treat. Upon some points light grew upon him as he advanced. He did not perceive, for instance, the immense importance and influence of language in explaining the phenomena of the mind, and in all the processes of reasoning, until the latter part of his Essay, when the true philosophy of language, so to speak, dawned upon him, and a clear perception of it has made his fourth book truly invaluable, and one of the most important pieces of philosophical writing in existence. The rigid application of its principles to the matters treated of in the second book, would have made that treatment far more precise and clear than we now find it, and would probably have swept away a great portion of it as useless, or reduced it to a far greater accuracy and simplicity. All the talk about mixed and simple modes, complex ideas of substances, and collective ideas of substances, would have been abandoned or modified. The distinc-



tion between primary and secondary qualities of matter, between nominal and real essences, would have been set aside. A severer logic would have introduced exactness where now we find it not. And the historian of philosophy who had paid any proper attention to the influence of Locke in England, would have done far better in devoting a few pages to the force of Berkeley's and Horne Tooke's objections to Locke's view of abstract and complex ideas, than in hastily vamping up the crudities of foreign writers, who really know very little of the best English philosophy. But we must remember that Locke had only just escaped the trammels of the schoolmen, and his treatment of the philosophy of mind was, from the habit of the time, necessarily or naturally infected by their jargon. At a period subsequent to the publication of his 'Essay,' he seems to have become more sensible of the importance of association, that principle which was afterwards developed so fully by Hartley, and which has been recognized by the most profound thinkers as chief among the laws of thought, by Brown, Priestley, Mill, Bentham, and La Place; and which Stewart himself has been obliged to regard as all-important, at the time when he is endeavouring to deprive Hartley of his merit in asserting it. These are Locke's words,—

"I think I shall make some other additions, to be put into your Latin translation, and particularly concerning 'the connexion of ideas,' which has not, that I know, been hitherto considered, and has, I guess, a greater influence upon our minds than is usually taken notice of."—'Letters to Molyneux,' Ap. 26, 1695; vol. iv. p. 313, Law's 4to edit., and referred to by Mill, 'Analysis,' vol. i. p. 290.

Our author would have done well to refer to the concise but admirable criticism of Locke, which is found in Mr. Hallam's 'History of Literature:—

"Towards the close of the eighteenth century, it became fashionable sometimes to accuse Locke of preparing the way for scepticism, a charge which, if it had been truly applicable to some of his opinions, ought rather to have been made against the long line of earlier writers with whom he held them in common; sometimes, with more pretence, to allege that he had conceded too much to materialism; sometimes to point out and exaggerate other faults and errors of his 'Essay,' till we have seemed to forget that it is, perhaps, the first, and still the most complete chart of the human mind which has been laid down; the most ample repertory of truths relating to our intellectual being; and the one book which we are compelled to name as the first in metaphysical science."—Vol. iv. p. 271, *et seq.*

Again, Mr. Hallam says,—

"It is truly the first real chart of the coasts, wherein some may be laid down incorrectly, but the general relations of all are perceived.

And we, who find some things to censure in Locke, have, perhaps, learned how to censure them from himself, since we have thrown off so many false notions and films of prejudice by his help, that we are become capable of judging our master. This is what has been the fate of all who have pushed onwards to the landmarks of science; they have made that easy for inferior men, which was painfully laboured through by themselves."—p. 291.

The want of exactness, of thorough comprehension of the subject, of clear and masterly appreciation of those indisputable facts and truths which Locke has established, and which, being facts, must form the basis of a correct theory of the mind, has of course tinged with obscurity, and affected with error and imperfection, all Mr. Morell's observations on the influence of Locke's writings in England. When he comes to speak of the successors in the school of the great master, he does not judge them by any standard of conformity to nature; he does not estimate them according to the degree of additional light which they have thrown on the true theory of the mind. He takes it for granted, that sensationalism, as he calls it, leads to materialism, and materialism to utilitarianism, and these onwards to necessarianism—and thence to irreligion and infidelity. He implies, that all these things are equally bad; that there is virtue in spiritualism, idealism, mysticism, and that the latter are to be valued simply on their own account. The logical connexion is not very rigidly examined; the moral influence is taken for granted. In short, Mr. Morell, though an eclectic philosopher, is not free from the vices of a party writer. Let him show the mistakes of Priestley, and Paley, and Bentham, as fully and powerfully as he can. Let him point out, with distinctness, what they have omitted and overlooked which it was their business to take into account; what they have overstated or brought in, which it was more to their purpose to throw aside; and we shall be obliged to him. But to imply that in the school of the mystics—of Descartes, of Kant, or of Cousin,—there is more *faith*, that is, more strong foundation for, or belief in, any really valuable principles; more strong attachment to ideas of a really influential and practical character; more appreciation of the happiness of the mind as distinct from the pleasures of the senses; this appears to us neither more nor less than a vulgar, unphilosophical prejudice, a gratuitous assumption, unfounded in fact, and contradicted by the history of opinion, and by the examination of individual character. It is said, with most justice, of those who "take the high *Priori Road*"—

"They reason downwards, till they doubt of God." :

If it can be shown that consequences, destructive to the interests of truth, and virtue, and human happiness, legitimately follow from any set of principles, those principles may be sufficiently confuted by that demonstration; but the logic should be clear. The ground is particularly dangerous and hollow. The *argumentum ad hominem, ad ignorantiam*, should be avoided by the philosopher, and left to the orator on the hustings, or the advocate at the bar.

There is much in the history of English literature and philosophy which Mr. Morell has not touched, but which we conceive would have given additional value and clearness to his book. In estimating the effects of Locke in England, he might have alluded to that strong taste for simple and strict matter of fact, for good, sound, round-about sense, for business-like adherence to the solid, the clear, the intelligible, the practical, which is characteristic of the English mind, and of which Locke has been at once the cause and effect—precept and example. The sweetness and simplicity of Addison grew very much out of reverence for the mental philosophy of Locke. The pages of the ‘Spectator’ are full of references to the ideas and principles of that great master; and the amiable religious faith, together with the rational and pure morality which the ‘Essays’ of Addison inculcate, while they supplied the best correction of the loose follies and unprincipled vices of an age tainted by foreign manners, are a practical exemplification of the school in which we are to seek and find the strongest principles of virtue and religion.

Mr. Morell has alluded to the controversy of the celebrated Dr. Samuel Clarke with Leibnitz and Spinoza; but he has not put the nature of that controversy in the clearest or most correct light. In his work on the Attributes, it should be remembered that Clarke simply endeavoured to meet Spinoza on his own ground, and to show that an intelligent being must have existed from all eternity, as the only sufficient cause of finite intelligent existences or beings. But that Clarke himself did not think these abstract considerations and arguments alone sufficient, nor altogether the most satisfactory, is evident from the confession in the eighth proposition:—

“Now, that the self-existent Being is not such a blind and unintelligent necessity, but in the most proper sense an understanding and really active being, cannot indeed be demonstrated strictly and properly *à priori*; because (through the imperfection of our faculties) we know not wherein intelligence consists, nor can see the immediate and necessary connexion of it with self-existence, as we can that of eternity, infinity, unity, &c. But, *à posteriori*, almost everything in the world demonstrates to us this great truth, and affords undeniable

arguments to prove that the world, and all things therein, are the effects of an intelligent and knowing cause."\*.

We hold this to be, in the main, an important truth. From the time of Cicero downwards—from the treatise 'De Natura Deorum' to the last edition of Paley's 'Natural Theology, with Notes by Bell and Brougham,'—from Aristotle to Sir Isaac Newton—there has been but one great and impressive argument for the being of a God; it is that of an adequate cause for the perceived effects—the dependence of law on a lawgiver—the necessity for a Creator and Governor of the world. This is the great want of the human mind. Its felt subjection and dependence leads to this. Whether we reason from what we feel, or from what we observe; from our own consciousness as intelligent beings, or from perceived relations of cause and effect among outward things, the argument is alike *à posteriori*, from the less to the greater, from effect to cause, from finite to infinite, from the near and simple to the distant and remote. This is forcibly illustrated, not only by the writer to whom we have already alluded, but by all the treatises on natural and revealed religion, so far as we are acquainted with them, with which the close of the seventeenth and the commencement of the eighteenth centuries abounded, the age of Newton, and Locke, and Clarke. If we open a treatise like that by Dr. John Wilkins, a scholar and genius of very superior order, on the 'Principles and Duties of Natural Religion,' a treatise edited by Tillotson, we not only see this, but we have, in the first few pages, a few simple observations on the nature of evidence and assent, and the grounds of certainty in human knowledge, which put to shame the miserable verbiage of modern transcendental idealism. Even the scepticism of Hume is, to our minds, solidity and confidence itself, compared with that restless determination to mystify the commonest processes and principles of the human understanding, and to rob language of its meaning and utility, which is the characteristic of the transcendental school. Though Hume concludes his 'Essay on the Natural History of Religion,' with asserting that "the whole is a riddle, an enigma, an inexplicable mystery," we shall find that he is in this not quite consistent with himself, for he begins the last section with the following decisive and important position:—

"Though the stupidity of men, barbarous and uninstructed, be so great, that they may not see a sovereign author in the more obvious works of nature, to which they are so much familiarised; yet it scarce

\* See Clarke on the Attributes, p. 52, edit. 1719.

seems possible that any one of good understanding should reject that idea, when once it is suggested to him. A purpose, an intention, a design, is evident in everything; and when our comprehension is so far enlarged as to contemplate the just rise of this visible system, we must adopt, with the strongest conviction, the idea of some intelligent cause or author. The uniform maxims, too, which prevail through the whole frame of the universe, naturally if not necessarily lead us to conceive this intelligence as single and undivided, where the prejudices of education oppose not so reasonable a theory. Even the contrarieties of nature, by discovering themselves everywhere, become proofs of some consistent plan, and establish one single purpose or intention, however inexplicable and incomprehensible."—Hume's *Essays*, vol. ii. p. 482, edit. 1764.

We now turn to the least pleasant part of our task, and that is a demonstration of the utter worthlessness and futility of the 'Critical Philosophy.' No man who pays any nice attention to the meaning of words, no man who has satisfied himself of the truth and value of the fundamental principles of mental science as they have been developed in the school of Locke, Hartley, and Mill, can be deceived for a moment by its cloudy pretensions, its inconsistent and totally unmeaning verbiage. It is hardly intelligible to us how a man possessed of Mr. Morell's power of discrimination can put down so many consecutive sentences of dark perplexity, of loose and gratuitous assumption, without perceiving the utter inanity and futility of the whole. Yet so far is he from perceiving it, that he asserts the writings of Kant form incomparably the greatest era in modern philosophy; and he has the hardihood to proclaim—of a system which denies all proof of the being of a God, by any arguments *à priori*, or *à posteriori*—that it does good service to the true interests of morality; and repels with force all the low, selfish, utilitarian grounds of it, basing it all upon the "categorical imperative, the authoritative voice of the great lawgiver of the universe, as its everlasting foundations." So that because Kant chooses to assume the being of a God as a self-evident or intuitive principle, which the practical reason seizes but the speculative reason repudiates, other men, whose reason is at once speculative and practical, and whose truth harmonizes with all their observation of nature, and all the exercises and wants of their understandings, are to be stigmatized as low fellows of the lewd and baser sort.

Wearisome is the task of following a writer who uses language as no other person does or can use it; who condescends to no definitions which have the least foundation in the meaning of the term to be explained, or of the nature of the object to which

it refers; who talks of logic without the least adherence to the syllogistic method, and whose illustrations and examples confute and overthrow the rules and principles which they are meant to establish. Such a writer is Kant. But wearisome as it is, it is a duty to the cause of rational science sometimes to expose pompous inanity and pretension, and to endeavour to put down quackery and cant of every kind, with all the energy at our command, and with what success we may.

First, the old question is asked, "What is required to come to a clear understanding respecting the nature and certainty of our knowledge?" And the answer is, that "What we require as a first step to real knowledge, is a science which shall investigate all the primary phenomena of our consciousness, and by that means determine the possibility, the value, and the extent, of *à priori* intuitions." Can anything be more wide of the mark than such an answer? The credibility of our senses—the testimony of a thousand witnesses—the meaning of our own words—the connexion between our own thoughts—all these go for nothing as elements of certainty; and before we can assert with safety that we had fathers and mothers, that we dined yesterday, or that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, we must have a fictitious and impossible science, such as no rational man would suppose necessary to certainty upon any subject. These *à priori* intuitions are before called *conceptions*; and they are said not to depend upon outward experience or to vary with it. They are afterwards called *abstract and unalterable ideas*, and subsequently *à priori* notions. Having distinguished these by the double criterion of universality and necessity, we find they are of two different kinds, originating in two different methods which we possess of framing our *judgments*. Thus, in the course of a few sentences, we have *five* different terms for the same thing, namely *à priori* notions, and these are of two different kinds, according as we *frame* our judgments. We are then favoured with the information that our judgments themselves are of two kinds—analytic and synthetic; and a most wretched account is given of these. The declaration that every triangle has three sides is called an analysis of the contents of the notion. But it is evidently nothing of the kind. It is nothing more than a simple assertion of a fact, or an instance of the explanation of a term. The man who calls that an analysis will call anything an analysis. But, secondly, "a judgment may be a declaration of something which does not actually belong to a notion, but which our minds are led by some kind of evidence or other to attribute to it," and then it is synthetic, and indicates an actual increase of our knowledge concerning it. And this is palmed upon us as an

illustration of synthesis, the two words (synthetic judgments) being enclosed in brackets.

There is a paragraph in Mr. De Morgan's 'Elements of Algebra' (Introduction, p. 40), which will help the reader of the 'Critical Philosophy' to test the value and appropriateness of this free and flippant use of the words analytic and synthetic.

"If the student have read a little of geometry (a science which he should begin to study at the same time as algebra, if not before), he knows that all the questions of geometry are made for him, that is, the reasonings, &c., are put together before his eyes, and all he has to do is to comprehend and agree to one step of the process after another. This is called synthesis (*συνθεσις*, a putting together), or the synthetical method, in opposition to analysis (*ανάλυσις*, an unclosing, or bringing asunder), or the analytical method. The latter consists in taking the problem to pieces, if the phrase may be used, that is, reasoning upon the whole problem, reducing it to more and more simple terms, and so coming at last to those considerations which must be put together to make a solution and to verify it."

Here, in few words, we have a little wholesome and consistent sense, which may be usefully applied whenever these methods of reasoning are alluded to, and they are like that one drop of sound logic, to use Whateley's image, which, as a test applied to the ingenious mixtures of truth and falsehood, holding fallacies in solution, immediately disunites them, makes the foreign substance visible, and precipitates it to the bottom.

To return to the 'Speculative Philosophy.' While we are still waiting impatiently for the two kinds of *à priori* notions, which originate in two methods of framing our judgments, we are informed respecting one of these methods (the synthetic), that they, the judgments, may be either *à posteriori* or *à priori* (vol. i. p. 200). Thus we are dancing about in an extraordinary maze. Every second sentence is a hedge which we can neither get over nor get through, and which obliges us to turn back, retrace our way, and see if we can get out. However, we are told that it is with the synthetic judgments, *à priori*, that philosophy has chiefly to do; and, therefore, of these an explanation is attempted, which is anything but explanatory, and more like the drivél of dotage than the coherent discourse of a man of sense. Mr. Morell conceives, or represents Kant as conceiving, that when he attributes the notion of *power* to a cause, and says that every event must have an *efficient* cause, he rises superior to Hume's merely analytic notion of cause and effect; he performs a judgment by which his knowledge is extended, and which, therefore, is worthy to be called synthetic. But what pretence is there for

supposing that Hume, when he talked about cause, meant only inefficient causes, and left out the notion of power? This is on a par with the cool effrontery which asserts, that *Locke* overlooked the human will or consciousness as an element in our general notion of power. Then we are told that analytic judgments, as well as synthetic, are *à priori*, are found in all the pure sciences, and form, indeed, the very principles upon which such sciences are pursued; and that the axioms which stand at the head of mathematical reasoning are all judgments of one or other of these kinds. And who but the Kantian philosopher would venture such an absurd assertion as that? The axioms we had always thought were those common notions (*κοινὰ νοήματα*) without which no reasoning, either analytic or synthetic, would be possible; first principles, which no reasoning could make clearer or truer, and which are neither put together by a process of synthesis, nor brought out by any analysis. There may be, and no doubt there are, common notions or first principles, in other sciences than those of quantity in the abstract, whether magnitudes or numbers—principles, obvious and incapable of demonstration, requiring it not, yet serving as the basis of subsequent conclusions. There are phenomena of consciousness, if we choose to call them so, beyond which there lies no higher appeal; but it does not follow, nor do we think that the existence of a Deity, the constancy of the laws of nature, or the necessity of a subject to all phenomena, with a loose *et cætera*, are first principles of this kind. We cannot admit that they are judgments to be classed in the same category with the axioms of mathematics.

But while we are still looking for an answer to the first question, respecting the certainty of knowledge, and waiting in vain for a clear view of the two kinds of *à priori* notions, we are suddenly startled with another question—or rather three questions in one. “How are synthetical judgments *à priori* possible?—how do they originate?—and what certainty is there in the knowledge which they afford us?” This, we are told, “is the fundamental question upon which the very possibility of a true science of metaphysics rests.”

Now, how can we reason with a man, who asks how those notions are possible which a few lines before he has told us “we are necessitated to admit, because the mind is so constituted that it cannot think otherwise?” Would he insult the Divine Author of our frame, by asking how could He possibly make us as we are, and not otherwise? But it is vain to expect consistency in a writer, who cannot, for two consecutive sentences, keep any distinct and simple question before him to which he



supplies a distinct and simple answer—who cannot state, in intelligible language, any real problem to which he condescends to offer the least appearance of a solution. With an absurdity which confutes itself, it is suggested that the very qualities which we refer to external objects are infused into them by the mind itself; and in pretended proof of this, a criticism is instituted into the sensitive faculty—the understanding and the reason. Nothing can be more loose, vague, and incoherent than the whole of this criticism. Because every perception is said to have a given time and space (which, however, we are not disposed to admit, since there are many perceptions of sensation, sounds, tastes, and smells, which have no connexion with space or magnitude, and no other relation to duration or time than that which arises from relation to other sensations preceding and succeeding them), we are told that every quality in an object that implies time and space must also be *à priori* and subjective. It is very easy to use the authoritative ‘must,’ but the obdurate reader is not to be governed by it. We must first know what *à priori* and *subjective* mean. They may have a meaning,—but we do not believe that Kant had any when he often used those terms. Then follows a most unfortunate illustration, for which Mr. Morell holds himself indebted to Chalybaüs, “likening the outward world to the little objects within a kaleidoscope.—“As we turn the instrument round, *they assume all kinds of shapes and positions, which positions, however, do not depend upon the objects that are in it* (a palpable contradiction), but upon the construction of the glasses by which they are reflected.” Is there an acute child who could not tell Chalybaüs and Mr. Morell that nothing depends upon the glasses but the reflection—that the actual positions of the objects determine the nature of the reflection—that, without the objects continually varying their relative positions you could not have variety in the reflection? What depends upon the glasses is merely a certain regularity in the reflected figure itself, while the character of each figure arises entirely from the actual positions of the materials reflected. Yet upon this mistaken and foolish illustration, Kant grounds his assertion that all the different forms and aspects of the external world are produced by our own subjective faculties or laws of thought. This we take to be a self-evident absurdity. The reverse is truer; that our thoughts are produced by, and dependent on, the forms and aspects of the external world. But it is scarcely credible that the paragraph which began with the statement that everything but the time and space qualities of material things is due to experience alone, concludes with the very reverse, and graciously informs us “That the *now* and the *here* of an object from the actual

matter of our perceptions *is derived from experience*, while everything else is subjective, and comes from ourselves."—'Specul. Philos.' vol. i. pp. 205, 207. After these glaring contradictions, the nature of the sensitive faculty is said to be fully determined. But what the reader has really determined may be something very different, and not very satisfactory to himself or the author.

It is useless to pursue longer a criticism of this kind. The admirers, the advocates, and the translators of the critical philosophy tax the patience and good-nature of their readers, perhaps to a useful, but certainly to a most enormous and painful extent. The temper is disciplined, though the intellect is not strengthened, by German metaphysics. Long ago, Coleridge, imbued with its phraseology, and refining upon distinctions without a difference, endeavoured to separate the understanding from the reason. But no distinction sufficiently palpable for the English mind to seize, master, and practically apply, has yet been suggested. After so many failures, we may venture to prophesy that no adequate distinction ever will be suggested. By prescriptive right, the understanding is, with us, the phrase and faculty for ascertaining and distinguishing truth of the highest and subtlest kind. It not only procures the evidence, but it draws and masters the conclusion. In vain is reason represented as a judge, before whom the understanding pleads as counsel, or prepares the brief as the attorney. In vain does Mr. Morell, after Kant, represent *ideas* as the pure creations of reason, and *notions* as resulting from the exercise of our understanding. In vain does he, after Coleridge, represent the understanding as reasoning by sense—the others, as reasoning beyond sense. Nonsense verses may be good exercises to teach boys Latin prosody; but nonsense reasoning has not hitherto been considered a judicious preparation for logic. In vain is the understanding represented as only forming a judgment—but reason as combining two judgments by a middle term, and drawing from them a general conclusion. All this is too arbitrary, too fantastic. John Bull will not have it so;—he is too old and too obstinate to change the accepted use of language, without clear and sufficient grounds in the nature of his perceptions, or in the increase of his knowledge. John Locke, and King James's translators of the bible, have determined the sense in which he will continue to use old and familiar phrases. The understanding is the instrument by which he conceives himself to possess all truth, whether transcendental or extramundane, be it finite or infinite, absolute or eternal, contingent or necessary. He recognises no superior faculty in the reason, which, as a holy of holies, remains a peculiar and mysterious centre of light and influence,

awful and exclusive, home only of divinest truth, while the understanding is a mere court of the gentiles, trodden by unholy feet. It must be a far clearer head than Kant's, and a far deeper and more consistent philosophy than the critical, that will induce him to abandon a light hitherto sufficient for the necessities of his life, and to break up associations indissolubly interwoven with all his habits of expression and of thought. Nor let it be imagined that Kant himself may still be an oracle of wisdom, though Mr. Morell has failed to prove him such. Mr. Morell is but *one* of a melancholy tribe—the Richardsons—the Wirgmans—with many others, who have bestowed their labour upon a vain subject, beating the air, and mistaking windmills for giants. The late translation of Kant's 'Critick,' published by Pickering, is at this moment before us, an illustration of the great evil of a great book, filled with long Greek words, without a shadow of etymological propriety.

We have now bestowed considerable labour upon but a small part of these two volumes—proportioned not to their intrinsic importance, but to our own deep interest in the topics concerned. The criticisms on Mr. Morell's work in 'Fraser's Magazine,' and in the 'Prospective Review,' have fallen under our notice since the foregoing was written: the one tracing to Damiron, the other to Cousin, whole pages and paragraphs, which are supposed to appear as the result of personal research or original meditation. Our own attention has been given to the real logical value of the matter, come whence it may. With the question of its originality we have felt less concern. It was evident, at the first glance, that Mr. Morell had suffered himself to be guided by foreign writers, of no depth of inquiry or research, destitute of logical power, and without calm, philosophical thought or style. While some of the most important English writers were inadequately treated, and dismissed with half a page or sentence, and many works eminently deserving the attention of the scholar and the critic were wholly neglected, ephemeral productions—bubbles of the hour—were singled out for notice to which they had no pretension in point of intrinsic merit. No observations upon such writers as Law, Hartley, Helvetius, Mandeville, Collins, Edwards, and Dodwell, indicated a nicely critical or discriminating acquaintance with their pages, or threw a new gleam of interest over their literary history and lucubrations. No hint was given of the existence of many books, such as Bolingbroke's 'Philosophical Works,' Buffier's 'First Truths,' translated in 1780, with an anonymous but admirable preface, attributed to Dr. Priestly, and charging Drs. Reid and Oswald with concealing the author from whom they plundered; Crombie's 'Necessity;'

Cogan's 'Ethical Treatise and Ethical Questions;' Mill's severe but instructive 'Fragment on Mackintosh;' Austin's 'Jurisprudence,' containing a masterly examination of utility as the test and foundation of morals; De Morgan's 'First Notions of Logic;' the various admirable metaphysical articles in the *Encyclopædias Metropolitana* and *Britannica*; and the volume of 'Tracts by Metaphysicians of the Eighteenth Century,' prepared for the press by Dr. Parr. We looked in vain for some notice, in chronological order, of the writers who adopted and of those who opposed Locke's general principles, in England, with an account of the marked change in our literature and philosophy after the French revolution checked the progress of rational inquiry in politics, morals, and religion. We might have had a survey of the controversies that arose after the appearance of Paley's 'Moral Philosophy,' with some notice of Gisborne, on the one side, and the Rev. Latham Wainwright on the other. We found no notice of such French writers as Arnauld, Barbeyrac, Crousaz; nothing to direct the reader's special attention to the admirable preliminary discourse of D'Alembert in the 'Encyclopédie,' nor to the metaphysical observations of La Place, in his 'Essay on Probabilities,'—works which could scarcely be overlooked by one who had paid any considerable attention to the history of the more sober and really higher philosophy of France. We found Condillac in France, and Kant in Germany, virtually represented as contemporaneous (vol. i. p. 265), while the Platonists of the 17th century—Cudworth and More—were introduced to our notice after the Scottish philosophers of the 18th had been previously disposed of—a heedless anachronism, destructive to all truly philosophical criticism.

We had intended to close this paper with some considerations relative to the study of logic, and its more recent history, with notices of Kirwan, Duncan, Watts, Whateley, Bentham, De Morgan, and J. S. Mill; a study of the greatest importance in a survey of the progress of metaphysical science. We might have ventured a protest against the modern tendency to run it into the science of 'Ontology,' that "*monstr. horrend. inform. ingens, cui lumen ademptum*;" a tendency to which we perceive with regret so sober a thinker and pure a judge as Mr. Hallam is inclined to lend his strength. But we must leave the vast and interesting field which such a theme opens before us; and we shall close our observations upon speculative philosophy with remarking, that our idea of the manner in which a critical history should be written, and metaphysical science pursued, with any hope of real instruction, is totally at variance with Mr. Morell's loose and unphilosophical style, with his easy indifference to

chronological order and careful reference—with his occasional violations of orthography—and with his neglect oft-times of logical, and sometimes even of grammatical construction. We doubt not he is a man of excellent qualities, and worthy of much regard; we regret that he has not established a better title to be considered, *par excellence*, the historian of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe.

T.

ART. III.—1. *The Falls, Lakes, and Mountains of North Wales.*

By Louisa Stuart Costello. With Illustrations by Thomas and Edward Gilks, from Original Sketches by D. H. M'Kewan. London: Longmans. 1845.

2. *The Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes: a Summer Ramble.* By Charles Mackay, LL.D. With Illustrations from Original Sketches, engraved by Thomas Gilks. London: Longmans. 1846.

PERHAPS no class of literature is so much overdone as that known under the terms "Tour" and "Guide;" and perhaps no portions of this little island of ours have been so abundantly supplied with "Tours" and "Guides," as those commonly yclept "North Wales" and "the Lakes." If, therefore, we have turned over one of these volumes with some little peevishness, our readers must attribute it partly to the wearisome threadbareness of the theme. We cannot gainsay the possibility of making a good book on Snowdonia, but we think ninety-nine tourists out of every hundred would fail in making one. We have already learned, by rote, the height of this mountain, the colour of that lake, the scope of such a view, the site and concomitant scenery of such a cascade; and unless the describer of this kind of scenery can add some interest beyond the mere repetition of former observations, combined and interlarded with superlatives, we confess ourselves somewhat sceptical of the utility of multiplying "Tours" and "Guides," at the present overwhelming rate. We must, however, candidly admit, that there are minds, "rich and rare," "few and far between," that see these matters originally, and from a point of view entirely their own; who can say new things, and beautiful things, and things worth hearing, and worth repeating, and worth remembering, on subjects which we had thought quite worn out; who could even make the Pass of Llanberis, hackneyed though it be, start out from the canvass of their studies into its unmistakeable reality; leading us to turn with equal disgust from the mathe-

matical precision, or absurd hyperbole, of former painters. In description we must have truth; but we must neither strip her of her investiture of beauty, nor clothe her with tawdry finery. One or other of these errors forms the staple of "Tours" and "Guides."

There is, moreover, a kind of interest attached to the people who have inhabited the scenes we describe. The notice of great men, or great deeds, skilfully interwoven, is always palatable; but care must be taken not to make the man eclipse the lake, or the battle-field withdraw the mind from the concomitant scenery.

After these general observations, we turn to the books on our table; and first to Miss Costello's. This production, as it appears to us, exhibits more of the glimmer of the midnight lamp than of the weeping suns of Snowdonia. The fair authoress seems to have beheld the wilds of Caernarvonshire through the optics of others, and scarcely ever to have raised her over-strained eyes from the printed page which is ever in her hand. Of this, the very opening of the first chapter gives a fair specimen. The lady begins at Hawarden, and, after introducing us to the castle, "a fine ruin, on an eminence above the modern dwelling in the charming park of Sir Stephen Glynne," she thus proceeds:—

"In this castle, once a fortress of importance, where nothing now remains entire, and little but a part of the keep can be traced, Llewelyn, the hero of Wales, and her last Prince, held a conference with the revolted Simon de Montford, who had sided with him against the conquering Edward the First; and in these walls was signed a peace between Wales and Cheshire, not fated long to endure. Probably it was here that young Llewelyn first saw the infant beauty Eleonore, daughter of Montford, whom he never afterwards forgot. She was then promised him as a bride, when her age was more matured; and the youthful lover saw her depart for France, to her convent at Montargis, with a pang which his present successes could scarcely remove. Edward, then a discomfited foe, captive to the proud overweening Montford, heard, in his prison-cell, of the promise given to his rival, and resolved, if possible, to thwart his hopes. Fortune afterwards gave him the power; and for many years he detained the fair and constant Eleonore from him she loved. At length, he made her the means of reconciliation, and took advantage of the passion of Llewelyn to gain his object, at the expense of the lover's interest; Eleonore was granted to the Welsh Prince, and Edward triumphed in his successful art. For a time, the married pair lived only for happiness, and the murmurs of Llewelyn's subjects were scarcely heeded. Whenever Edward's aggressions and oppressions roused her husband to resistance, Eleonore's voice was raised to obtain peace, and more than once she succeeded; but relentless fate, which had already spoken the doom of Wales, removed the only

barrier between the foes. Eleonore died in giving birth to a daughter, and Llewelyn, after little more than two years of blissful dreaming, found himself desolate.”—p. 7.

We pass through Flint, which is garnished with its sprig of history, and then arrive at Treffynnon, the site of another legend, given with the most scrupulous and circumstantial exactness. “Winefred, a beautiful and devout virgin, lived in the reign of an imaginary king, &c., &c.,” and so on for several pages. We are wearied with details of this kind long before we catch a glimpse of Welsh scenery, and when at last we cross the chain bridge, and gaze on dear old Conway, we feel a little flustered with the exuberance of the lady’s imagination. “The Moorish-looking towers and turrets, &c., stand forth most gorgeously;” at sunset there are “crimson and golden flames issuing from the lofty dark walls.” This seems curious to ourselves, who know the honored old pile as well as we know St. Paul’s. In the morning the flames had vanished, and the building was “shining white.” The description reminds one forcibly of Merrick’s chamæleon, and we read the page throughout, expecting to find the old towers turn to blue and green; but in this we were doomed to be disappointed; there were no more phenomena, except that a brilliant moon had the effect of *concealing* from Miss Costello “the rents and defacements of the mighty fortress.”

On the road from Conway to Llanrwst, the traveller should, by all means, visit Rhaiadr-porth-Llwyd. Whether this wild fall was visited by Miss Costello, we cannot make out; if so, there is a little error in the locality assigned it; neither do we understand why the celebrated Swallow-fall (Rhaiadr-y-Wenol) is introduced here; and may we, without impertinence, inquire whether Rhaiadr-y-Wenol be not intended, in the really spirited sketch which, under another name, faces page 61? We will not say the portraiture is an exact one; it is rather too free and poetical; but there is no other fall in North Wales to which it bears *any* similarity.

At page 77 is a good view of the rock-road under Penmaen Mawr, threatened by the mountain on one hand, and the ocean on the other; while the twin Carneddys rise before us in all their glory, emulating, and all but overtopping, even Snowdon himself.

We cannot pause to accompany our lady traveller to the Menai Straits; the description of the justly celebrated bridge, and of the slate palace of Penrhyn, are too familiar to excite any interest. We know of no more extraordinary monument of wealth than is afforded by the latter, and we admire the

engineering skill exhibited in the former; but we are also required to leave both behind for the natural beauties of Nant Ffrangon, Cwm Idwal, Trevan, and Ogwen; indeed, as we approach the pretty little fall of the waste waters of Ogwen, we are in the very heart's core of all that is grandest in Welsh scenery. Miss Costello informs us of this little brook and fall in the following terms:—

“The river Ogwen issues from the lake, and the accumulated waters which its rocky basin is unable to contain, force their way through a chasm in the rocks, and fall with tremendous force in three cataracts, called the Falls of Benglog.”—p. 92.

We may just mention that the little fall in question is generally known by the name of “Ogwen;” and we may also hint, in allusion to a very spirited sketch of Llyn Ogwen, which faces page 91, that next time our authoress journeys from Bangor towards Capel Curig, she will find that lake on the *left*, and not on the *right*, of the great Holyhead road.

But we must not hurry over the ground so hastily; let us stand on that little bridge, and, having persuaded our fair authoress to lay aside her books and prints, and quit the well-cushioned carriage in which she has been travelling, let us point out to her some of the beauties of a district with which we are familiar, and with which, begging her pardon, she is not. Looking towards Bangor, that huge gully is Nant Ffrangon; the slate-rocks on the right afford security to the fox and the raven, and that sharp ringing note, the echo of which is banded backwards and forwards between the slate rocks and huge David on our right, is nothing more than the cry of a merry Welsh girl, scolding her cows because they won't take the direct road homeward to be milked. Turning a little to the right, the broad shoulders of David shut out the view; then come the green waters of Ogwen, and those boats motionless on its bosom contain votaries of the fishing-rod, who, morning and evening, in rain or in sunshine, follow their quiet and imaginative sport. To the right of the lake and the Holyhead road, the shoulders of other mountains come close down to where we stand. Trevan and Glydir Vawr are the most remarkable of these; but we see nothing of their summits. Fain would we take Miss Costello to some more elevated site, and teach her the nomenclature of the mountains with which this country is so thickly studded; and we should like to invite her especial attention to that lofty pile of naked-stone, called Trevan, with curious double peak, rising like two giant tomb-stones, side by side. But, let us



complete our observations. Immediately adjoining the mountain shoulders we have mentioned, but still turning to the right, opens the majestic amphitheatre of rocky hills, called Cwm Idwal. Wood is insufficient, even with Bentley's printing, to do justice to this remarkable scene, which requires all the delicacy of copper to bring out, in their various degrees of relief, its multitudinous projections and indentations—its peaks and pits, ridges and fissures. In the centre, but not filling up the basin (as represented), is the quiet little lake of Idwal, over which the sea-mews may often be seen flapping their heavy wings. To the right this amphitheatre joins the slate rocks of Nant Ffrangon, and thus our panoramic sketch becomes complete. The waste waters of Llyn Idwal, that dark little lake of which we have just spoken, flow forth in a tiny rill, which comes quietly whispering and bubbling along with an occasional murmur like that of sleeping infancy, till it joins the waters of Ogwen almost where we stand. Permit us, in the next place, Miss Costello, to point out a little crack or fissure at the crest of those rocks which we have called an amphitheatre; you scarcely see it, it is so distant—so far, far, far above us—it seems almost in the sky. Ah! that gleam of sunshine reveals it! Well, that is Twll-dhu! Now, if you will endeavour to fix on your memory the relative position of the fissure Twll-dhu, and of this little sheet of water before us, known as Llyn Idwal, we think you will see the propriety of expunging from future editions the assertion that the waters of this lake rush impetuously through that fissure, simply because you will see the physical impossibility of such an occurrence until some convulsion of nature shall change the relative positions of the two. And now, before handing you back to your carriage, let us also give you a little bit of advice on the subject of geography, the foregoing hints being on the minor science of topography.

When you are on the Caernarvon side of the Menai Straits, you say (at page 129), "This part of Wales is peculiarly wild and singular, *and answers more to the opposite coast of Brittany than most of the country.*" At first we supposed this a misprint, but you go on to reason on the subject, and convince us that this is not the case: you speak of "Breton neighbours," &c., &c. To ourselves the opposite coast appears to be Anglesea, or, in the far distance, Ireland.

From the margin of Llyn Idwal the surface rises gradually, and for the most part covered with a soft elastic turf, to the base of the almost perpendicular rocks which form the amphitheatre. At one point, this face or wall of rocks, exhibits a most remarkable fissure; the rock is rent perpendicularly, and the fissure is in no part more than a few feet in width; its walls are more than

perpendicular, or in other words, the fissure itself is slightly wider at the bottom than at the top. The traveller may enter at bottom, but a huge tongue-shaped stone will arrest his upward progress. This stone, though of prodigious weight, is so firmly fixed that the tourist may stand beneath it without experiencing the slightest sensation of fear; and here he will do well to examine the riches of Flora, which adorn the rocky walls, and which give to this well-known locality an interest in the eyes of a botanist, greater than he finds in any other part of the principality. One species (the spider-wort), which is found nowhere else in the wide domains of Queen Victoria, occurs here in abundance, but is very difficult to procure on account of its dangerous station, on the perpendicular face of the rock, only approachable by the assistance of ropes from above.

Seated on a little throne of turf in the very centre of that chasm through which the waters of yon far-off lake are poetically supposed to be rushing "with tremendous violence," we made our solitary meal before issuing from the chasm, and ascending the rugged surface of the rocks in its immediate vicinity. It is a path we cannot recommend to ladies, but one which the male tourist, who desires to become acquainted with Welsh scenery, must not hesitate to encounter. It is a path literally strewn with the gems of Flora: from every crevice starts some curious or graceful fern: every ledge on which soil can rest produces its treasure: but oh, look well to your steps; that stone is unsafe, ah! it disappears; hark! that slight touch has sent it thundering down, to wake the echoes of Cwm Idwal: again it appears on the turfy slope below, gambolling playfully towards the lake, while the few scattered cows feeding on the slope, and accustomed to such phenomena, hasten out of its way, and then feed on as quietly as before. We have reached the summit, have turned to the left, and have again entered the wondrous and really fearful chasm of Tŵll dhu, but now at top and looking downwards, before we were at the bottom and looking upwards. Vast, beyond human conception, must have been the shock that gave birth to such a rent in the solid masonry of nature. Its stern, uncrumbling walls bear ample witness to the hardness, the strength, the durability of their substance; but all was insufficient; and here it will remain for ever, a monument of nature's awful power. The upper entrance of the chasm is carpeted with turf, and the few sheep that feed on the table-land above, use it as a shelter from the winds and rains, which are sufficiently rife in all mountain districts.

From this point the tourist should by all means ascend Glydir Vawr, which he will find on his left hand, directly he has turned

his back on the chasm. In the ascent he will obtain the best possible view of Trevan—that remarkable pyramidal heap of rocks with which none of the scribes appear to be acquainted, Glydir is by no means a picturesque mountain, but its situation among the giants affords the tourist an excellent opportunity of comparing their respective characters; and from no point do we obtain so satisfactory a view of them. David and Llewellyn raise their rounded summits to the north-east, side by side; Snowdon, his three peaks to the south-west: the near view is very much obscured by the huge massive bulk of the mountain on which we stand. The walk from the summit of Glydir towards Snowdon is at first tame and monotonous, but subsequently assumes a precipitous character, and abounds in fragments of rock, huddled together in a strange manner; at last it determines in the widely celebrated Pass of Llanberis. This pass is a wide ravine or chasm, between the two neighbour-mountains, Glydir and Snowdon. About twenty-two years ago a good coach-road was made along the bottom of this ravine, and the most indolent and luxurious of tourists now daily behold its beauties without alighting from their various vehicles. To us this is but a tame way of viewing the celebrated Cwm Glass; nor were we content without descending the rocky precipice, crossing the road, and climbing the opposing steep. By this proceeding you may see the pass in every possible point of view; and its precipices become variously grouped, in a way that must repay the most romantic cragsman.

We must not, however, lead the reader to suppose that this crossing of the pass is an easy task. Small as the distance appears, it takes several hours to accomplish, and the descent on the Glydir side can only be accomplished at one point; to mistake this, or to try a new way, would be almost inevitable destruction. The ascent on the Snowdon side of the Pass is comparatively safe, but certainly laborious. After reaching the smooth turf, above the precipice, the ascent of Snowdon is easy in the extreme, and the view from the summit is most satisfactory. The land and sea lie prostrate at your feet. The various indentations of the Welsh coast are very curious, just as you would expect to find them laid down in a map, but not to behold in nature. Mont Blanc and the Jura can present nothing like this, and we doubt whether any locality in the world can find a rival to such a scene.

The most interesting descent of Snowdon, is that towards Beddgelert, and the pedestrian should take the crest of the ridges in his way; he will thus get a peep into all the lakes, some of which are cooped up in strange basins, as though wishing

to escape the public gaze; and on every ridge, and at every turn, he will find fresh combinations of scenery, always beautiful; and if it has been one day's work to walk from the Falls of Ogwen to the Goat at Beddgelert by the direct course we have described, he will amply deserve the comforts with which that excellent inn will furnish him.

Here we again meet Miss Costello, and now bemoaning the luxuries and comforts of the Goat, she is surrounded "by a very large party," with whom she has just arrived, "to pass the day in that seclusion." The large party took refuge from the creature comforts of Beddgelert in the garden of the inn, and eventually sufficiently recovered themselves to visit the "Grave of Gelert," with whose sad end we have all amused our children in days that are gone. Finally, Miss Costello and the "very large party, being full of spirit," departed, amid violent rain, and occasional flashes of—don't be alarmed, dear reader! "flashes of the moon," (p. 143). Let us strap our knapsack on our shoulders, and also renew our peregrinations.

Immediately after leaving Beddgelert, the beauties of Pont Aberglaslyn burst on the view. It is difficult to enjoy these beauties to the full, for the small natives surround you in troops with rubbishy morsels of mineral curiosities for sale; but in spite of this nuisance, Pont Aberglaslyn and its cairngorm-colored river, and its heather-purpled rocks, will be sure to live long in unfading splendour in the memory of all who view them with appreciating eyes. Tan-y-Bwlch and Maentwrog have their varied recommendations, but this is not the place to enter on the merits of these rival hostleries of the Valley of Festiniog. We must, however, pause at the waterfalls near Maentwrog, the Raven and Llyn-rhaiadr-dhu, both on the same stream, a tributary of the Tivy. There is a path through a wood which overlooks both of these, but this view is unsatisfactory, especially as regards Llyn-rhaiadr-dhu, the upper and better fall; so we made a circuit through the wood, and after a laborious hour spent in forcing our way through tangled brushwood, at length reached the very verge of the fall. The bed of the river, for two hundred yards above the fall—we speak unpoetically, and are not quoting Miss Costello—is a spout or gutter of solid rock, sloping at an angle of 35°. The river darts with inconceivable rapidity, but in silence, and smoothly, along this spout, and at its termination shoots with a magnificent arch into the basin below, which is very appropriately termed the Black Pool, for it seems of inky blackness. Tall trees surround it on every side, and a column of mist, like the cloud that in pictures precedes the Israelitish host, raises its indefinite form high above their heads.

From Maentwrog, there is ample choice of roads; that to the left, leads to Bala, that to the right, winds round the sea-coast to Harlech and Barmouth, and that straight forward, through Trawsfynydd. We take the last, not as the most picturesque, but as leading to waterfalls, and make our first halt at the neat and tasty hostelry of Dol-y-mellynlyn. It is necessary to procure a guide from this place, otherwise much time will be lost in the tiresome occupation of explaining to the few natives you chance to meet the objects you have in view, in requesting to be favored with their opinions and advice, and in receiving the most conflicting and bewildering directions.

Dol-y-mellynlyn, the first fall to which the guide conducts you, is but a few hundred yards from the inn. The scenery is very beautiful, wooded and rocky; the fall is scarcely distinguishable from twenty others above and below it; the noisy little river, the Maddox, as christened after a resident proprietor, is a series of falls, and no *one* taken alone is of sufficient magnitude to attract much notice in this land of waterfalls; but the aggregate of falls at this spot forms a very pleasing picture. The rocky bed of the river rears it huge masses of stone high above the stream, so high, indeed, that the spray, even during floods, can never moisten them; these masses are of a dark brown colour, approaching to black, and are curiously spotted with large patches of snow-white lichen.

Two miles from Dol-y-mellynlyn, and also close together, are two other falls—Rhaiadr-y-Mawddach, and Pistil-y-Cain. The first of these is of considerable volume, and is a double and picturesque fall, but, compared with its neighbour, it is really nothing. The guide, after you are satisfied with the Mawddach fall, takes you through a little wood, and across a wooden lichen-covered bridge, under which the Cain flows discontentedly over a stony bottom, after its headlong leap: he then turns to the left, and you stand at the base of the cascade. The basin which receives it is unusually small, and the ground rises so abruptly all round it, except where the water escapes, that it is impossible to get a satisfactory view of the fall. We clambered carefully along a narrow ledge that margins the basin, and then, holding on by roots and ferns, leaned back against the rock, and looked upwards at the waters that were falling in thunder at our feet. The grass, the ferns, the gnarled oaks, aye, the very rock against which we were leaning trembled with the continuous concussion; the little basin was filled as with boiling milk, and the spray would have wet a dry man instantly to the skin; but we had already weathered seven hours of pouring rain, and this little moisture in addition appeared quite unimportant. The point of

view which I have attempted to describe, is so immediately beneath the fall, that, on looking upwards, the main body of water seems coming from the clouds. The rocks at the back of the fall are like a flight of steps, and over these a series of miniature cascades are leaping in infantine rivalry of the main fall, and forcibly reminding one of the various make-believes so amusing to childhood. When we recall our own sensations at this fall, the dizziness, the trembling, the partial loss of hearing that accompanied us during the remainder of the day, and we also recollect Dr. Johnson's disappointment at finding a far more celebrated fall nearly dry, we deem it necessary to add, that we saw Pistil-y-Cain after a week's incessant rain, and when the whole country was drenched as with the waters of a deluge: other pedestrians may not be so fortunate, or unfortunate, whichever the reader may be pleased to consider it.

Dr. Mackay's task seems to us to be the illustration of illustrations. We cannot regard the work so much a tour, illustrated by Thomas Gilks, as a series of wood-cuts—very well engraved and excellently printed—described by Dr. Mackay. The scene being laid among the lakes, the author of course arms himself with copies of the lucubrations of the lakers, and draws copiously from their pages, whenever his powers or his industry require this kind of eking out. We cannot, however, reasonably quarrel with this, seeing that the "poetry" equally with the "scenery" of the English lakes, forms the title of the work. We might perhaps have dispensed with some of the very, very trite rhymes which are dished up—such, for instance, as poor Southey's most laborious jingle about Lodore, which is made to occupy four goodly pages—and we think poetry of a more pleasing character might have been found than the uncouth ballads yeclipt 'Kimmont Willie,' 'Hughie the Græme,' and 'Hobbie Noble.' There is, however, this merit about Dr. Mackay, that one cannot help feeling he has visited the scenes he describes; which, unfortunately, is more than we can always say of Miss Costello's descriptions of Welsh scenery. The following passage, for instance, reads very truthfully:—

"Immediately on descending from the coach, my companion and myself, having seen our small luggage safely housed, and having inquired the way from our host of the Royal Oak, proceeded to view Greta Hall, where he [Southey] had lived and died. The walk was not a long one. It led us through the High-street of the town, and over the bridge of the Greta, a small stream formed by the juncture of two smaller streams, rejoicing in the sonorous names of the Glenderamaken and the Glenderuterra. The house, which we soon

came in sight of, is named from the river, Greta Hall, and is situated on a gentle emiunce, at a considerable distance from the road. The entrance is a rustic wicket gate—on opening which we found ourselves in a narrow avenue of trees, at the extremity of which we saw the house. We walked up to it leisurely, devising, as we went, how we should procure admission, and whether we should content ourselves with an outside view of a place so celebrated. On arriving at the door we found neither bell nor knocker. Some of the shutters were shut, and all were newly painted; and on looking through one of the windows, we saw a newly painted and papered room, without furniture, and as if it had been but a moment before evacuated by painters and carpenters. This gave us hope that we could procure admission without disturbing any one, or appearing guilty of intrusiveness or incivility, of which there would have been some risk if the house had been inhabited. As, however, we were not certain that there was any one inside, all our efforts to procure admission by knocking with our hands on the door and windows having failed, we walked through the garden at the back of the house, reflecting reverently that we stood on hallowed ground.

“The reflection was mournful. The garden was neglected; it showed that he—and she also, the amiable hostess, who had loved to tend it, had departed. It was uncropped, and going into the rank luxuriance of weeds, and showed at every turn the want of the hand of its former mistress. In the midst of our stroll amid its deserted walks, we saw a workman, with a key in his hand, coming up the avenue, and, proceeding to meet him, we asked whether we could procure admission. He replied in the affirmative, and offered to conduct us over the house, which he informed us was to be let. As he seemed to think that we had come on business, and had a desire of looking at the house for the purpose of hiring it, we undeceived him in this particular, and told him that curiosity alone, and respect for the memory of its late illustrious occupant, had induced us to trouble him. The man was intelligent, and very obliging; and, though but a journeyman painter, seemed as fully impressed as we were with the greatness of the claim that Robert Southey had upon the affectionate reverence of posterity. He told us that very many persons visited the house solely on this account, and that there was, he thought, scarcely a tourist to the Lake districts who did not make a point of coming into the garden, at least, though most of them lacked courage to demand admission into the house. The garden, he said, had suffered severely from the reverence of travellers, and the ladies, especially, carried away flowers and leaves of shrubs to preserve as mementoes; so that he feared, if the house were not let in a year or two, there would not be a shrub or a flower left. This worthy fellow led us over the building, which was large and commodious, showed us the kitchen, the wine-cellar, the dining-room, the drawing-room, and the study; each of which recalled painfully to our minds—at least they did so to mine—the bodily absence of one whose spirit

yet spoke to mankind, and exerted an influence upon their thoughts. The room that had been the library was especially painful to reflect upon. The marks on the walls where the shelves had been fitted were still uneffaced by the painter's brush; but the beloved books, which it had been the pleasure of his life to collect, were all dispersed; and not one, or a shred of one, was left behind, of the many thousands that had formerly made the spot a living temple of literature. It would have been worth preserving these for Keswick; and I thought, and still think, that if the town had been rich enough to make the purchase of the whole property, it would have conferred upon itself not only honour, but advantage. We were afterwards led into several smaller apartments, and, among others, into a room of a very peculiar shape—a long, narrow parallelogram, with a door in one corner, and a solitary window looking into the garden at the other, and allowing, from the thickness of the foliage outside, but little light to penetrate into the interior. I asked for what purpose this room had been used, and was told that it had been a bed-room. 'He died there—exactly where you are standing,' said the painter. I felt my cheeks tingle as he spoke. I drew back involuntarily from the spot, with a feeling of awe; and as involuntarily, for I did not know or think at the time what I was doing, took off my hat. I saw my companion doing the same. The painter, moved by our example, took off his paper-cap; and so we all stood for some minutes, with a reverence which I am quite sure was sincere on the part of myself and my friend; and which I verily believe the painter, at the moment, felt as much as we did."

We firmly believe that no set of men were ever "written up" like the lake poets. A very popular magazine—Blackwood's—for a series of years, seemed to devote all its energies to this cause; its politics, decided as they were in supporting that faction whose every tenet has proved an error, were held comparatively in abeyance before the engrossing object of laker-laundation; in those, the palmy days of Blackwood—the days of the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*"—every one read, and every writer imitated and echoed, the Blackwoodian dicta, on matters of taste, so that laker-laundation became a fashion. Wilson, himself a laker, and one of the great prose-poets of the age, set the example, which crowds were too glad to follow; so that, prolific as were the pens of the lakiers, especially poor Southey's, their laudators were fifty-fold more voluminous; and if praise will ensure fame, Southey may smile serene from a throne of state in the temple of that goddess, surrounded by Wordsworth, Wilson, and Coleridge, while Miltons, Shaksperes, Byrons, and Cowpers, are lingering about the portals, or losing their way in some over-crowded corridor. But after all that has been or shall be hereafter written in their praise or dispraise, there is a test from which none can escape, and that is, fitness for quotation. "As saith



the poet," or words to that effect, are perpetually recurring; and this "as saith the poet" is accompanied by a clear description from Cowper, a burning line from Byron, a majestic thought from Milton, a nervous couplet from Pope, a sweet allegory from Spenser, or a soul-searching thought from Shakspeare: it does not mean a passage from Wilson or from Southey. Let us hear our author on the lakers:—

"Rydal Water is one of the smallest of the Lakes, but by no means the least beautiful. From the road the views that are obtained of it are pleasing, but not to be compared to the prospect from a summer-house in Mr. Wordsworth's garden, which I afterwards heard of and visited, and to the glimpses which are to be obtained from some of the mountain paths, unknown to the majority of travellers. Mr. Wordsworth states, that a foot-path, passing behind Rydal Mount and under Nab Scar to Grasmere, is very favourable to views of the lake and the vale, looking back towards Ambleside. He also says that the horse-road along the western side of the lake, under Loughrigg Fell, exhibits beauties in this small mere of which the traveller who keeps the high road is not at all aware. Upon this occasion, not having the advantage of a hint from any person as to the proper route to be pursued, I kept the highway; and certainly had no reason to regret doing so, for a lovelier or more agreeable walk I never took. A little island in the lake, covered with trees, seemed the very abode of Mab or Titania;—the waters were placid as a sleeping child; and the green fringe of woodland upon its shores, and the high bank of mountains in which it was enclosed on either side, seemed steeped in the luxury and glory of sunshine, and happy in the peacefulness of that lovely summer's day. The whole country seemed worthy of being chosen as the abiding place of poets; and I meditated as I walked upon the strange concatenation of circumstances that had been the means of fixing the name of the 'Lake poets,' upon the writers who either dwell now or formerly resided in the immediate neighbourhood. These writers, so distinct in their characteristics—so totally opposite in many respects in their poetical genius, were all classed together by unthinking critics; and formed into a school by others, when they had not the remotest intention of forming a school for themselves. First, there was Wordsworth, meditative, passionless, equable, and sometimes elegant; but very often tame; then Coleridge, exquisitely elegant—deeply meditative, and full of passion, and power, and music; singing a song of loftier impulses—but singing too little, and making every one who has hung upon his inspired accents regret that he had not wholly devoted the powers of his mind to that poetry in which he took so great a delight himself, and in which the world would have taken still greater. Then, again, there was Southey, different from both—with a wealth of imagination, to which Wordsworth has little claim, with an oriental splendour and fulness, and a command of language and rhythm rarely equalled; but failing in that

tenderness, and power to touch the heart, which so charm us in Coleridge. Lastly, there was Wilson, differing from them all; and a greater poet in his prose than in his rhyme—but forming the link by which the names of the other three were attached to the public remembrance, more powerfully than by any other, out of themselves. It is certainly strange enough that these writers should be held, even now, to have formed a school of poetry. Coleridge, who confesses that he was rightly charged by the critics with a profusion of double epithets and a general turgidness of style, wonders, that for at least seventeen years, the same critics obstinately placed him among the Lake poets, and charged him, like them, or rather like Wordsworth, with faults of the very opposite character, viz. bald and prosaic language, and an affected simplicity both of manner and matter:—faults, which, as he says, assuredly did not enter into the character of his literary compositions. Southey was equally at a loss to account for his classification in this school. He was in Portugal, having just published ‘*Thalaba*,’ when, as he informs us in the preface to the fourth volume of his collected works, published in 1837, ‘his name was first coupled with Mr. Wordsworth’s.’ ‘We were then,’ he adds, ‘and for some time afterwards all but strangers to each other, and certainly there were no two poets in whose productions, the difference not being that between good and bad, less resemblance could be found. But I happened to be residing at Keswick, when Mr. Wordsworth and I began to be acquainted; Mr. Coleridge also had resided there; and this was reason for classing us together as a school of poets. Accordingly, for more than twenty years from that time, every tyro in criticism who could smatter and sneer, tried his ‘prentice hand’ upon the Lake poets, and every young sportsman who carried a pop-gun in the field of satire considered them fair game.’ Yet, when we come to reflect upon the subject, we find, notwithstanding this protest on the part of two of the illustrious trio, that there are points of similitude between their works, and that although they differ in their most obvious characteristics, they bear a strong resemblance in one—and that a most essential one. Each of the three was of the romantic—or more properly speaking—of the natural school, as opposed to the classic; and in this particular, each rendered no small service to literature and poetry. The world had too much of superfinement;—too much of mannerism;—too much of mere copying of antique models—when, all at once, these writers appeared, and following up what Cowper had begun—performed for English poetry what Burns had done for that of Scotland. They went back to nature, and took her for a model, instead of convention. They restored the ancient simplicity. Wordsworth, more especially, excited for poetry, what has lately been excited for religion in another part of the country,—a *revival*;—the effects of which are still to be traced, and will doubtless be traced for a long time yet to come in the literature of the country.”

•The illustrations of the Mill at Ambleside, and its near neighbour, *Stock Gill Force*, are pleasing; and we quote the

accompanying letter-press, in which they are appropriately introduced:—

“Turning round to the left, by the stables, a board on which were painted in large letters the words, ‘to the Waterfall,’ sufficiently indicated, not only the way, but the fact, that the place was a ‘lion’ to visitors. I happen to have a passion for one kind of hunting—that of ‘hunting the waterfalls.’ I love, not only the exercise, but, in spite of Mr. Wakley’s irreverent laughter, the expression, which I consider both beautiful and appropriate; and though I hunted this alone, (rather a drawback, I must confess, to the real pleasure which the sport is calculated to afford,) I experienced nothing to render me less fond of the amusement, but rather to increase my passion for it. At the distance of a quarter of a mile or less, I came upon a water-mill, so singularly picturesque and beautiful, with its large wheel, its dripping waters, its placid little dam, its tall trees, with their luxuriant foliage, its antique, but solid and comfortable appearance, its irregular architecture, varied and yet harmonious, and its huge piles of wood in the yard, gathered and chopped for winter use, in stores suggestive of blazing fires around large hearths, and of a comfortable and substantial miller, and a merry household within, that I stood fully ten minutes to admire it, and then sat down under a tree, by the side of the brook, for fully twenty minutes more, to admire it at more luxurious leisure; and I can only recommend all tourists who find themselves at Ambleside, not to omit the opportunity of visiting a scene so lovely.

“The Gill—for such is the name of a mountain stream in this part of the world—is but small; and the Force—such is the very appropriate name of a fall—does not astonish by its power or splendour. It owes all its beauty to its banks; and in the fine summer evening, in which I traced it upwards to its greatest leap over the rocks, I could not but confess, familiar as I was with scenery of this kind, that if I had seen many more magnificent, and hundreds as beautiful, I had never seen one that gave me more pleasure to linger near. I was too much charmed with it at the time, to compare it disadvantageously with distant scenes. I was contented with the visible loveliness around me, and Shelley’s fine description of a stream, in his wild poem of ‘Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude,’ recurred to my mind, as I lingered beside it till the evening was far advanced.”

Admitting, as we have ever done, the vast capabilities of wood, we may yet venture to express a doubt whether those capabilities are so successfully exhibited in the representation of mountain scenery, where distances and shades should be portrayed by tints of exquisite delicacy, almost but not exactly alike, as by the strongly contrasted lights and shades afforded by a sketchy fore-ground, or an object supposed to be in close proximity to the beholder.

K.

- ART. IV.—1. *A Letter on Shakspeare's Authorship of the Two Noble Kinsmen*; a drama commonly ascribed to John Fletcher. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1833.
2. *The Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare*. London: Charles Knight and Co. 1841.
3. *The Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*; the text formed from a new collation of the early editions. With Notes, and a Biographical Memoir. By the Rev. Alexander Dyce. Moxon. 1846.

WE need not apologize for introducing a subject, which has engaged the attention of Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Hallam, and other both earlier and later writers, not to mention German critics, whom we have good reasons for considering incompetent, but which still remains an undecided question. If the addition of one more to the plays of Shakspeare—in the words of Mr. Hallam, “the greatest name in all literature”—could for a moment be considered unimportant, it has at least been regarded by high authorities as an interesting point in literary history; and the interest remains undiminished at the present day. The subject to which we allude, and propose to discuss, is the authorship of the ‘Two Noble Kinsmen,’ a play included, both by Mr. Knight and Mr. Dyce, in their editions of Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher.

It was first published in the year 1634, with the following title: “The Two Noble Kinsmen; presented at the Blackfriars, by the Kings Maiesties Servants, with great applause. Written by the memorable worthies of their time; Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent.” We have to inquire—Whether the statement contained in this title-page be true? and if so, what parts of the play were written by Shakspeare? We may here remark that this is all the external evidence that exists, unless we accept a stage tradition, that the first act was the work of Shakspeare. Mr. Spalding, to whom the ‘*Letter on Shakspeare's authorship of the Two Noble Kinsmen*’ is attributed, and Mr. Dyce, answer the first part of this question in the affirmative. Mr. Knight, having a theory of his own on the subject, says “No.” With the opinion of the first-named gentlemen our own, so far, coincides; and we shall endeavour to make our readers understand why; but we must first settle with Mr. Knight.

The ‘Pictorial’ was the first edition of Shakspeare that contained this play. It was considered to belong to the same category as ‘Titus Andronicus’ and ‘Pericles;’ and on its announcement we regarded Mr. Knight as a believer in its authenticity.

But Mr. Knight had discovered a resemblance to certain passages in a play or plays by Chapman; and his examination of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' was devoted to strengthening an extempore hypothesis.

We have not space to go into his arguments; and they deserve less notice from the fact that he has printed the play so carelessly, that we can only conclude, worshipper of Shakspeare as he is, that he prejudged the question. We doubt, however, whether he has made a single convert to his theory; and it only claims consideration from its coming from so respectable a quarter. Yet, should any of our readers be inclined to pursue Mr. Knight's comparison for themselves, let us advise them not to take his selected passages, but one of the plays from which they are taken, 'Bussy d'Ambois,' for instance, and to compare *that* with the 'Two Noble Kinsmen.'

On one point all are agreed:—That two writers, of dissimilar and unequal powers, were engaged in this play there appears to be quite sufficient internal evidence. In illustration of this we would call attention to the purely dramatic character of the first scene—a scene merely suggested by Chaucer, from whom the story of the play is taken:—Whether we observe the pity of Theseus, giving the first intimation of irresolution, his struggles against it, the arguments of the three queens, his expostulation, their appeal to Hypolita and Emilia, and his final yielding; or, passing these over, direct our observation to the nicely-discriminated characters of the three queens—from the first, with her direct and earnest appeal to Theseus, to the third, whose petition was—

"Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,  
Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,  
Is press'd with deeper matter;"

From one whose arguments are ever ready to combat every objection, to her whose sorrow almost chokes her utterance—whose "extremity" she complains "that sharpens sundry wits" "makes" her "a fool,"—no doubt can remain upon the mind that it is the work of an experienced dramatist, of a delineator of character, and that, looking to the germ that produced it, in point of mere invention it must take a high rank. But if, with this scene, we contrast another by no means without its admirers, or undeserving of admiration, we shall find a marked difference indeed. In the scene to which we now refer, we find two noble kinsmen, united in the closest bonds of friendship, proving their triumph over the hard lot that had befallen them by the consolations of philosophy. They persuade themselves that their friend-

ship is all in all; that though they may never know "the sweet embraces of a loving wife," they are "one another's wife;" they are "father, friends, acquaintance;" that, were they at liberty, "a wife might part," or "quarrels consume," or "a thousand chances would sever" them. There is something very touching in this description of their friendship. And when we regard the one chance in the thousand that actually does sever them, and the dispute between them that ensues, we feel at once that it is an incident susceptible of considerable dramatic effect. Yet, with all its beautiful poetry, it does not exhibit dramatic power. Between the characters of Palamon and Arcite there is positively no distinction; and the speeches of one might be given to the other without the least injury to the plot. There is, however, a marked distinction between their characters in the first scene in which they appear, where Palamon is manifestly the superior. Arcite is anxious to "leave the city, Thebes, and the temptings in it," before they sully their "gloss of youth." Palamon has more reliance in himself. If the latter leave Thebes, it will not be because there "every evil hath a good colour," "every seeming good's a certain evil;"—" 'tis in our power," says he, "to be masters of our manners;"—"these poor slight sores need not a plantain;"—and, after an eloquent and indignant protest against the successes of the tyrant, Creon, when news is brought of the defiance of Theseus, he pithily and patriotically replies to the qualms of Arcite as to the justice of their quarrel—

"leave that unreason'd;  
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon."

There can be no doubt of the fact, that in the above scenes we are considering the work of different writers, in which the individuality of character drawn by one author was not preserved by the other. It is further obvious, that the one writer was a delineator of character, and the other not so. Their differences of style will be seen in the following extracts. The first is from Act I. Scene 1:—

"1st Queen.—We are three queens whose sovereigns fell before  
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endur'd  
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,  
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.  
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,  
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence  
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye  
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds  
With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, duke,  
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword

That does good turns to the world ; give us the hopes  
 Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them ;  
 And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note  
 That for our crowned heads we have no roof,  
 Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,  
 And vault to everything."

We must beg our readers to take particular notice of the structure of the verse in the following passage (Act II. Scene 2), a subject to which we shall have again to draw their attention.

"*Arcite*.—No, Palamon,

Those hopes are prisoners with us ; here we are  
 And here the graces of our youths must wither,  
 Like a too timely spring : here age must find us,  
 And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried.  
 The sweet embraces of a loving wife,  
 Laden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,  
 Shall never clasp our necks ; no issue know us ;  
 No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,  
 To glad our age, and, like young eagles, teach 'em  
 Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say  
 Remember what your fathers were, and conquer."

Thus much of the general argument. We proceed to the main inquiry—Shakspeare's participation in the work.

We have said before, that Mr. Spalding answers the question of the authenticity of the title-page, or, rather, of the truth of the statement contained in it, in the affirmative. With reference to the remaining question at issue, he comes, after a diligent examination, to the conclusion, that "the First Act, wholly,—one scene out of six, in the Third,—and the whole of the Fifth Act, except one unimportant scene," are by Shakspeare. In this arrangement, it will be seen that he excludes the whole of the underplot ; a conclusion inconsistent with his belief, that the choice of the subject, and a preponderating influence on the management of the plot, was Shakspeare's. We say, inconsistent with this belief ; because, this view being correct, it is incredible that Shakspeare should have left the underplot, presenting some of the greatest difficulties, entirely to his associate. Mr. Spalding, it appears to us, has been misled by the apparent simplicity of the case ; and the source of his error would seem to lie in assuming, that as, undoubtedly, the greater part of the underplot was by the inferior writer, the whole thereof was written by the same hand. But there is a convenient looseness in his views altogether with regard to Fletcher. And not merely this writer's portion, but the age at which he wrote, is a circumstance of greater importance than would appear at a first glance. Mr. Dyce adopts Mr. Spalding's view of the

division of the work, but not of the circumstances of its production. The latter gentleman considers it was written in conjunction; but, if we understand Mr. Dyce's theory, it is, that Shakspeare took a play, called 'Palamon and Arcite,' mentioned by Henslow in 1594, and altered it; and that Fletcher, many years after, took the work so altered by Shakspeare, and altered *that*: so that it would appear to be in the condition of the fowling-piece that was repaired, first, by the addition of a new lock, and then a new stock, and, lastly, a new barrel. For our own parts, we cannot see where speculation is to end, if Mr. Dyce be allowed to argue upon a hypothetical play, which, so far as we know, never existed. In Henslow's diary we find the following entry: "17 of September, 1594, *ne Rd at palamon and arsett ljs*;" we have the 'Two Noble Kinsmen' before us: and there is not a tittle of evidence besides.

Setting aside, for the present, this guessing, for we look upon it as little better, the first thing that seems to indicate the presence of the mind of Shakspeare, is the clearness with which, in the first scene, we are put in possession of the exact state of affairs at the opening of the play, without any circumlocution, or long-winded harangues, but naturally and dramatically. And, indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of Shakspeare is, if we may so express it, the downright honesty of his genius, that disdains anything like trick or mystery. This is almost peculiar to Shakspeare. Where, in his works, as much is revealed in the very opening as is necessary to the understanding of the plot, we find, in the works of other dramatists, as much kept back as possible: and we are continually greeted with some surprise, or startled with some unexpected turn in the conduct of the piece. Throughout the entire range of the plays of Shakspeare, there is not a single instance of a character turning up, in the unravelling of the plot, whose existence was not, at least, implied, and whose appearance might not reasonably be looked for.

We would next call attention to a certain boldness of metaphor, carried sometimes to that extreme that it requires a considerable effort of the understanding to follow it. The following lines, taken from Act I. Scene 1, are selected, not for their excellence, but to illustrate the foregoing remark:—

"And that work now presents itself to the doing :  
Now 'twill take form, the heats are gone to morrow ;  
Then bootless toil must recompence itself  
With its own sweat. Now, he's secure,  
Nor dreams we stand before your puissance,  
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes  
To make petition clear."



“Dowagers, take hands ;  
 Let us be widows to our woes. Delay  
 Commends us to a famishing hope.”  
 “We come unseasonably ; but when could grief  
 Cull forth, as unpang’d judgment can, fit’st time  
 For best solicitation ?”

There is nothing more strikingly marked in the writings of Shakspeare, than his habit of giving utterance, through his chief characters, to philosophical reflections, suggested by the situations and circumstances of the drama. Instances readily present themselves in the soliloquies of ‘Hamlet,’ and ‘Henry the Fifth ;’ and the same habit is perceptible in such portions of this play as are now under consideration. Take, for example, the words of Palamon, (Act I. Scene 2), beginning—

“’Tis in our power  
 (Unless we fear that apes can tutor’s) to  
 Be masters of our manners.”

Or the speech of Theseus (Act I. Scene 4), beginning,

“Then like men use ’em.”

Can any one doubt that, a little farther on, he reads with Shakspeare ?

“Bear ’em speedily  
 From our kind air, (to them unkind) and minister  
 What man to man may do ; for our sake, more.  
 Since I have known frights, fury, friends’ behests,  
 Love’s provocations, zeal, a mistress’ task,  
 Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,  
 Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason  
 Have set a mark which nature could not reach to  
 Without some imposition.”

And this instance leads to a remark, obvious enough, on a certain cataloguing of circumstances altogether peculiar to Shakspeare. It would be easy to multiply evidences of this habit from the ‘Two Noble Kinsmen ;’ but the passage last quoted will be sufficient to compare with the two following passages from Shakspeare. The first is from ‘Hamlet’ :—

“For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin ?”

The second from 'Troilus and Cressida:'

"O, let not virtue seek  
Remuneration for the thing it was ;  
For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subject all  
To envious and calumniating time."

Mere coincidences of sentiment would, alone, have little value as proofs of the identity of the writer ; but the following instance we think as strong as its kind will admit. In Act V. Scene 1. Palamon says—

"I never at great feasts  
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd  
At simpering sirs that did : I have been harsh  
To large confessors, and have hotly asked them  
If they had mothers ; I had one, a woman,  
And women 'twere they wrong'd."

In 'Troilus and Cressida,' Act V. Scene 2. Troilus says,

"Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !  
Think, we had mothers ; do not give advantage  
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,  
For depravation, to square the general sex  
By Cressid's rule : rather think this not Cressid."

Each of these passages is so original ; each has so little the air of being an imitation of the other ; and they are both so characteristic of Shakspeare, that we cannot hesitate to ascribe them to him. Lady Macbeth calls for darkness to conceal a murder, Emilia invokes it to prevent one. The following portion of the dialogue is worth extracting:—

"*Theseus*.—You must be there :  
The trial is, as 'twere, i'th' night, and you  
The only star to shine.

*Emilia*.—I am extinct :  
There is but envy in that light which shows  
The one the other : darkness, which ever was  
The dam of horror, who does stand accurst  
Of many mortal millions, may, even now,  
By casting her black mantle over both,  
That neither could find other, get herself  
Some part of a good name, and many a murder  
Set off, whereto she's guilty."

There are other passages that strikingly illustrate this view of the similarity of language and sentiment to Shakspeare, which we

pass over now, as we shall have to refer to them in another branch of the inquiry.

We come now to the measure of the verse. Of all writers of blank verse, Shakspeare is the most musical. His verses flow into each other with the most perfect harmony; never monotonous, but seldom rugged. His words seem rather to fall naturally into verse, than to be measured out into lines; and his varied pauses break without disjoining the longest passages, so that none can be said to be long-winded, nor to add to their untiring effect. But Shakspeare, without feeling them a restraint, is always attentive to the laws of metre; he uses redundant syllables very sparingly; and even the common licence of double endings he resorts to but occasionally. On the other hand, the measure of Fletcher's verse is extremely peculiar: double and triple endings, and redundant syllables, may be said to form the character of his system; so much so that the line is frequently eked out with an expletive, after the verse is complete. The result of this is, that what was introduced for the sake of variety, and which has that effect when Shakspeare uses it, in Fletcher becomes excessively monotonous, giving something of a sing-song effect. As a specimen of this style we take a passage from the 'Elder Brother':—

“ *Charles*.—Old men are not immortal, as I take it.

Is it you look for youth and handsomeness?

I do confess my brother's a handsome gentleman;

But he shall give me leave to lead the way, lady.

Can you love for love, and make that the reward?

The old man shall not love his heaps of gold

With a more doting superstition,

Than I'll love you; the young man his delights;

The merchant when he ploughs the angry sea up,

And sees the mountain-billows falling on him,

As if all elements, and all their angers,

Were twin'd into one vow'd destruction,

Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.

We'll live together like two wanton vines,

Circling our souls and loves in one another;

We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit;

One joy shall make us smile and one grief mourn,

One age go with us, and one hour of death

Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.”

If we compare the concluding lines of this passage with the following from the play before us, we shall at once see the identity of the writer:—

“ The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,

And, in their songs, curse ever-blinded fortune,

Till she, for shame, see what a wrong she has done  
To youth and nature ; this is all our world ;  
We shall know nothing here but one another,  
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes :  
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it ;  
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,  
But dead cold winter must inhabit here, still."

It may not be out of place to observe here the looseness of structure, and want of logical connection, in both these extracts ; both may be said to be pretty poetry rather than true. All this is very different to Shakspeare. He never pauses upon a superabundant syllable, and should the verse end with one he runs it into the next. As a contrast to Fletcher's style, let us take the following ;—

"*Pal.*—Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power  
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,  
And weep unto a girl ; that hast the might,  
Even with an eye-glance, to choke Mars's drum,  
And turn the alarm to whispers ; that canst make  
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him  
Before Apollo ; that mayst force the king  
To be his subject's vassal, and induce  
Stale gravity to dance. The polled bachelor,  
Whose youth, like wanton boys, through bonfires,  
Has skipt thy flame, at seventy, thou can'st catch,  
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,  
Abuse young lays of love."

Thus far have we gone along with Mr. Spalding and Mr. Dyce ; but here we must part company, and pursue our road independently. Our present business is to examine the scenes of this play in their order and connection with each other, and to apply the various tests of style which we have indicated. We have already stated our opinion that the first scene is by Shakspeare. There appears, we confess, a difficulty in the second scene which makes necessary a closer examination. The first speech of Arcite reads, certainly, very unlike Shakspeare's versification, nor does it bear the impress of his thought ; it might be described as rather common-place metaphor, expressed in metrical prose. The speech of Palamon that follows is very different :—

"What strange ruins,  
Since first we went to school, may we perceive  
Walking in Thebes? Scars, and bare weeds,  
The gain o' th' martialist, who did propound  
To his bold ends, honor, and golden ingots,  
Which, though he won, he had not."

The next half-dozen lines given to Arcite might pass for Shakspeare's in a play acknowledged to be his. When Arcite again speaks he goes on,—

“I spoke of Thebes;  
How dangerous, if we will keep our honors,  
It is for our residing; where every evil  
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good's  
A certain evil; where not to be even jump  
As they are, here were to be strangers, and  
Such things, to be mere monsters.”

This seems to us, as in the first instance, neither poetry nor music. On the other hand, the whole of the part of Palamon in this scene is of the same quality as the instance above given, and even more strikingly characteristic of Shakspeare. Palamon is in a marked degree the superior of the two cousins; he has a strong will and an original understanding; whereas a string of negatives will give the character of Arcite. There appears to us, in this, something more than the mere difference of character; the one has a character, the other has none. And this, added to the difference we perceive in the measure and diction, leads us to a conclusion that possibly the reader may have anticipated. We think that either Shakspeare and Fletcher wrote the scene in conjunction, or that it was originally written by Fletcher, and afterwards revised and partially re-written by Shakspeare. From the entrance of Valerius, however, it appears to be entirely by the latter. There is one other trifling point connected with this scene. It is a common thing for Fletcher to use in the plural certain nouns of quality or circumstance commonly used in the singular; and, in the present instance, Arcite uses the expression “our honors,” precisely in the same way as in Act II. Scene 2, he says,—

“The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments.”

We feel confident, that, in both these instances, Shakspeare would have used the singular number.

Of the third scene it will be sufficient to say, that in its introduction is manifest the judgment of Shakspeare. Like another, which we shall hereafter have occasion to mention, it shows the precise line of distinction, in one particular, between him and an ordinary writer. The friendship of Theseus and Perithous becomes a natural introduction to the subject of friendship in general, and female friendship in particular; and, in this light, the character of Emilia is shown so simple, so pure, yet so fervent, that we justify and account for her irresolution, and inability to decide between two rivals, both of whom she admires without

actually loving either. It is a scene, in fact, necessary to that perfection of character, and consistency of purpose, which but one writer of the age attained. Struck out, the play would still be intelligible, as no part of the action would thereby be lost. But Emilia would straightway sink into one of those conventional characters that strange circumstances throw into the power of the dramatist; and, judged by any other than his own peculiar standard, would certainly have little claim upon our respect. The fourth scene, in which Theseus returns victor, bears the mark of Shakspeare's hand too strongly to be mistaken. The internal evidence in the fifth scene, which is a dirge, is not so strong; it is the only scene throughout the entire play with regard to which we entertain doubt; but we incline to the belief that it is by Shakspeare. The concluding couplet is probably better known than the source from whence it sprung;—

*3rd Queen.*—This world's a city, full of straying streets,  
And Death's the market-place where each one meets."

In the Second Act the first scene introduces to us the jailor, to whom is committed the charge of Palamon and Arcite, taken prisoners by Theseus,—his daughter, and the wooer of the latter. Some such invention as these characters was necessary to the escape of Palamon. And here we join issue with Mr. Spalding; it being our settled conviction that this scene was written by Shakspeare. It is much to be regretted that Coleridge, who has expressed a similar opinion, should not have gone more fully into the subject; but his authority will still weigh with some: and we will endeavour to explain our own reasons for agreeing with by far the best poetical critic of our time. In the first place, this scene is in prose; and although Shakspeare frequently writes long scenes of this kind in prose, Fletcher seldom or never does so. In the next place, one of the strongest reasons for attributing the whole of the underplot to Fletcher is its grossness. Now, there is not a single gross word, or gross thought, in the whole scene; and, indeed, nothing can be more delicately managed. Moreover, it seems certain that this scene could not have been written by the writer of the following one, which is allowed by all to be by Fletcher: for, although, in the first scene, the jailor's daughter says, distinctly enough,—“They have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens; they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters;” in the second scene, they are represented as the reverse of all this, and discoursing of nothing *but* “their own restraint and disasters.” The arrangement of the scene is Shakspeare's: it is quite in his manner to commence, as it does, in the very middle of the conversation between the jailor and his daugh-

ter's suitor. Shakspeare never gives us occasion to say, with Sneer in 'The Critic,' "How came he not to ask that question before?" In the following scene by Fletcher, when the two cousins begin by asking each other how they do, Sneer's question does rise to our lips. The style of composition is quite of the same character as we find in such plays as the 'Winter's Tale,' where prose is used in scenes of a serious nature. We extract a part of this scene to compare with an extract from the 'Winter's Tale;' at the same time it will serve to show the character of the observations of the jailor's daughter.

"*Jailor.*—I heard them reported, in the battle, to be the only doers.

"*Daughter.*—Nay, most likely, for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have look'd, had they been victors, that, with such a constant nobility, enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

"*Jailor.*—Do they so?

"*Daughter.*—It seems to me, they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint or disasters: yet, sometimes, a divided sigh, martyred as 'twere i' th' deliverance, will break from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted."

Compare this with the following from the first scene of the 'Winter's Tale,' and it will be seen, at least, that if there be not evidence of the affinity for which we contend, the argument fails that would so utterly degrade the whole of the underplot.

"*Camillo.*—Sicilia cannot show himself overkind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them, then, such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

"*Archidamus.* I think there is not in the world, either malice, or matter, to alter it."

Towards the conclusion of the scene the two kinsmen appear; and the jailor points out Arcite, wrongly as it appears, to the wooer. A characteristic touch of a master hand here occurs, in the eagerness with which the daughter corrects her father,—

"No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite is the lower of the twain;" and again in her parting reflection,—

"It is a holiday to look on them; Lord, the difference of men!"

It is hardly necessary to repeat that the prison scene, the second in this act, is by Fletcher. Here the two friends first see Emilia. Arcite is now set free, and banished. He appears in the next scene, also by Fletcher, and falls in with four country-people, who are going a-maying. The scene with these latter, though intended to be humorous, does not exhibit a single spark of wit or humour. The fourth scene is also by the same hand: it is simply a soliloquy of the jailor's daughter, who is now in love with Palamon, and determined to set him at liberty. It is very different in quality, however, to the scene of her first appearance. Shakspeare, for instance, would hardly have given her the following line:—

“And yet he had a cousin, fair as he, too.”

The fact may have been so; but she was not the person to make the discovery; or, her love, in that case, being merely sensual, Palamon might have remained in prison to the end of his days. The next scene is also by Fletcher. Arcite having in disguise joined the games of the country people, is chosen by Theseus to attend on Emilia. The sixth and last scene of this Act is another soliloquy of the jailor's daughter; she has now set Palamon at liberty. The marks of Fletcher's hand are as distinct in this as in the several preceding scenes (all but the first) of this Act.

With the third Act Shakspeare again returns to the work. In the first scene we find once more the characters of Palamon and Arcite distinct from each other. They now meet for the first time since their imprisonment. Palamon, who has not yet got freed from his fetters, surprises, in a wood, Arcite, who, soliloquizing aloud, declares his love for Emilia, and thus reproaches him:—

“O, thou most perfidious  
That ever gently look'd: the void'st of honour  
That e'er bore gentle token: falsest cousin  
That ever blood made kin: call'st thou her thine?  
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands,  
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art  
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord  
Not worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,  
And these house-clogs away!”

Arcite begins, “Dear cousin Palamon,” but Palamon is in no humour for smooth language; he interrupts him immediately with

“Cosener Arcite! give me language such  
As thou hast shew'd me feat.”



Arcite, however, goes on—

“Not finding in ‘  
 The circuit of my breast any gross stuff,  
 To form me like your blazon, holds me to  
 This gentleness of answer: ’tis your passion  
 That thus mistakes, the which, to you being enemy,  
 Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty  
 I cherish, and depend on; howsoe’er  
 You skip them in me; and with them, fair Coz,  
 I’ll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleas’d  
 To show in generous terms your griefs, since that  
 Your question’s with your equal, who professes  
 To clear his own way with the mind and sword  
 Of a true gentleman.”

Palamon retorts, “That thou durst, Arcite!” but his cousin breaks out at this taunt,

“My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis’d  
 How much I dare. \* \* \* Sure of another  
 You would not have me doubted, but your silence  
 Should break out, though i’ th’ sanctuary.”

This reliance was worthy of their former friendship; and Palamon, who finds him a generous, though perhaps not a magnanimous rival, subsequently exclaims,—

“Oh, you heavens! dare any  
 So noble, bear a guilty business? None  
 But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite  
 In this kind is so bold.”

Another writer, aiming at diversity of character, would, in all probability, have been satisfied by the broad division between indignant anger on the one side, and a cool contemptuous self-possession on the other. Fletcher’s art, as evinced by his execution of other parts of this play, was certainly not equal to more; and it is in going beyond this that Shakspeare’s characters present themselves as individual inhabitants of this world, as living men and women.

We pass to another scene, which Mr. Spalding gives to Fletcher, simply because, as it appears to us, he assumed the whole of the underplot to be by one writer. As the scene is short, and consists of one soliloquy; we give it entire.

ACT III. SCENE 2. *Enter Jailer’s Daughter alone.*

“*Daughter.*—He has mistook the beck I meant; is gone  
 After his fancy. ’Tis now well nigh morning:  
 No matter: would it were perpetual night,  
 And darkness lord o’ th’ world. Hark, ’tis a wolf!

*In me hath grief slain fear ; and, but for one thing,*  
 I care for nothing, and that's Palamon.  
*I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so*  
*He had this file.* What if I halloo'd for him?  
 I cannot halloo! if I whoop'd, what then?  
 If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,  
 And do him but that service. I have heard  
 Strange howls this livelong night: why may't not be  
 They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;  
 He cannot run; *the jingling of his gyves*  
*Might call fell things to listen, who have in them*  
*A sense to know a man unarm'd,* and can  
 Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down  
 He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,  
 And then they fed on him. So much for that:  
 Be bold to ring the bell. How stand I then?  
 All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie.  
 My father's to be hang'd for his escape;  
 Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much  
 As to deny my act; but that I would not,  
 Should I try death by dozens. I am mop'd;  
 Food took I none these two days,—  
 Sipt some water: I have not clos'd mine eyes  
 Save when my lids scour'd off their brine. Alas,  
*Dissolve my life! Let not my sense unsettle,*  
*Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself.*  
*O, state of nature, fail together in me,*  
*Since thy best props are warp'd!* So, which way, now?  
 The best way is the next way to a grave:  
 Each errant step, beside, is torment. Lo,  
 The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech owl  
 Calls in the dawn; all offices are done  
 Save what I fail in: but the point is this;—  
 An end, and that is all."

[Exit.

It is to this scene that we referred by anticipation, as giving an instance of Shakspere's judgment. It can hardly be said to explain any necessary circumstance of the play; and so many scenes in which this character appears alone, are rather injurious to the action: but it supplies the due gradation between a mind diseased and madness; and in connexion with another scene at which we shall shortly arrive, it displays a depth of insight into the psychological character of this state only excelled by Shakspere himself, in 'King Lear.' Let our readers observe in particular the passages we have marked in italics—the unselfish anxiety of the jailor's daughter for Palamon's safety, and her subsequent terror at her own disordered senses. The introduction of the popular notion that wild beasts have "a sense to

know a man unarm'd" is quite a Shaksperian illustration; and we do not know an instance of finer drawing than this of her imagination painting, as absolute reality, the subject of her first fear. From this conviction (of Palamon's death) we come naturally to the concluding lines, beyond which the next step is madness. Should any of our readers incline to dissent from the view we have been taking, we must beg them to reserve their judgment until we are able to take a synthetical view of these scenes of the underplot, and to show the inconsistencies that beset any other conclusion.

The third scene, without any doubt, is by Fletcher. Arcite brings "food and files" to Palamon; and, after some patter of early reminiscences between them, utterly out of character, they separate. The fourth scene introduces the jailor's daughter again: she is now mad. She fancies she sees a ship, and there is some affectation of nautical language, (why, Heaven only knows); and the rest is mere incoherent nonsense. Now, though this last, indeed, may be the frequent birth of madness (or rather so seeming, in default of being able to follow the infinitely fine associating links), it can have no place in poetry, which, whatever it may be, is certainly not a literal transcript of common things in their common aspects. In a subsequent scene we shall find the speeches given to this character full of meaning; the present bears every mark of the hand of Fletcher. So does the next, whatever fault we may find with the execution, which is inferior to anything else we have met with by that writer. The persons, in the first instance, are the country people whom we have met before—"two or three wenches," and a terribly dull pedantic schoolmaster, a most spiritless imitation of Holofernes: these are afterwards joined by the jailor's daughter; and Theseus and his company appearing on the scene, are desired by the schoolmaster to "stay and edify!" though we fear he received as little instruction as amusement. The next scene is also by Fletcher, but of a much higher character than either of the preceding. Palamon and Arcite meeting to decide their difference by arms, are interrupted by Theseus, who finally decrees that they shall go home and return within a month; and that, in the contest then appointed, the winner shall have the lady, and the loser lose his head.

The first scene of the fourth act (by Fletcher again) contains a piece of description which has principally given rise to the notion that the jailor's daughter is a copy of Ophelia. It is a misfortune that when a notion once becomes, as it were, stereotyped, thenceforward it stands as a bar to all inquiry. It is marvellous what a number of errors pass current through the world, when a reference to the original authority would show on how slight a

foundation they rested. In the present instance the fact is, that allowing for their both being females and both unsettled in their senses, no two characters can be drawn more distinctly different than the jailor's daughter and Ophelia. To prove this we must turn back to the first scene in which the former appears. Entirely absorbed in contemplation of Palamon; though, with a natural reserve, speaking of both the prisoners; a comparison she makes between them and her *prétendu*, shows the current of her feelings,—

“Lord, the difference of men!”

At her next appearance, she, with a detail of the circumstances of her situation as daughter to the “keeper of his prison,” avows in soliloquy her love for Palamon, and her determination to release him, in order that “this night or to-morrow he *shall* love” her. As we proceed farther, we find that she has set him at liberty, but has some misgivings as to whether he will return her love. She concludes this scene with

“Farewell, father,

Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,  
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him.”

We next meet with her in despair at having missed Palamon at the place she had appointed to meet him; conjuring up all kinds of fancies, and finally in terror lest her mind should sink under the weight of anguish and apprehension which oppressed it. This scene we have already given at pp. 72, 73. What she feared has become a reality when she appears again; and at this point we come to the description in the scene before us. Now, in all that has passed, our readers will see, that not only the circumstances, but the springs of action, are different from those of Ophelia; and we beg to assure such as may not have examined the question for themselves, that the language and sentiments are still more unlike. But the description in this scene has a certain resemblance to the circumstances of the death of Ophelia, and was probably written with that scene in view. It has no reference whatever to the *character* of the jailor's daughter; and it is the only circumstance in the whole play common to her and to Ophelia. She afterwards appears upon the stage, following up her nautical fancy, in which she is humoured by her friends.

In the second scene Emilia enters alone, with two pictures. This is Fletcher's masterpiece; but here is a much stronger case of imitation than in the jailor's daughter. Hamlet, too, in a celebrated scene, fixes his and our attention on two pictures. Pointing to one, he says,

"See *what a grace was seated on his brow :*  
Hyperion's curls ; *the front of Jove himself ;*  
An eye like Mars to threaten and command ;  
A station like the herald Mercury  
New 'lighted *on a heaven-kissing hill ;*  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
And give the world assurance of a man."

Of this, we think the following an elaborate imitation : we have all the separate figures, or equivalents to them ; only not so happily applied : for Emilia is not in love with Arcite.

*"Here Love himself sits smiling,*

\* \* \* \* \*

*What a brow,*

Of what a spacious majesty he carries!  
*Arch'd like the great-eyed Juno's*, but far sweeter ;  
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder ! Fame and honor  
Methinks from hence, *as from a promontory*  
*Pointed in heaven*, should clap their wings, and sing  
To all the under-world, the loves and fights  
Of gods, and such men near 'em."

Referring to this, Mr. Spalding says, that Fletcher repeats himself, and quotes in proof a passage from 'Philaster,' Act IV.

"Place me, some god upon a Píramis  
Higher than hill of earth, and lend a voice  
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence  
I may discourse to all the under-world  
The worth that dwells in him."

Although Mr. Spalding cites this merely in proof of the second scene being by Fletcher, and although we agree with this conclusion, we cannot let his remark pass without observing that he here assumes two things : one, that 'Philaster' was written before the 'Two Noble Kinsmen'; and the other, that the passage in the former is the writing of Fletcher. Without the slightest hesitation, we dispute both these assumptions. 'Philaster' is one of those plays which were certainly written by Beaumont *and* Fletcher ; and the speech from which the foregoing is extracted, we have as little doubt was by Beaumont. But this branches into a new inquiry into which we must not now be tempted, as it would lead us too far a-field.

We have now arrived at the most important scene of the whole play,—important, not so much with reference to *this* play, as in its relation to another that must be ranked as the most wonderful of all the creations of human genius. The third scene opens with

the jailor giving a doctor an account of his daughter's distemper. He says:—

“She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little; altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world and a better; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name of Palamon lards it that she farces every business withal, fits it to every question.”

In the midst of this account the daughter enters; and the opinion formed of her conduct through this scene, must mainly influence any decision with regard to the play. We have said before that it is most absurd to call this character an imitation of Ophelia; but we should have been rather surprised, did we not see how external circumstances are commonly made to pass for character, that the charge had not been made in reference to King Lear. Between this person and the jailor's daughter, there is a certain degree of parallelism that altogether fails in the other case; there is a similarity in the language; and we see in the latter as in the former, the different gradations from a “mind diseased” to madness. The relationship between these two characters it is one part of our business to establish.

We may lay it down as a rule without exception, that a wholesale plagiarist or imitator will infallibly betray himself by the bad use he makes of his stolen property. By such, a sentiment or illustration is more easily kidnapped than the grace of doing it. Aptness of illustration, truth of sentiment, justness of thought, fitness to the character using it, all considered in the original, may all be missing in the theft of such a writer. If all these indications of the imitator be wanting, we may fairly conclude the passage in question to be original, notwithstanding any resemblance in thoughts or sentiments to other works. To illustrate this remark, we take one or two instances from this play. In Scene 2 of Act. II. Arcite says,—

“Am not I liable to those affections,

Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?”

This we take to be an imitation of a passage in the ‘Merchant of Venice’—

“Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs,  
Dimensions, senses, affections, passions?”

We all know the use made by Shylock of the latter question, whereas Arcite merely opens what is, in his case, an untenable argument. It leads to nothing: it is a mere flash in the pan. In another place the jailor's daughter says, “I know you, you are a tinker.” Now this is utterly meaningless in reference to the

character of the person whom she addresses,—and, indeed, in reference to anything else;—yet we understand its introduction from our previous acquaintance with Hamlet's "you 're a fish-monger;" the difference being that the retort to Polonius is full of meaning. In the same case is the wooer's account of the finding of the jailor's daughter. The Queen's description of the death of Ophelia is a necessary part of the play; it subserves to the catastrophe; and it may even be said to forward the action instead of impeding it: on the other hand, the action of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen' stands still while the wooer gives a long, laboured, and perfectly unnecessary description. The scene, however, which we have now under review, is not characterised by any of these defects; the language is natural, simple, and suitable; a perfect consistency is observed throughout with the characters and situation of the various persons; nothing is strained, nothing lugged in; all has the air of being original. We will now take some passages from this scene, begging the reader to bear in mind that the jailor's daughter is a girl of low degree, who has betrayed her trust for love of one who has no thought of her: she has abandoned her friends, and is abandoned by him for whom she left them: "the world is all before her:"—what is more natural than that she should be mad?

"*Daughter.* Now for this charm that I told you of: you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are, there's a sight, now; we maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay, then, let him mark me,—then.

"*Doctor.* How prettily she's amiss! Note her a little further.

"*Daughter.* Faith, I'll tell you; sometimes we go to Barley-break, we of the blest: alas, 'tis a sore life they have i'th' other place. *Such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing! O, they have shrewd measure, take heed: if one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go, Jupiter bless us: and there shall we be put in a caldron of lead and usurer's grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.*

"*Doctor.* How her brain coines!

"*Daughter.* Lords and Courtiers, (\* ) they are in this place: they shall stand in fire up to the navel and in ice up to the heart; and there the offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth, a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a

\* In the original a qualifying phrase here occurs, very shocking to Mr. Knight.

*trifle: believe me, one would marry a leprous witch to be rid on 't, I'll assure you.*

"*Doctor.* How she continues this fancy! "'Tis not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy."

The allusions here, will remind the reader of the following passage in 'King Lear':—

"Down from the waist they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit; beneath is all the fiend's: there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption."

The resemblance of the two quotations is striking, but rather in style or structure, which go to prove identity of writer, than in either sentiment or imagery. Comparing the women, who "down from the waist are centaurs," with the lords and courtiers who stand "in ice up to the heart," we may perceive that there is not one circumstance that is common to both images, and that the resemblance is entirely that of manner. Of the moral purpose of this scene we need hardly speak: but we must call attention to its peculiar fitness; the subject being the punishment awarded to deceit in love, and the indulgence of ungoverned passions,—both of these acting as causes of the disturbed state of mind of the speaker. It would hardly be straining probability to suppose, that the doctor who attended the jailor's daughter was afterwards called to King Lear and Lady Macbeth. His office is purely ministerial, and his purpose is to describe the state of mind of his respective patients; consequently, if by the same writer, no difference of character can be looked for. Similar states of mind, however, call for like expressions. Macbeth, we may recollect, says—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?"

To which the doctor replies—

"Therein the patient

"Must minister to himself."

The latter speaks, in another place, of Lady Macbeth's state, as

"A great perturbation in nature!"

Our doctor says of *his* patient, in answer to a question from her father,

"I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to."

We may observe that he had called her disorder, "not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy;"



and he now proceeds to give his advice as to the means of recovering her.—

“This intemperate surfeit of her eye”—that is, her admiration of Palamon—“hath distempered the other senses. They may return and settle again to execute their pre-ordained faculties ; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do,”—and, after instructing the friends that they must endeavour to bring her to associate the idea of Palamon with all her actions, he proceeds,—“it is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what’s now out of square in her, into their former law and regiment. \* \* I will between the passages of this project come in with my appliance.”

Viewing the similarity of this scene to Shakspeare, in style and language, and its freedom from all the marks of imitation ; considering that particular passages, which may be said to resemble others in Shakspeare, are not so much copies as variations of phrase, and equally in place ; but, above all, looking at the high moral purpose of the scene, viewing in it the natural punishment of the principal character for her ill-governed desires, and the mode she took of gratifying them ; and yet, moreover, regarding the perfect coherence of the mad speeches, and their pertinency to the general subject (almost a test of itself), we have no hesitation in stating our firm conviction that it is by Shakspeare. Will it, however, be believed that all the passages in our second extract from this scene, which are printed in italics, and others which we have not given, have been entirely omitted by Mr. Knight ? He does this under the plea that they are too gross for publication. In a note to the third scene of the Second Act he has this remark : “When we open Beaumont and Fletcher’s works we encounter grossnesses entirely of a different nature from those which occur in Shakspeare. They are the result of impure thoughts, not the accidental reflection of loose manners. They are meant to be corrupting.” We doubt whether the last sentence be true ; in the rest we cordially agree with Mr. Knight. But, we ask, does this remark apply, in any degree, to the scene before us, which he has “pruned” for the reason we have quoted ? He has printed, without a qualm, passages in this play in which the allusions are as gross, though perhaps more veiled ; only they differ from the present scene in being unnecessary, immoral, and utterly out of character. Neither has he thought it necessary to omit anything from ‘Hamlet,’ ‘King Lear,’ ‘Measure for Measure,’ or other plays of Shakspeare, which contain passages of greater indelicacy of expression than anything we have been considering. It is from a not over-squeamish delicacy that we forbear from giving the passage from ‘King Lear’ most in point ;

we think it admirable in its place. But we do object to setting, in the midst of a page of prose, and apart from their natural connection, expressions, perhaps harmless in themselves, but repudiated by modern conventionalism. Mr. Knight compels us to observe a different course with the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' which is not so well known, nor so easily referred to; and by doing so we enable all our readers to verify our assertion, that the comparison with either 'Hamlet,' Act IV. Scene 5, or 'King Lear,' Act IV. Scene 6, is favourable to this scene. The whole of this reasoning applies equally if we substitute the name of another writer for that of Shakspeare; the scene is conceived in a similar spirit to his; and Mr. Knight has suppressed passages—having no immoral tendency, or unusual indelicacy of expression—essential to the understanding of the question.

We have devoted more attention to the foregoing scene, and to Mr. Knight's treatment of it, than we otherwise should have done had not Mr. Dyce expressed his assent to a remark by the former, that "the underplot,—the love of the jailor's daughter for Palamon, her agency in his escape from prison, her subsequent madness, and her unnatural and revolting union with one who is her lover under these circumstances,—is of a nature not to be conceived by Shakspeare, and, further, not to be tolerated in any work with which he was concerned." Mr. Dyce gives then the whole of the underplot to Fletcher; we shall see, presently, how this will fit. But we must not let the above remark pass without a word. In "the love of the jailor's daughter for Palamon, her agency in his escape, and in her subsequent madness," we certainly see nothing that might not have been conceived by Shakspeare, although some scenes, as we have shown, could hardly have been executed by him. In the three scenes of the underplot which we hold to be his, there is not a word of what Mr. Knight stigmatizes as an "unnatural and revolting union;" and, indeed, to speak of it as such would be rather premature, did our knowledge of the circumstances terminate with this scene. But with this scene we maintain that Shakspeare's share in the underplot ended; and that which makes the "union" "revolting," is the execution of the next scene in which the same characters appear, with which we are convinced he had no connexion.

To throw a still stronger light upon this subject, we will now take this scene last referred to (the second scene of the Fifth Act), which terminates the underplot. We must bear in mind the advice of the doctor in the former scene; he tells the wooer to take upon him the name of Palamon, and to do whatever shall become Palamon, still aiming to intermingle his petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; but it could never be

imagined from these directions that the "union" was to take place under such circumstances. He says "it is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated;" and he explains his object,—“this may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's now out of square in her into their former law and regiment.” Yet this was not all; for he continues, "I will, between the passages of this project come in with my appliance." The object sought was her restoration; and in the last scene of the Fifth Act, the jailor informs Palamon that his daughter—

"is well restor'd,  
And shortly to be married."

But, turning to the second scene, we find the doctor saying, in reference to the wooer's telling him he had "kiss'd her twice,"

" 'Twas well done; twenty times had been far better;  
For there the cure lies mainly."

That insight into the nature of his patient's disorder, displayed in so remarkable a manner by the doctor in a former scene, in this has left him; and his business here seems to be to recommend and nurse up a sensual idea into an alliance with better feelings. The daughter's brain still "coins," but the subjects are far-fetched, and have no relation to the speaker's condition or state of mind, nor do they help the progress of the play. We give one example in which she describes a horse, probably referring to a celebrated dancing horse, which was exhibited in London, about 1589:—

"He dances very finely, very comely;  
And for a jig, come cut and long tail to him,  
He turns ye like a top.

\* \* \* \* \*

He'll dance the Morris twenty mile an hour,  
And that will founder the best hobby-horse -  
(If I have any skill) in all the parish,  
And gallops to the tune of 'light o' love :'  
What think you of this horse?"

We should observe that the former scene is in prose wholly, while this is in Fletcher's verse; but, in short, the tone and moral effect of the two scenes are so different,—the same characters have so altered an aspect,—the language, sentiments, and allusions are so unlike,—that the case of any one who can read and deliberately compare them, and still believe them to be by the same writer, we must give over as hopeless.

The three concluding scenes of the Fifth Act, like a stately march or the procession of a triumph, with all its "pomp, pride, and circumstance," proceed, without interval or interruption, to

the end. The human agents have become instruments in the hands of the gods, to whose 'divine arbitrament' the event is referred; an impending and inevitable fate is visible;

"The glass is running now that cannot finish  
Till one of us expire;"

and we, the spectators, with the actors, abandon ourselves to

"The sails that must these vessels port even where  
The heavenly limiter pleases."

The address of Arcite (Scene 1) to his friends,—

"Knights, kinsmen, lovers,"

is sufficiently remarkable; but the address to Mars, which follows, unparalleled as an invocation, is one of the grandest examples of the application of circumstance to the character of a power that we have ever met with.

"Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd  
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach  
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field  
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down  
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck  
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds  
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st, and break'st  
The stony girths of cities; me, thy pupil,  
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day  
With military skill, that, to thy land,  
I may advance my streamer, and by thee  
Be styl'd the lord o' th' day. Give me, great Mars,  
Some token of thy pleasure."

\* \* \* \* \*

"O, great corrector of enormous times,  
Shaker of o'er rank states, thou grand decider  
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood  
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world  
O' th' pleurisy of people! I do take  
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name  
To my design march boldly."

Our space will not permit us to pursue the analysis further; but enough has been said to illustrate the positions we seek to establish, and these let us briefly recapitulate. The whole of the First Act, with the exception of some twenty or thirty lines, appears to be by Shakspeare; likewise the first scene of the Second Act; the first and second scenes of the Third Act; the last scene of the Fourth Act; and, with the exception of the second scene, the whole of the Fifth Act. As a consequence of

this it follows, that, with the partial exception of Arcite, every character, even to the doctor who makes his first appearance at the end of the Fourth Act, was introduced by Shakspeare. We have here, then, not only the framework of the play, but the groundwork of every character; in each case we find that Shakspeare goes first, and Fletcher follows; and even then we find that the latter is most successful in the parts where he had Chaucer for a guide. With regard to the particular influence of Shakspeare upon the underplot, the same principle appears. The first appearance of the jailor's daughter, with the first signs of her love for Palamon,—the first symptom of her madness,—and the first opinion given by the doctor, embodying a discriminating view of the case, with directions for its treatment, are all by him. Fletcher takes up the following scene to each of these instances, and unsuccessfully. And, indeed, excepting these three scenes, and one by Fletcher (the first of the Fourth Act), the rest of the underplot is trash; want of observation and inexperience are evident in it throughout, and it is inconceivably dull. Yet Mr. Dyce would have us believe that this was the production, in his maturity, of the wittiest writer of his day. Mr Dyce may object, here, to our representation, urging that his argument applies to the underplot as a whole, and that it is unfair to select the dullest portions, as if it applied to them alone. But we do not see that this would mend the case; we maintain that the underplot is not a whole—that it is not homogeneous; and we find a greater difficulty in believing that the fifth scene of the Third Act, and the third of the Fourth Act, were by the same writer, than even that the former of these was written by Fletcher in his latter days. We have already referred to the marks that distinguish an original passage from an imitation; we should, however, have said conscious imitation; as there is a good deal of unconscious imitation of every writer who exercises an influence over his age current through its literature; sometimes, indeed, hardly to be called imitation, even though expressions and phrases may be literally adopted. In some cases, the originals suggest similar or parallel trains of thought; in others, the thought of the original writer is in the first instance adopted, but a different direction is probably given to it, or it takes a tone or colour from the writer's mind. But, in all such cases, the materials work well together; and there is nothing more heterogeneous in them than if they were the original property (as far as such a thing can be) of the writer. Supposing, for a moment, that Fletcher could so have imitated Shakspeare in language and manner (which is the most impossible thing of all), the last scene of the Fourth Act would furnish the strongest case of imitation. Considering it as such,

the sentiments and allusions are so naturally evolved from the circumstances and situations of the speakers, that any want of originality (if proved) is not disadvantageous to the effect. But, turning to the fifth scene of the Third Act, the first thing that strikes us is that there is no purpose in the pedantry of Gerrald ; and it appears evident that it is not only imitation, but the imitation of a young and inexperienced writer. Fletcher, in his maturity, was not an imitator of Shakspeare, except in the qualified sense we have just alluded to ; and, supposing he was capable of the dulness of these inferior portions of the underplot, what should induce him to imitate Holofernes, one of Shakspeare's earliest characters, at a time when he himself was looked up to as the first living dramatist, is inexplicable. This unity of the underplot is, we maintain, the post which our really respected friends have first set up, and then very diligently proceeded to run their heads against. It has been assumed as a fact, without inquiry ; for, throughout the labours of Mr. Spalding, Mr. Dyce, and Mr. Knight, we cannot find any trace of an examination into the subject. Each of them dismisses it with a sentence or two, in which, as we have shown, errors of fact, which might easily have been corrected through inquiry, give us room to suspect equal errors of judgment. We now proceed to show the effects of this acquiescence in what we deem a fiction. The last scene of the Fourth Act contains a passage, which, if not by Shakspeare himself, is a mannered imitation of a passage in *King Lear* : there can be no mistake upon the subject : and Mr. Dyce holding the latter opinion, and not believing that Fletcher would be guilty of so direct a plagiarism within a short time of the appearance of Shakspeare's play, is necessarily driven to the conclusion that the parts by the former were contributed towards the close of the life, or after the death, of the latter. From a similar train of reasoning he rejects the idea of co-operation between the two writers. He thus leaves a perfect play, of which at least a considerable portion was by Shakspeare, before Fletcher put a hand to it. The question then arises,—How came Fletcher to tamper with a work of Shakspeare's ? And, finding it difficult to believe that such could be the case, were it a work entirely by the latter, he finally settles that it was only partially by him, and an alteration of an older play. We rather think the above to be something like the process ; but we cannot say that we think it satisfactory. It is not made to appear whether any parts of the older play remain, or whether they have been entirely superseded by Fletcher's additions ; and if the latter be maintained, it leaves us to the unsatisfactory conclusion that Shakspeare, who, by Mr. Dyce's admission, wrote the first and last acts, besides other

occasional scenes throughout the play—who thus, it may be said, carefully revised and partially re-wrote it, left some scenes so bad, that even the spiritless imitation of his own *Holofernes* was considered, after his death, an improvement upon them. We should have thought that Mr. Dyce would have had a better word for the judgment of the great dramatist. As we have referred to a passage which we hold to be *no* imitation, we may remark here that the *real* imitations of Shakspeare are entirely from plays of an early date, ‘*Hamlet*’ being the latest, which was published, in its present form, in 1604, and probably acted some years earlier; and that there is no trace of imitation of any of the later plays, although Shakspeare’s part (so admitted by Mr. Dyce) presents frequent cases of resemblance.

It is a singular fact, that to none of those who have examined this play does it appear to have occurred that any principle was to be discovered which would facilitate the inquiry. Mr. Knight touched the threshold of the notion once, but did not enter into it; Mr. Spalding does not give a hint of such a thing; and as Mr. Dyce rejects the idea of co-operation altogether, it was excluded from his view. Whether obvious or not, a principle must exist, and it involves the discovery of the condition or terms of partnership between the two writers. This discovery we think we have succeeded in making, and we lay it at once before the reader. It must have been evident from many of our preceding remarks, that we reject the idea of anything like *equal* co-operation in the work; and, indeed, the conclusion we have arrived at is, that there was a superior and directing, and an inferior and subordinate mind engaged upon it. Our readers must have been prepared for this by much that has gone before; but it may not be so obvious that it is in as direct variance with Mr. Spalding’s theory, as with that of Mr. Dyce. That it is so, however, we will endeavour to show. Let it be proved that the underplot is entirely the work of one writer, and two things necessarily follow: first, that the direction, arrangement, and execution of by far the most difficult scenes was given to the inferior writer; and, second, that these scenes were produced in the height of Fletcher’s success, and after some of his most successful pieces in conjunction with Beaumont had been given to the stage. During this period, which is definitely fixed between the production of ‘*King Lear*’ and ‘*Macbeth*’ and the death of Shakspeare, it is not probable that Fletcher, however inferior to him in genius, would have joined him, except on equal terms; and, during the same period, it is not a very probable supposition that Shakspeare would have joined Fletcher on any terms at all. On the contrary, all our researches have tended to show that Fletcher’s part is that of a young and

inexperienced writer,—probable enough in the case we have supposed, but impossible in Mr. Spalding's.

We have observed before that the framework of the play is Shakspeare's; and this is the first evidence of direction. The beginning includes many difficulties that would be avoided by a young writer,—among others, the first sketch of the characters, every one of which, in the play before us, is introduced by Shakspeare. The first scene in which Fletcher appears, is the second of the Second Act. This scene has been much admired, and we think may partly have strengthened the idea that it was a later work; for it is very well written, and contains many points of resemblance to passages in the writer's most successful plays. But, in truth, its supposed excellence (for we think it has been over estimated) is by no means incompatible with the fact of its being a very early work. We think scenes of this description much more likely to have been successfully written by a young man than scenes of wit or humour; and when we add that the one in question is, as we have shown before, utterly wanting in dramatic power, falling far short in this respect of any of the later productions of the writer, there is little room for wonder left. But the most significant fact of all is, that the whole of the first Act, and the first scene of the Second, being the *invention* of Shakspeare, Fletcher is not even then suffered to go alone, but has the assistance of the same scene in Chaucer. So with the commencement of the next scene: in the continuation of which, however, he tries his invention for the first time, and finds the difficulty of being humorous. Two of the scenes which follow endeavour to carry out Shakspeare's view of the character of the jailor's daughter, and another gives a version of the meeting of Arcite and Theseus. The first scene of the Third Act is by Shakspeare, which Fletcher follows in a similar scene (the third) in the same Act; and in the same way a scene by the former, showing the first approach to madness in the jailor's daughter, is followed by the latter in the fourth scene. The only original introduction by Fletcher hitherto is in the third scene of the Second Act. The fifth scene of the Third Act is a sort of continuation, with the addition of his sole attempt at character—a dull imitation of Holofernes. The sixth scene continues the subject of the third. The first scene of the Fourth Act is again an original one of Fletcher's,—that is, it is not led to by a previous one of Shakspeare's. Yet, viewing the latter as the directing mind, we think the subject may have been suggested by him; the execution is anything but original. So of the next; the concluding part of which runs parallel to Chaucer. In the last scene of this Act, Shakspeare gives another copy of madness for his associate to work by, and introduces a new



character, the doctor. This scene is again followed in the Fifth Act by Fletcher, with such success as we have pointed out. The rest of the Fifth Act is by Shakspeare. In all that is essential to the plot, the other contributed nothing in which he was not assisted by a previous draught, either in his associate or in Chaucer. This, we think, will be found a more satisfactory "principle of arranged co-operation" than Mr. Knight's supposititious one, who, reasoning from without—that is, from assumptions unconnected with anything he finds in this play, instead of from facts evolved in his analysis of it,—finds not much difficulty in overthrowing the slight obstacle he himself raises to his own theory.

To sum up the result of our inquiry:—It is, that the play of 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' is one to which Shakspeare possesses a better title than can be *proved* for him to 'Pericles';—that to him belong its entire plan and general arrangement: but that, perhaps for want of time to complete it by a day named, and probably by way of encouragement to a young author of some promise, he availed himself of the assistance of Fletcher to fill up a portion of the outline.

S. H.

ART. V.—*The Quarterly Review*. No. CLVI. for October, 1846.

A greater triumph of mind than history has yet recorded of individual achievements in art, will be the completion, within the nineteenth century, of the Cathedral of Cologne. Six hundred years have passed away since the original design was traced of this the noblest monument of mediæval architecture. The name of its author has been forgotten, but his spirit has lived; lived in its own beautiful creations; lived through times of war and pillage, and that malversation of ecclesiastical funds which retarded and interrupted for long periods the progress of the work; lived through the Reformation, which, even in states which remained Catholic, put an end to the building of cathedrals, and for a time involved in utter ruin the multitudes to whom the ancient religion had given employment in the sister arts of sculpture, architecture, music, and painting; lived through French revolutions and European conflicts; lived to an age of scientific miracles; and in that age, and by a generation to whom the wonders of the printing-press, the telescope, the steam-engine, the railroad, the electric telegraph, have become familiar, lived to witness the Present doing homage to the genius of the Past—art confessing itself outdone—and the people of different states and opposite creeds, Protestant,

Catholic, and Rationalist, combining to complete the unfinished monument of their forefathers, as an acknowledged model of taste and constructive skill which has never been surpassed.

The first stone of the cathedral was laid on the 14th of August, 1248. The building was continued at intervals during the next two centuries, and then abandoned. The intention of completing it, however, appears never to have been wholly relinquished, and the crane, which had been employed for raising the stones to their destined height, was left on the top of the south tower, in anticipation of its further service. There it remained for four hundred years, regarded by the inhabitants of Cologne as a symbol and pledge of a promise unredeemed, but for which a time would come. When, at last, the crane fell to the ground from decay, it was not only missed, but its loss was felt as a public calamity. With the crane all hope seemed to have finally departed; and it is not a little curious and interesting that this simple incident should have led (as it would seem to have done) to the great national effort now making for the restoration and completion of the entire edifice.

An old Burgermeister bequeathed a legacy towards restoring the crane, or replacing it by another in the same position. This was done in 1819, and paved the way to a subscription for repairs, which in 1824 was aided by a grant from the Prussian government, obtained through the efforts of the present King of Prussia, then the crown prince. The attention drawn to the edifice during the repairs of the choir was of course favourable to the discussion of plans for the attainment of the ultimate object. These had been first seriously entertained by M. Boisserée, the historian of the cathedral, whose zeal in the cause had been greatly stimulated by the remarkable discovery of the most essential portion of the original design—that for the northern tower, and a great part of the western gable—on a large sheet of parchment,—found by a sign-painter, nailed to some boards, to make a floor for drying beans. The original design for the southern tower was subsequently discovered among the mass of objects of art which had been removed to Paris from all parts of the Continent, during the wars of the revolution.

The new foundation-stone for the body of the church was laid with great ceremony on the 4th of September, 1842, by the King of Prussia, surrounded by princes from nearly all the royal families of Germany, and in the presence of a countless multitude of spectators, embracing the whole population of Cologne and the neighbouring towns of the Rhine;—a scene well described in the October number of the *Quarterly Review*. At its conclusion, the block having been lowered, and the usual speeches delivered,

the Dombau Meister addressed the artizans, telling them to resume their labours to the music and sentiment of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell.'

"He was answered by a hurrah from the tower; the crane moved slowly on its axis; a chorus of workmen's voices rose in sonorous melody; a block of stone was seen mounting slowly through the air; every hat was waved, his Majesty's the heartiest of all; and, amidst roars of cannon, one stone more was added to that tower, where the last had been left above four centuries before."

It is some encouragement to those of us who have laboured with untiring zeal, but with indifferent success, to arouse a similar spirit in this country, and a consolation that would at least have been appreciated in the days of Methusalem, that an object may stand still for 400 years and yet go forward at last. It will not, however, be so long (or we mistake the signs of the times) before the noble example of Germany will be followed by the people of England, in a similar reverence for all that constructive art has produced of the beautiful or grand, and we will not despair even of a Metropolitan Improvement Commission.

The article in the *Quarterly Review* on the Cathedral of Cologne is an admirable paper, and we have no intention of travelling over the same ground with our contemporary; but the author of the paper has committed an oversight of some importance in reference to the æsthetical rules which should determine the situation and character of public monuments, to which we must advert, as *apropos* to recent discussions, and to several questions of public works, upon which the Legislature will have to determine during the present session, or in the next.

Our comments must be preceded by another extract. Alluding to the choir, standing in the midst of a clustering group of seven chapels, the reviewer observes:—

"This stupendous structure—itself 208 feet high—rises, as many of our readers have seen, out of a forest of piers and pinnacles, each attached to the building alternately by a double and fourfold row of gigantic flying buttresses, which break the bristling *chevaux de frise* of perpendicular lines, and relieve, though they amaze, the eye. Yet, not placed there for any eye-service, but for the strictest use: the buttresses resisting the pressure of that enormous weight of roof; the piers weighting the ends of the buttresses, and increasing their strength; each pier a miniature church in itself, its shape that of a cross, rising into four corner spires, with one centre steeple, or pinnacle; each spire and pinnacle edged at each angle by a row of crotchets, terminating in a finial—each crotchet, the *Marien Blume*,<sup>1</sup> or flower of Mary, what we call the Lady's Slipper—each

finial a rose, the emblem of mystery—whence the *sub rosâ*; while, from the roof, and wall, and pier, protrude innumerable grotesque pipe-heads—demons, dragons, monkeys, monstrosities; in the opinion of some, the fantastic creations of the architect's own imagination; according to Boisserée, imitations of the goblins and wood-demons in which the times believed; but, according to the symbolist, representations of the bad spirits, which the church holds without her walls, and yet compels to do her service.

"It strikes the stranger's eye, at first sight, that, while the south side of the choir seems to blossom with exuberance; the north side, as with Freiburg and Amiens, is comparatively plain: no lady's slippers on the pinnacles, no corner-spires round miniature steeples. A Cologne *laquais de place* will tell you, with the usual sapience of these people, that the want of decoration was owing to want of funds, and that it is intended, when the cathedral is completed, to *put on* the failing ornaments. You refer to a little cathedral guide-book, purchased at Dumont Schauberg's, the great bookseller of Cologne, and that informs you that the original architects left this side plain, because, on account of some abutting building, *it was not so much seen*, a reason which, considering that the original architects finished every dark corner and lofty point as carefully as the most prominent and visible parts, is fit to succeed that of the lackey. We then turn to Boisserée, and even his solution fails to convince. He tells us that the north side being that most exposed to the weather, all unnecessary ornament was purposely avoided. Now it is not true that the north side is always that most tried by the weather; in many English edifices it is the eastern aspect which suffers soonest; and in Cologne the bitterest blast comes from the west. The symbolist, therefore, claims the next hearing, in the person of Professor Kreuser, a profound antiquarian, an ardent Roman Catholic, a constant adorer of the cathedral, and in all these capacities a most valuable contributor to the *Domblatt*.

"'The north side,' he says, 'has had, since the first period of Christianity, its particular meaning,—the south the same. The north side was that of the Evangelists, who gave the truth in plainness and simplicity. The south was that of the Prophets, who disguised it in oriental figure and imagery. Also the women, who were especially commanded to cover themselves, and abstain from ornament, stood on the north side, hence called the *muliebris*; while the men, to whom no such prohibition extended, stood on the south. Hence it is that the south side of the choir is richly decorated, that towards the north markedly simplified.'—'Domblatt,' No. 92.

"Admitting this, for argument's sake, to be true, another congenial reason may be urged as assisting to keep the northern side of Cologne Cathedral plain; namely, that to which the old habit of not interring the dead on the north side of a church is attributable: not because of its dampness or general gloom—for, beyond the shadow cast by the building, this no longer exists—but because, under an old tradition, the north side was supposed to be especially under the

influence of the prince of the powers of the air, and therefore expressly avoided as a place of burial.

“Possessed, therefore, with these various arguments, the traveller mounts to the highest external gallery of the cathedral, and there, from behind that massive parapet—which, from below, to use a lady’s term, appears but the delicate *footing* to which the whole embroidery of the building is appended—he sees at once marks of a decision of purpose, for which neither economy, nor obscurity, nor inclemency would account: for standing exactly at the centre of the choir-end, at the spot which the gilt star once occupied, looking eastward, he sees all below him decoration on his right hand, and all simplicity on his left.”

The object of that decision of purpose which has perplexed the reviewer, we think, may be rendered apparent; and to us it is not a little surprising that a critic of cultivated taste and architectural knowledge, should have missed the very simple explanation of this seeming enigma. The architect, it is obvious, was not a mere builder, thinking only of weather-proof walls, nor a mystic, dreaming of typical differences between the north and south, but a true artist, who understood the pictorial effects of light and shade. Hence his more elaborate decorations were lavished upon the front where they would be seen,—not by a reflected light, but in the direct rays of the sun. \*

Although there can be no absolute obscurity on any side of an insulated building, it should be remembered that, during the greater part of the day, every lofty edifice throws a shadow to the north, by which minute decorations are necessarily hidden, or partially concealed. When not hidden, they can seldom be viewed to advantage on the north side, because the spectator, having the sun in his face, is blinded by the glare of light surrounding them.

The aspect of every building or monument, designed for the embellishment of a great city, requires to be as carefully considered as the choice of a position for valuable paintings in a public gallery. Members of the Royal Academy have abundant reason for knowing, that, when a picture is hung between cross lights, or placed, like a window-shutter, between the sun and the spectator, the object of the artist is as much defeated as if the colours were brushed from his canvass; and so with buildings. The architect who may sketch upon paper a cheerful-looking residence, often disappoints his employer by unavoidably giving it an air of gloom, if compelled by circumstances to build his principal front with a northern aspect. It is only by boldness of outline, or deep projecting masses, that a building, standing in its own shadow, can be distinguished at a distance from a bare wall or mound of the same height.





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To apply this reasoning to the question of the best sites for public monuments in the metropolis, we may notice first the case of the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington,—a subject apparently exhausted; and yet it is not a little curious, that among all the arguments urged for removing the statue from the triumphal arch, or allowing it to remain, the consideration of aspect, in reference to *light*, appears entirely to have escaped the attention of all parties to the discussion.

This is the more striking, because the determination to remove the statue has been adopted without removing that portion of the scaffolding which intercepted, and at the moment of our writing still intercepts, the view of the spectator from the south-east; and the judges had, therefore, no opportunity of learning how the statue would look, if approached on the side most favorable for viewing it if there be truth in our theory. The scaffolding was removed from the *north* side of the statue, where, as seen from the entrance to Hyde Park, it failed to answer fully the expectations even of its friends, without the reason of its failure presenting itself to their minds. The spectator, standing on the north side, looks towards the brightest part of the heavens, on which the statue (of course) appears as a dark and lifeless mass. Seen from the Green Park, or from under the trees in Piccadilly, where the strongest light is not behind the statue, but upon it—bringing out the smaller features as well as general proportions into relief, the sky being a dark back-ground—the effect would be at least more animate, if not altogether worthy of the sculptor.

We may observe, also, that from the east the arch of the present pedestal would not be visible; obviating therefore, to some extent, the objection that an arch, however strongly built, is to the eye too slight an erection for a colossal superstructure suggesting enormous weight. Seen from the east, the statue would front the spectator, and (if the scaffolding were removed) would have the appearance of resting upon a solid base, built for the object. Indeed, whether viewed from the east or the north—putting aside the want of harmony between a figure in modern costume and a strictly Roman monument—the statue, it must be confessed, answers one purpose, that of giving a meaning to the arch which before was wanting. The arch without the statue was the greater anomaly of the two; for it seemed to have been erected without any rational aim. In former times, a triumphal arch was an ornamental gate of entrance into a walled city; and in times comparatively modern, the triumphal arches of Paris, the *Porte St. Denis*, and the *Porte St. Martin*, and, subsequently, that noblest of French monuments, the triumphal arch of Napoleon, at the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, have been classically



and correctly placed. But Mr. Burton's arch, standing, not over a great thoroughfare, but apart from it, required neither as an entrance to the Palace-gardens (the privacy of which it would have destroyed), nor as a park gate, but bestriding a crooked road, which passes under it only as it were by courtesy (naturally pointing in a different direction), was, of all the useless edifices which abound in the metropolis, that which most perplexed a foreigner to account for the intention of a massive and costly construction. The present impression made upon the mind of a stranger is, that the arch was originally designed for what it has now become—a pedestal for sculpture; and although not adapted for an equestrian monument, there are some works of the sculptor for which such a pedestal would not be unsuitable, were it not for its great height. Remove the statue, and the want of an object for the arch will be more sensibly felt than it was before. Correct taste will then require that a classical group should replace the statue, or that the arch itself should be removed. In anticipation of this, we would suggest that the arch should be at once pulled down, and its materials applied to some purpose of ornament and utility combined. The site is not a bad one for an equestrian monument, *placed nearer the ground*, and the arch is only an impediment to the carriage-way. Remove, therefore, the arch rather than the statue. We would throw the upper part of Grosvenor Place, and a corner of the Green Park, into a square, and place the Duke in the centre, with his back to the eastern front of St. George's Hospital. This arrangement of the ground would give cheerfulness and space to approaches, now inconveniently narrow, and would admit of much more pleasing architectural decoration, in the shape of entrance lodges to the parks, than that which has been attempted and overdone in a triumphal arch of misplaced and pompous pretension.

Our advice will not be followed, but it may be worth while, for the sake of future art, to inquire whether any rules can be laid down by which a reasonable judgment could be formed, in other cases, of the proper site and kind of pedestal adapted for the human figure imitated in bronze or stone.

One rule we have described. Architects and sculptors desire that their work should be seen. To be well seen it must be placed in the best light,—and the best light is that looking towards the south, or south-east.

The second rule in respect to statues is but a consequence of the first. A statue is intended as a portrait. A portrait should be placed sufficiently near the eye to enable the spectator to distinguish the features and judge of the likeness. This rule is conclusive against the elevation of a portrait in bronze of the Duke

of Wellington (although of colossal proportions) eighty feet in the air, and it is still more decisive against the position of the statues of the Duke of York, and Lord Nelson, on the top of lofty columns.

We are quite aware\* that there is abundance of precedent in favour of statues on columns ; but for what barbarisms are there no precedents ? Common sense, if we would exercise it, is the safer guide. Is it not a preposterous mode of doing homage to a hero to place his image where it may be mistaken for a chimney-pot ? If it be well to raise a portrait so high that the face cannot be distinguished, would it not be still better to render the whole figure invisible ? It reminds us of the pleasantry of *Punch*, that the best site after all for the statue of the Duke of Wellington, is *out of sight*.

A third, and an obvious rule, which will approve itself at once to the mind on reflection, is that site and attitude should be appropriate,—*the best site to the best attitude*.

The best attitude for an upright figure, is of course that which exhibits the face and front of the body. A well-bred man, in society, does not turn his back to his friends, but the Duke of York, in Waterloo-place, is made to exhibit nothing but his broad shoulders to the population of the whole north-west of London. It is true, the front of the figure is correctly placed, looking towards the Horse Guards *and the sun*, but the back and shoulders, even of a Royal Duke, have nothing in them remarkable for dignity, and to our thinking so much the contrary, that we would have concealed them in a niche. As the exhibition of them could not be avoided upon a column, we never pass Waterloo-place without wondering at the taste which could place such a statue where its least graceful parts challenge the most observation.

The equestrian monument is open to the same strictures. The effect of the back of the Duke, and the hind haunches of his horse, which arrest the attention of the spectator on entering London from the west, is singularly and absurdly grotesque.

There are not many statues well adapted for insulated positions. Of some few, it may be said, that they appear equally perfect from whatever side they may be viewed, as in the instance of the Ariadne of Danneker, at Frankfort ; but the majority require a back ground, and should be viewed only in front, or at the sides. This should be well considered before the present determination to remove the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington to the north side of Waterloo-place be finally adopted. If placed there, the front view from Pall-Mall will be bold and striking, but as seen in descending Regent-street from the Quadrant, it will startle all beholders as a monstrosity.

A fourth rule is that of natural position. If the intention be to represent a general reviewing his troops, or addressing his army, the position of the statue should correspond to that which the general would himself have taken for that object. He would ascend, on horseback, a rising ground; but, supposing him to climb to the top of a high building, to gain a distant view, we may assume that he would leave his horse at the bottom.

This is not hyper-criticism. Art is truthful, and every needless departure from nature is a false step. An ox has been known to mount a staircase and look out of the window of a second floor; but the subject is not one that would be selected by a Landseer. Admitting that the appearance of a horse on a roof may be tolerated, it can hardly be denied that the horse would look better grazing in a field, or, if caparisoned, in a public road.

The difference between the true and the false, in the position chosen for equestrian monuments, will be appreciated by every one who will compare the statue of the Duke of Wellington with that of Peter the Great. The reader may not be inclined to travel for the purpose from Hyde Park to St. Petersburg, but the sketches we place before him of both monuments (if not accurately faithful), will enable him to form a judgment on the subject.

The equestrian statue of Peter the Great is a colossal monument;—the figure of the Emperor, eleven feet in height, that of the horse, seventeen feet. It stands in a square opposite the Isaac Bridge, upon a huge block of granite, upwards of fifteen hundred tons in weight, conveyed to St. Petersburg, by the application of great mechanical ingenuity, a distance of four miles from the spot where it was found. The design was by Falconet, a French architect. It represents the Emperor rushing up a rock to the brink of a precipice, trampling upon a serpent, and pausing in an attitude of triumph. The idea to be conveyed was that of the enterprise, energy, and personal courage, which enabled Peter the Great to overcome the difficulties by which he was surrounded; and the object has been well attained. The serpent assists in upholding the mass, which, without it, would be inadequately supported. Dr. Granville tells us, that—

“As soon as the artist had formed his conception of the design, he communicated it to the Empress, together with the impossibility of naturally representing so striking a position of man and animal, without having before his eyes a horse and rider in the attitude he had devised. General Melissino, an officer having the reputation of being the most expert, as well as the boldest rider of the day, to whom the difficulties of the artist were made known, offered to ride, daily, one of Count Alexis Orloff's best Arabians to the summit



*Evangelium per deum  
in Christo*

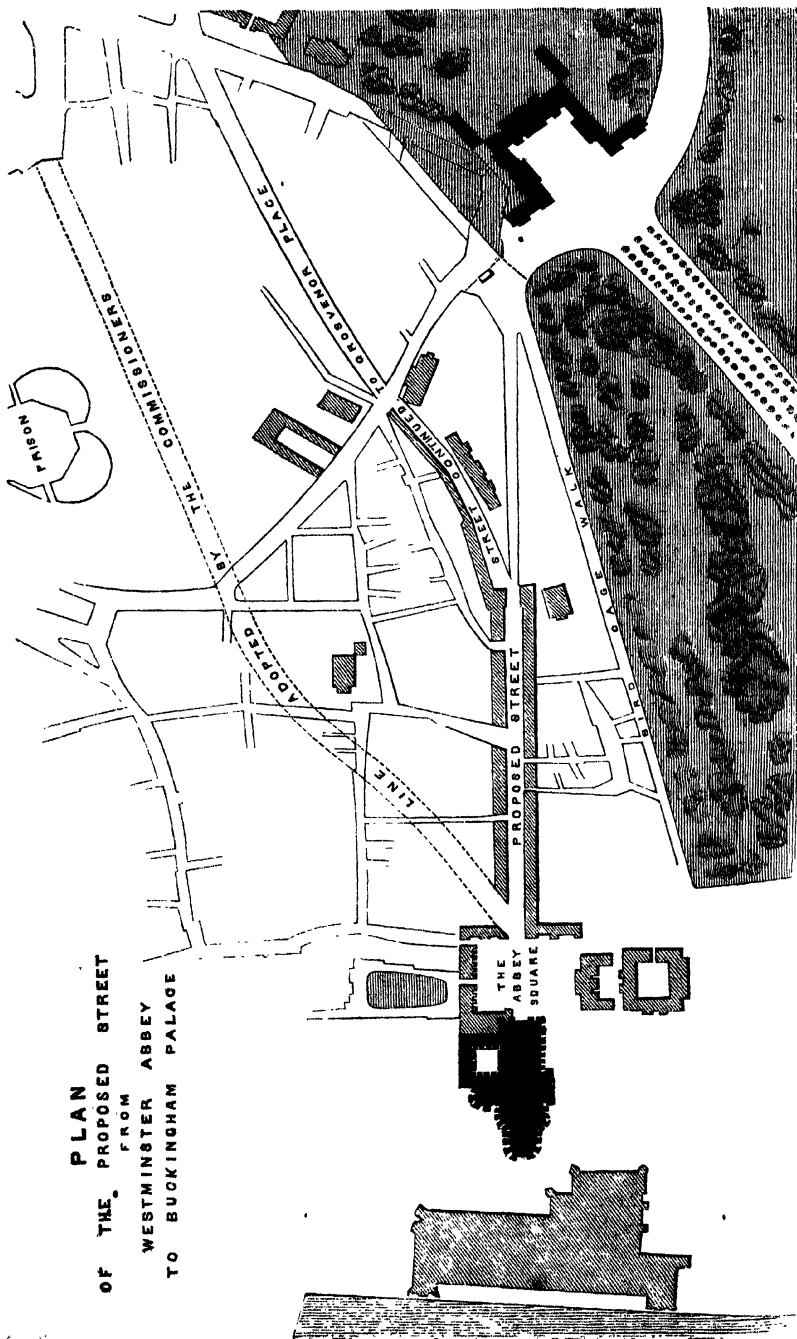


of a steep artificial mound, formed for the purpose; accustoming the horse to gallop up to it, and to halt suddenly, with his fore-legs raised, pawing the air over the brink of a precipice.\* This dangerous experiment was carried into effect by the general for some days, in the presence of several spectators, and of Falconet, who sketched the various movements and parts of the group, from day to day; and was thus enabled to produce perhaps the finest, certainly the most correct statue of the kind, in Europe."

The defects of Mr. Wyatt's statue have been commented upon with much severity and some injustice, but it would be foreign to our present purpose to discuss them. We may observe, however, that a horse standing in repose is not expected to exhibit the same spirit as one in action; and although the cocked hat of the Duke, which gives an angular character to his head, would have been better held in his hand, there are many inferior monuments in this country which escape criticism; and the statue is undoubtedly one, if a suitable site were found for it, that would assist the embellishment of the metropolis. Confining ourselves to this question, we would draw attention to a favorable site suggested by Mr. Moffatt, the architect, open to none of the objections to which we have alluded, and connected with a great metropolitan improvement. Mr. Moffatt proposes to form a grand carriage-entrance to St. James's Park, at Charing Cross—continuing the drive of the Mall towards the Strand; and to place the statue on a mound in the centre of the line, near Spring Gardens, where it would be visible as a magnificent object, in a vista—on one side from the Strand, on the other, from Buckingham Palace. So placed, the front of the statue would have a southern aspect, and *there would be no approach from behind*—a *sine quâ non* in the selection of a suitable site for this monument. The back of the Duke would be turned towards Carlton-ride, or the present Record Office.

The number of houses to be removed for this improvement is inconsiderable, nearly the whole of the space at the back of Cockspur-street being open ground. The cost is estimated at only £20,000. Few improvements of corresponding utility could be executed for so small a sum. A continuous communication between Constitution Hill and Charing Cross is much required; and, if only open for private carriages, it would still greatly relieve the traffic of Piccadilly. At present the only carriage outlet of St. James's Park towards the eastern parts of the metropolis, is that of the Bird Cage Walk, in Great George Street. The Horse Guards' entrance is an exclusive privilege of the Court; and is, besides, not in the direct line best adapted for a main thoroughfare.

PLAN  
OF THE PROPOSED STREET  
FROM  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY  
TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE



Another carriage-entrance to St. James's Park has been suggested, near the barracks, opening out of a new street, which Mr. Donthorn proposes to form by the removal of Tothill-street, to lead from the western front of Westminster Abbey to Buckingham Palace.

There is no edifice in the United Kingdom so nearly connected with British nationality as Westminster Abbey. The sensation that would be occasioned by the news of its destruction by fire, would be that of an overwhelming and universal calamity; yet how indifferent are we to the means of its preservation, which require the immediate removal of the wretched ruinous buildings by which it is surrounded; and how unaccountable does it seem, that while the question of the best site of an equestrian statue absorbs the attention of official *virtuosi*, none of them have a word to say upon the present disgraceful state of the approaches to this the most sacred of our ecclesiastical and historical monuments!

The new street proposed by Mr. Donthorn would be a royal road to the Royal Minster, worthy of the sovereign and the people. In a former number of this Review, we suggested a similar line, but passing to the south of Tothill-street, and terminating at the state-entrance of the Victoria tower of the new Houses of Parliament.\* Such a line would have effected a complete isolation of the abbey and the cloisters, but it would have involved the setting back of a portion of the college buildings, which, although of no intrinsic or architectural value, must not, it is assumed, be disturbed.

Mr. Donthorn, although friendly to the same object, after duly weighing the probabilities of success in overcoming the indisposition of the authorities to any meddling with the college, or the precincts of Dean's yard, confines himself, as a practical man, to an improvement to which no objection has been raised in any quarter, and which, if the funds required for the first outlay†

\* See the article "Old and New London," in No. 75 of the *Westminster Review*, for June, 1845. A view of Westminster Abbey, as it would appear from the south, is given in the same No., page 316.

† *Estimated Outlay.*

	£
Cost of property in Tothill Street to St. James's Park .. ..	177,600
Cost of property in Abbey Square .. ..	20,250
Cost of extension to James's Street .. ..	15,300
Cost of sewers, paving, &c., in the intended street to St. James's } Park, with the returns of streets. . . . .	4,110
Ditto, for extension street, terrace, railing, and gates .. ..	2,670
	<hr/> £219,930



could be raised, would, it is understood, have the support of the Dean and Chapter.

The question of suitable approaches to the new Houses of Parliament from Buckingham Palace, and the Belgrave Square district, belongs to another of equal importance, that of an improved bridge-communication between Westminster and Lambeth, and will form the subject of a future paper.

ART. VI.—1. *The True Law of Population shown to be connected with the Food of the People.* By Thomas Doubleday, Esq. London: Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange. 1842.

2. *Over-Population, and its Remedy.* By William Thomas Thornton. Longman.

THE study of our social condition, with the view of bettering the mode of existence of the poorer and more numerous portion of mankind in the civilised countries of Europe, is one of the most striking and cheering characteristics of the present century. Widely different as may be the opinions of some of the principal writers on these subjects—Malthus, Sismondi, Degerando, Senior, Quêtelet, Sadler, and others—the discussion, nevertheless, of the matters of which they treat, serves at least to kindle sparks of light which, if not revealing the whole truth at once, may guide us to the track where we shall eventually discover it. Among the most important of these inquiries are the causes that act upon the population of old settled countries, and influence their progress or decline. Mr. Malthus first sounded the note of alarm at the too rapid increase of that which, until he wrote, had either excited little

<i>Estimated Returns.</i>						£
Sale of freeholds, or ground rents, in proposed street to St. James's } Park, including mews, &c. . . . . }						234,424
Ditto, in Abbey Square . . . . . }						21,045
Ditto, extension to James's Street . . . . . }						31,613
						£287,082
Deduct amount of outlay . . . . .						219,930
						£67,152
Profit . . . . .						21,993
Deduct contingencies, Act of Parliament, &c., &c. . . . .						
						£45,159

{Signed} N. J. DONTORN, Architect,  
18, Hanover Street,  
Hanover Square.

apprehension, or was thought, as by the French economists, to be an advantage and an element of national greatness. His fears were not groundless; but the strict accuracy of his conclusions has been much questioned, and of late even by many of his former disciples. The views of Mr. Malthus were originally stated, as they presented themselves to his mind, with an earnestness and vivacity which did not allow him to take sufficient account of the various influences which modify and counteract the principle assumed. His theory, boldly and uncompromisingly urged, has been therefore combated, with more or less plausibility, by various writers; but however successful in assailing the weak points in his deductions, they have not yet been able to substitute any complete or satisfactory system of their own.

Mr. Doubleday, in one of the works before us, imagines that he has solved the problem, but upon data which we think insufficient. The theory of Mr. Doubleday is embraced in the four following propositions:—

1. That when the existence of any species, animal or vegetable, is threatened, there is a stimulus to increase.

2. If any species, animal or vegetable, receive an immoderate supply of aliment, or become plethoric, it does not reproduce itself at all.

3. If moderate aliment be administered, it reproduces itself without increasing.

4. If equal portions of the species be put into these different states, the decrease of one portion will be compensated for by the increase of another, and the numbers of the whole will remain as before.

These are the chief positions which Mr. Doubleday proposes to substantiate. They are at least novel and suggestive. With regard to the affluent and luxurious, it is affirmed that families tend to extinction. The peerage and baronetage are quoted in evidence, and with some show of reason, as far as regards the *males*; but the evidence, to be conclusive, should have shown that the females of these classes marrying into families of a lower rank in life are equally unprolific. The great majority of the peerage, and all the baronetage, become extinct for want of heirs *male*; many of each, however, are still represented by descendants from females.

Mr. Doubleday supports his views by instances from Newcastle-on-Tyne, Berwick, Richmond, and Carlisle. The corporation of Newcastle-on-Tyne is one of the richest in the country; the free burgesses possessing a trading monopoly, beneficial endowments, common lands, and a long list of other advantages tending to make the middle class of that town enjoy life: yet

they seem to have been constantly declining in numbers. Though all the sons of a free burgess are free by birth, their body receives more increase from the admission of strangers by servitude, than by the succession of children of free burgesses; and as far as elections can be taken as a criterion (which, however, is a very loose one), the numbers polled in 1832 are less than in 1710.

The free burgesses of Berwick have increased during the last century; they have no lucrative privileges, and are comparatively a poorer body. It is assumed, rather hastily, that this alone will account for their increase. At Durham there has been a serious decrease in the number of freemen; they have some advantages. At Richmond the burgesses have decreased from 359, in 1713, to 80, in 1820. In Carlisle the number has not much altered. These data hardly warrant the conclusion drawn from them by our author. Surely, the luxury of Newcastle (unearned and undeserved it might be, by those who enjoyed it) did not exceed the comfortable existence enjoyed by middling shopkeepers and tradesmen in easy circumstances, on an average, throughout the empire! To make the reasoning conclusive, it ought to be shown that all these decay, otherwise it is preposterous to contend that, because certain families do not, as in India, inherit and continue certain occupations and habitations, that therefore they are extinct; and that, in addition, they have become so from too great luxury of living. The Quakers are, also, from a similar cause, alleged to be declining, *i. e.* from full habit of body and over plentiful eating. We have heard otherwise.

The contrary tendency of starvation, or the apprehension of it, to produce increase, is collected from the great development of the Bounty mutineers, in Pitcairn's Island: six men and ten women, in 1790, had increased to 48 in 1814, twenty-four years; and their numbers are now said to be 180. There is no grain on this island; they live chiefly on greens, bread-fruit, and *fish* (this last always reckoned a prolific diet). Ireland, the Scotch Highlands, China, and Hindostan, seem always on the verge of famine.

It is said that this remarkable decay was observed among the old Roman nobility, and that Julius Cæsar remedied it by adding many to the patricians; as did Augustus, and afterwards Claudius: yet the decay still went on. The Venetian nobility is another instance. Surely, however, the proscriptions, the civil wars, the jealousy of the emperors, would fully account for the disappearance of the Roman nobility.

It is laid down as a principle, that all pastoral nations are thinly peopled; all grain-producing countries populous. The examples given are, Asiatic Russia of the first,—China, Poland,

India, Ireland, of the second. It is odd Mr. Doubleday should shut his eyes to the fact, that it is only when countries are populous already, that they at all *begin* to grow corn; and that, without a large supply of human labour, it is vain to attempt it. He argues that it is the fate of these countries to grow corn, and therefore to be populous. Ireland, he admits, is an exception, and ought to have been a grazing country, with a scanty population. He contends further, that with a pure animal diet, with wine for a beverage, there is a moderate tendency to reproduce; with a fish diet, a disposition to multiply; and the same with a purely vegetable diet, whether it consists of wheat, as among the labouring classes of England—roots, as in Ireland—or rice, as in India and China.

Some importance may be attached to the statistical tables quoted from Mr. T. Sadler's work on Population. It appears a remarkable fact, that while marriages are fewer in years of dearth than in those of plenty, conceptions are far more numerous in the former. In 1796 wheat was 77*s.* per quarter, the marriages were 73,107, the conceptions 268,088. In 1798 wheat was 50*s.*, the marriages became 79,477, the conceptions only 266,769. In 1799 wheat was 67*s.* 6*d.*, marriages 77,557, conceptions 254,870. In 1801 wheat was 118*s.* 3*d.*, marriages fell to 67,228, while conceptions rose to 273,837. He quotes from Sir F. M. Eden's 'History of the Poor,' to show that from 1488 a great depopulation began, and continued till 1660. And he would fain see the proof of this in the various statutes for preventing the pulling down of houses in towns; the consolidation of farms; the prohibition of keeping sheep to the neglect of tillage; the compulsory enactments respecting labourers. There were Acts to keep down luxury, describing plenty as existing, but stating the great decay of people. He quotes Fortescue's description of the wealth and comfort in which England abounded; also Fleetwood and the Statutes, to show a comparison in former times between the price of provisions and wages. He begins in 1400.

In 1400.		<i>Prices.</i>		<i>Wages.</i>	
		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>d.</i>
Wheat, per quarter	-	8	0	Threshing grain, per qr.	2½
Barley - -	-	5	4	Master mason, per day	4
A fat sheep - -	-	1	0	Reaping, per acre - -	9
Ditto - -	-	0	10	Sawing, per 100 feet deal	1
An ox carcass - -	-	7	6	Labourers' wages - -	3
A goose - -	-	0	4		
A lamb - -	-	0	8		
Beer, the gallon - -	-	0	1		
Claret, ditto - -	-	0	8		

Now, Mr. Potter Macqueen has laid it down, that one-fifth of a quarter of wheat should be considered a fair weekly wage to a labourer,\* and one-fifth of 8*s.* would give 19*d.*, which is just 1*d.* more than the labourer had (it is curious that the skilled artificer—the master mason—had only one-fourth more). If we assume that 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* per quarter are the average wages now paid for threshing, and that the average price of wheat has been 56*s.*; the thresher's payment would be at the present time about a 21st portion of a quarter of wheat: in 1400 he received only the 38th;—his daily wages were then equal to two gallons of beer at 1½*d.*—they are about this now. There are some strange anomalies—a fat sheep was only worth a *bushel* of wheat, instead of as now nearly a quarter; an ox carcass not quite a quarter.

Three things, however, are to be borne in mind: 1st.—That the size of the cattle and sheep has been constantly and enormously increased up to the present time, from attention to the breed and skill in the feeding. 2nd.—That this meat, fat, or otherwise, could only be brought to market during the latter part of the summer and the autumn, when it would naturally exceed the demand for it, and to some extent glut the market. This island had then no turnip husbandry, no root crops, no mode of equalizing the supplies for the whole year. The animals, whose age matured them for the slaughter, were killed in such condition as they might happen to be in from having grazed the summer grass, and were then salted for the winter provision. The oxen to be eaten in the baronial hall at Pentecost, were slain at Michaelmas; there was no other mode of provisioning the household. But this system, while it raised the price of all dry and salted food, would necessarily depreciate that of fresh meat, which could only come in at one season of the year, and then in too great abundance for the general demand. The consumer—the mason—the labourer, might eat to their hearts' content of the cheap fresh meat, but it would not have suited either their means or their habits, to buy wholesale for the purpose of salting. 3rd.—The fasts—another circumstance tending to limit the consumption of meat; for these, until the Reformation, were either rigidly observed, or dispensations to eat meat were purchased by the carnally-minded labourer of the spiritual retailer of indulgences, thus diminishing the apparent cheapness of animal food. Such anomalies, however, are to be met within the present day in other countries: in Egypt, for instance, where we have bought a sheep for less than a dollar, and when the quarter of wheat was worth seven or eight; a pro-

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\* Others say 5 pecks per week, equal to rather more than one-sixth. We have taken the most advantageous supposition for the labourer.

portion not dissimilar to the one already quoted. But then the animal was very small; among a crew of ten Arab rowers, he was but a grateful addition to their evening meal.

In 1450.			<i>Prices.</i>		<i>Wages.</i>	
			<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>
Wheat from 5 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i>	per qr.	to	8	0	A labourer without diet	
A lean ox	-	-	21	0	(per week)	- 2 8
A calf	-	-	2	0	A mower with diet (per day)	0 4
A lamb	-	-	1	0	A reaper ditto	- 0 3
Red wine, per gallon	-		1	0		

Here the advantage is in favour of the labourer—he receives one-third of a quarter of wheat.

In 1500.			<i>Prices.</i>		<i>Wages.</i>	
				<i>d.</i>		<i>d.</i>
Wheat, per quarter				4	A mower, per diem	0 4
A cow	-	-		0	A reaper - -	0 3
A lamb	-	-		0	A carter - -	0 3
A pig	-	-		5		

The carters' and reapers' weekly pay 18*d.* One-fifth of a quarter of wheat at 7*s.* 4*d.* =  $\frac{88}{5} = 17\frac{3}{5}$ —slightly differing from Macqueen's estimate. The mower at 4*d.* must be compared with our harvest-men and hay-makers, who receive, in the best farmed parts of England, from 15*s.* to 21*s.*, or a third part of a quarter, which is beyond what the corresponding class earned in 1500.

	<i>Prices.</i>	<i>Wages.</i>
1550. Wheat, 14 <i>s.</i> 8 <i>d.</i> , to 20 <i>s.</i> per qr.		A mower 10 <i>d.</i> per day, or 5 <i>s.</i> per week, or $\frac{1}{4}$ .
1570. Ditto, 16 <i>s.</i> per qr.		A labourer 5 <i>d.</i> , or 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> per week, not quite $\frac{1}{5}$ .
1600. Ditto, 21 <i>s.</i> per qr.		A labourer 10 <i>d.</i> , or 5 <i>s.</i> per week, or $\frac{1}{4}$ .
1610. Ditto, 34 <i>s.</i> to 40 <i>s.</i> per qr.		A labourer 1 <i>s.</i> 4 <i>d.</i> , or 8 <i>s.</i> per week, or $\frac{1}{5}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ .

The tables, as far as meat is concerned, are, it must be confessed, full of anomalies. Nothing is said about the weight of the carcasses, so as to enable us to form a judgment of the real quantity of sustenance represented by an ox or sheep; we know, however, that they were immeasurably inferior to what is now understood by these terms.

Not less inexplicable is it, that when the comparative prices of corn and cattle averaged so much in favour of the former, and against the latter, it should have been deemed constantly requisite for the legislature to interfere to prevent the decay of husbandry, the abandonment of tillage, and the laying down of large tracts in pasturage for sheep and cattle, unless, indeed, the

predominance of the clerical element in one branch of the legislature, and their natural anxiety about the great tithes arising from corn, whilst an agistment tithe only accrued to them from grazing, can be accepted as a sufficient reason. It is, at any rate, possible. But, in the absence of this, or some other valid motive not yet assigned, it does seem strange, that the tendency should have been so strong to abandon the cultivation which produced the high-priced article, grain, to adopt that which brought in the less valuable return of sheep and cattle.

With respect to apparel, Mr. Doubleday quotes the sumptuary acts of 3 and 37 Edward III.; 3 Edward IV. c. 5; and 5 Edward IV. c. 13; ten statutes, in short, from Edward III. to Elizabeth. "Feudalism," he says, "has, after the lapse of two centuries, become merely a name, and real independence and wealth seem to have grown, in the lapse of a few reigns, into a height hardly to be surpassed." This is a sweeping and violent conclusion—but he goes on to assert, that "ploughmen, hinds, pig-drivers, and others, were limited not to wear cloth of a greater price than 1s. per yard; and, that in this reign (Edward III.) it is certain that money was about twenty times its present value;" and this, he contends, is "equivalent to prohibiting labourers from wearing cloth, if it cost more than 18s. or 20s. the yard." It is odd it should not have occurred to Mr. Doubleday to measure its value by corn, which has been adopted as the only just standard by all who have attended to studies of this description, and in other cases recognised as such by himself. He might have seen that the yard of cloth was not to cost more than the eighth of a quarter of wheat, viz.—the bushel.

Our labourers of the present day do not wear cloth so much as formerly, because it has to a great extent been superseded by cotton; but, if they did, they would pay the value of about a bushel of wheat for the yard, and, therefore, the disproportion is by no means striking. It may be safely taken for granted, that in all necessaries other than food, the existence of the lower classes in this country three and four centuries back was far below what it is now, even in the most distressed portions of England; that their clothes, their shoes, their houses, their tools, their furniture, if they had anything answering to this name, were much scarcer, coarser, dearer, and, in fact, cost a much larger portion of food or of labour to obtain them, than now, or for the last sixty years.

With regard, indeed, to houses or lodgings in general, it is hard to say how ill they must have fared. The great barons and landowners lived in keeps and castles, whose small size and scanty accommodation would now appear intolerable, even to a London shopkeeper of the third rank. As for dress, changes of linen, the

use of hose even, at least of our modern stockings, must have been comparatively unknown; and we will venture to say there is more cleanliness and luxury, whether of body-linen, or of sheets or blankets, or food, in any one English workhouse than in any hundred farmhouses of the period in question. And read what Bishop Latimer says of his father (a stout yeoman of Henry the Seventh's time), and of what the Bishop esteemed comforts in his young days. Mr. Doubleday, however, will have it that the ordinary food of the people was meat and fermented liquors, as wine or beer. He attempts to prove this by quoting from the household book of the third Lord Wharton, in the 27th of Elizabeth, which is as if he quoted from that of the second Duke of Sutherland in the 8th of Queen Victoria, in proof of the average living of a Spitalfields weaver who inhabits the same metropolis as his Grace, or his Scotch countrymen in the Highlands.

Mr. D. refers also to the 4th Henry IV. c. 19, "the penalty for decaying houses of industry," as a proof of depopulation arising from too great repletion. May it not have been from another, a much more efficient and obvious cause—the wars of the Roses, the ruin they entailed, the uncertainty in which the disputes of the succession involved the country and the whole of the property it contained, not only during the Lancastrian dynasty, but afterwards, in that of the house of York, and which was not wholly dispelled even by the accession of the Tudors? \* Simnel's insurrection, for instance, in 1486, Warbeck's in 1494, the Cornish in 1497, and Warbeck's again in 1498—nay, even Henry VIII. was remarkable in his day as a depopulator. Besides the Scotch wars, and the slaughter of Flodden, there were frequent insurrections in his reign; and, in addition to all this, there is the recorded fact that 70,000 outlaws, vagrants, paupers, and others, who, in 1846, would have been relieved in workhouses in England, or provided with Indian meal in Scotland, or set to works, reproductive or otherwise, in Ireland, or, at the worst, shut up in well warmed and ventilated penitentiaries, were, under the government of that gracious prince, summarily disposed of by the hangman. "He had 60,000 men in gaol at once." Under the reign of the most merciful of his three children and successors, Harrison says "the average of executions are still 400 per annum."

Mr. Doubleday, in furtherance of his views that our working population are deteriorating in condition and diet, proceeds (at pp. 197 and 198) to contend that we consume far less animal food per head than formerly,—that the state of the tallow trade will

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\* After the retaliatory confiscations of York and Lancaster came the avaricious ones of Henry VII. Do we want more? Is not the spoliation of the owner sure to be felt by all immediately connected with the land?



prove this. In 1815, he says, the tallow from cattle slaughtered in all England was 53,000 tons gross, or perhaps 41,000 tons net; that it was known (?) that this made all the candles, and left a surplus; that this surplus was sold to the soap-makers, and was, in 1815, 3,000 tons; that 38,000 tons of candles sufficed for 13,000,000 of persons, our then population. In 1829, he says our population was 16,000,000, and yet our home production of tallow is only 47,000 tons. He proceeds, by a page or two of loose reasoning, to show that there has been a falling off from what ought to have been produced to the amount of 8,000 tons; that the proportion of tallow to lean, in cattle, is as one to ten; and that there is a falling off, therefore, in the consumption of 80,000 tons of meat. We believe, that if the real number of animals slaughtered could by any means be got at (which they cannot, for the Smithfield and other market returns would only afford partial information), they would show a constantly increasing weight and number of animals compared to the growth of the population. Nor must it be forgotten, that it has become more and more the practice for the labouring man to keep pigs, and to become customers directly for the fat of the animals slaughtered in the country. When staying on a visit at the house of an agricultural friend in Leicestershire, we remarked with wonder on the unnecessary fatness of the mutton. "What would our labouring men do," said my host, in reply to the observation, "if they could not get plenty of mutton fat to season their vegetables with?"

Mr. Doubleday's calculation, however, is not correct; he overstates even the apparent deficiency. If 41,000 tons of tallow were the offal from the animal food of a population of 13,000,000 in 1815, a population of 16,000,000 in 1829 would return just 50,000 tons in lieu of 47,000, a deficiency of 3,000, and not 8,000, as he computes. Again, he infers the diminished comforts of the lower classes from the lessened consumption of malt: this may be so; it is well, however, to attend to other circumstances. The quantities of coffee, tea, sugar—luxuries comparatively unknown to the last generation but one of the labouring class, show such an increased consumption as may easily console us for their comparative disuse of beer. And that these articles are consumed by quite the lower classes is shown by the fact of there being no hamlet so remote but it contains some humble tradesman regularly licensed to deal in them. But the great and general increase of alehouses and beershops (the latter of which are certainly frequented only by the lowest of the working classes), does not favor the notion that they are in any respect less consumers of malt liquor than formerly. To them must be added the gin-palaces of the towns (a detestable set-off, it is true), but one which proves that the means of dissipation abound as much as ever.

The falling-off in the consumption of malt is, we are convinced, mainly owing to the altered habits of the middle and higher classes. Not only in the houses of the landed gentry, merchants, and professional men, where beer, and that of the very strongest kind, was drank in large quantities by the owner and his guests, fifty years ago, is the liquor now but rarely called for, and sparingly drank; but even among the middling gentry, the better class of farmers, and tradesmen in towns, a taste for continental wines has sprung up which excludes the produce of the brewery. The author regrets the abandonment of the domestic art of brewing, and quotes this as a proof. He might as well have quoted the ceasing to bake at home as a proof that we no longer eat bread. The truth is, that with the growth of our artificial civilization, and the division of employment, there is a tendency to abandon the domestic or household manufacture. They interfere with the time of the inmates. We may regret it—we may wish there was more of a taste for these in-door avocations—but, independently of all poverty and of all taxation, the current sets rapidly the other way. Is it poverty or taxation that causes the richer members of society to decline this function, and to resort, in lieu, to the brewer and the baker? If the author will consult the evidence of Mr. Charles Barclay, the head of the great brewing firm of that name, given before the Committee of the House of Lords last session on the burdens of land, he will see that that high authority laughs at the notion of any competition from private individuals, or even from the smaller brewers; that the plant, the skill, the capital possessed by the great houses render it impossible for such establishments to make anything deserving the name of beer, so cheap. If this be correct, is the labourer, the small householder, without utensils and space, even if he had the knowledge, is he to compete successfully with the capitalist by brewing at home? It is not in the discontinuance of home brewing, or home baking, or in an increased cultivation of potatoes, that we can find any valid evidence of deterioration in the condition of the people. If, indeed, the people consumed potatoes in lieu of bread, the case would be different; but it is not so; and potatoes, it may be remarked, have been a means of increasing the supply of a better description of food, for they enable the labourer to keep a pig, often more than one, which supplies the family with several pounds of bacon weekly for a large portion of the winter season.

Coming nearer our own times, we hold it to be demonstrable that the condition of the working classes generally has much improved within the present century, as compared with the last. If we compare the average wages of the labourer at the present

time, we shall find that he has a higher money price, and that the money itself will go farther in the purchase of comforts and luxuries than formerly—or, rather, that after procuring in either case a given equal amount of wheat, there remains a larger surplus, and that that surplus itself will buy more than formerly. Towards the end of the last century, even in the home counties, a mixture of rye and wheaten flour, called maslin, constituted his bread—no labourer now, in the same districts, dreams of eating aught but the best wheaten bread. It may be unwise—the maslin may have been more palatable, as well as more economical—but such is the fact.

It is asserted that the inability to pay an amount of taxes corresponding to that which the nation raised in the war time, is a proof of poverty and decay. A population of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  millions in 1811, paid, it is stated, a gross amount of £66,365,535. In 1839, the 18 millions paid only £54,100,409—even with some small additions of Irish taxes. Mr. Doubleday very fairly observes, that in 1811, this £66,000,000 were in a depreciated currency, and, striking off one third, he thinks the sum paid by the  $12\frac{1}{2}$  millions equal to £44,000,000. Eighteen millions now ought, he says, by parity of reasoning, fairly to afford £66,000,000 of taxes.

This, however, may be challenged. The long war with the Continent, our monopoly (from our vast naval supremacy) of the carrying trade of the world, of the supply of almost the whole of the civilized portion of it with manufactured goods, which other countries had not as yet attempted, and a host of other fortuitous circumstances, combined together to make us feel elastic under the pressure of such grinding and ill-judged taxation. After the first year of peace, the stimulus which had carried us through being withdrawn, the distress was immediate and severe. The Property Tax was the first great impost that Parliament was obliged to give up—others followed. From the excessive prosperity of the war time, full employment, and high prices, we passed at once into a state of pauperism, short credit, and commercial stagnation.

From the supineness of other countries, and our own good fortune and courage, we had been till then in the exclusive possession of advantages which we were unwillingly obliged to share with others.

To return to the conclusions of Mr. Doubleday, on the causes that influence population. He says, great prosperity and a luxurious style of living check increase; and, on the contrary, starvation, destitution, or the state of things next akin to it, stimulate and

encourage it. He instances vegetable as well as animal nature in support of this statement. *Excessive manuring*, he reminds us, may force a plant to run to straw, to expend its vigour in making wood or leaves. But this is simply saying that excess is hurtful. Excessive gluttony or drunkenness will prevent reproduction in the human species, as will excessive revelling in stimulants in the tree or the animal. But is there no medium? Can mankind not partake of a generous diet without gorging themselves to satiety? Or must we join in the libel implied in Mr. Doubleday's hypothesis, and suppose them incapable of moderation?

Again, even if this be so, viz.,—that the rich, the nobility, the full-fed, in short, do not fairly reproduce themselves, what can be said of the classes known to have multiplied extremely in this country, and yet to have been at all times far above want?—as, for instance, the better paid Cornish miners, cotton-spinners, the skilled workmen of all sorts in the factory districts; and the latter we know, and lament to think it, can be taxed with an inclination to sensuality, but they have been found to contribute as much to the ratio of increase as any of his destitute instances, unless, perhaps, we except the Irish and Chinese.

Here, however, we must take leave of our author. We cannot congratulate him on having solved the great question he proposed to himself, but we must acknowledge that he has shed curious though partial light upon it. He has collected together and brought to bear on the subject a considerable quantity of information, and he has illustrated it with much original and ingenious reflection. His remarks on the supposed populousness of England at the time of the Conquest, and for some time after, are interesting, though not conclusive. That Harold was able to march 60,000 men into the North against Tosti, and within three weeks to meet William the Conqueror, with a still larger force, at Hastings, is a proof, not of greater population, but of the power or popularity of the monarch who led them. And will any one seriously contend, that with an agriculture of the simplest sort, a country then undrained, unenclosed, without the advantage of roads, manures, capital, or knowledge, could have supported, from its own resources, a population half as large as that she now contains, but is unable adequately to feed, without an annual importation of a large and constantly increasing quantity of foreign food?

Mr. Thornton defines over population to be "a redundancy of the labouring class above the number of persons that the fund applied to the remuneration of labour can maintain in comfort." We must object to this definition, as neither sufficiently compre-

hensive nor precise. It involves two assumptions:—First, that the labouring class are to exist exclusively by hiring their labour to others—a condition by no means indispensable; for a man may earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and the work of his hands, without being the hired servant of an employer: although in the opinion of some political economists, this hiring at high weekly wages, is a sort of labourer's Garden of Eden, a *ne plus ultra* of industrial happiness, beyond which he should not be encouraged to wander forth. Secondly, as to comfort. Who is to be the judge of what is or is not comfort? We, who mean by it hot meals, clean raiment, and warm lodgings; or the labourer, who practically proclaims what and how limited his notions of it are, when he marries early, without provision or thought for the morrow, and conducts his bride to a cabin with bare walls? And here, by the bye, between our two authors is a dilemma, from which we do not see the issue for the labouring class in whose improvement they both take so deep an interest. "For," says Mr. Doubleday, "it is when they are wretched and under-fed that they most surely multiply;" "and their multiplication," argues Mr. Thornton, "tends to reduce their wages, by competition:" so that, whether the abyss of destitution is entered by plunging or wading, it would seem to be a gulf of despair, equally hopeless.

But is it true (and among other doubts, we would ask to have this cleared up) that competition always governs wages?—that supply and demand act exclusively as cause and effect? We admit at once that what is probably correct as regards the industrial population of the great marts of business, where employment is constantly fluctuating, according to the various works set on foot by public or private enterprise, may be far from exact as regards those rural districts, where the condition of the labourer has been chiefly considered by Mr. Thornton. Manners, fashions, customs, change far less rapidly there than in the towns: the population, the husbandry, are all more or less stationary—*adscripti glebe*. The ownership of land is in fact changed, by descent, almost as often as its occupancy. Enter a town in which manufactures prevail, you will find among the lower orders few families who have inhabited the same street for five consecutive years, or who would ever have gained (if it consists of a large number of small parishes, like Norwich or Bristol), under the Act of last session, any fresh settlement by an uninterrupted residence of five years in any one of the parishes of which it is composed, so nomadic are they in their habits; they have the migratory character (so the assistant overseer tells us, to his cost) of the hordes of the desert, without, however, all the countervailing qualities of those

pastoral barbarians. In the rural parts it is far different. Supine, doubtless, and unenterprising as he is, since he knows that he is to be provided with all comforts by a Poor-Law, the rustic of the purely agricultural counties abides by his parish with a listless fidelity, an indifference, in which his employer partly shares. Men do not, in such circumstances, feel the inducement (so common in the factory districts) to combine in reference to wages—the farmer to cut them down to the lowest, nor the labourer to exact the highest.

Another consideration obviously affects the rate of wages, and that is the rate of profit. It matters little to an employer upon what terms he can obtain labour unless he can afford them. If the burden of rates or of local taxation limit his means—if his business bring him in but small profits—he will hardly reduce their amount in order to benefit the men in his employment. To raise the condition of the latter, there must be an ability to pay, on the part of the master, corresponding to the desire for enjoyment and comfort on that of the men. If there be not this—if wages are to be paid out of capital, and not out of profits—it is easy to foresee the entire and proximate extinction of these three elements of wealth and happiness. We can thus at once discern why combinations among the agricultural labourers, similar to those which have characterised the operatives of the towns, should not succeed. The agriculturists, whether the fault be theirs or not, do not make colossal fortunes like the men of Manchester and Glasgow. The Bakewells, Webbs and Eilmans, and, doubtless, many others, may be quoted as exceptions; but we venture to say that south of the Tweed, and excluding parts of Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and a few other favoured regions, farmers (as a body) do not gain more than a comfortable livelihood; that they are just able thereby to establish their children in a rank of life corresponding to their own; and that more than this is not practically attained. Compare the fortunes amassed, even in our generation, in some branches of manufacturing industry, and bequeathed by their authors to their families, with the modest results of twenty-five or thirty years' care and frugality in the agricultural line. This need not always, it will not, we hope, long continue so, when competition and science shall have given the spur to their dormant energies. But even then, the results of all farming must be subject to the vicissitudes of the seasons, which may, as at present, and in the very teeth of free trade, combine successfully to defeat the efforts of the farmer, and to raise prices higher (even with the whole world to purchase in) than they have been for thirty years under the *quasi* prohibitory system. It does, however, seem, that in the agricultural world

wages are far more regulated by custom and fashion than the doctrines of rigid political economy would allow;—they rise, it is true, in harvest time, when there is a scarcity of hands; but the rise is almost nominal, for the labourer works then for a longer time than at any other season, and often at piece-work throws two days' labour into one. They do not, however, fall in the winter, as they ought, were the supply and demand doctrine wholly true, which it is not. For it is notorious that, in most parishes, there are, for two or three months in the winter, some, and, in not a few, a large proportion of able men not constantly employed, while the generality of the labourers are receiving an average rate of wages. By the rigid theory, the farmer would take advantage of this fact to lower the payment of the men in his employment; but he does not. Indeed, according to the doctrines of political economy, the labourer who can in the shortest day see to perform work only from half-past seven until a quarter past four—that is, for  $7\frac{3}{4}$  hours' work (omitting the dinner hour), might expect to receive one-fifth less in December and January than he does in March and September, when the daylight permits him to give his employer  $10\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Yet we never heard of such a distinction being made.

Mr. Thornton subscribes to the position of Malthus, that the increase of a population can only be checked by abstinence from marriage, by vices, by war, by sickness, or other destructive agencies. Fear, not of want, but of loss of caste or of comfort, deters the higher and middle classes from hasty marriages. These prudential considerations are lost upon the very poor, who are reckless, because they cannot sink lower; and under the old poor-law, pauperism had something to gain by marriage. Misery also stimulates, as Mr. Doubleday insists, because nature makes the strongest efforts for the renewal of a race when it is threatened with destruction.

A painful analogy, however, here presents itself to us, in the known fact that, in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, when *excessive* quantities of issue or seed are generated, they are rarely destined to reach maturity. The highest elements of vitality are rarely the result of extreme fertility. Whole litters of some animals perish by distemper, or other causes, almost as speedily as they are born. Seeds of many sorts, apparently ripened by the million, do yet often notoriously fail to supply a single plant; an instance of which must be familiar to every one who has tried, by sowing, to obtain the common native of our woods and wilds—the *Pteris aquilina*, or common fern.

Mr. Thornton says truly, that the pastoral state is one in which population is scarce, and slavery common and almost

necessary (p. 124). The large flocks and herds of a single proprietor render him naturally the patron and master of a number of dependents, to whom his will is law. A curious corroboration of this is afforded in the evidence given before the Commons Enclosure Committee of the House of Commons, three years ago, where it is alleged to be a common practice for the greater proprietors, or even the larger farmers, in Wales, to engage (nominally as a shepherd) the best pugilist of the district, in order that he may drive away from the choice pastures every other shepherd and flock. We are reminded of the strife between Abraham and Lot; but the uncle and nephew, in the olden time, could mutually recede, and occupy, without stint, other grassy solitudes about the vacant world, an alternative which population and property no longer allow to the Glamorgan-shire Celt.

Mr. Thornton seems rather to lament the loss of the right of common, and the facilities given for general enclosure by a late Act of Parliament (p. 212). The use and enjoyment, however, of these commons (except in some few cases where they are enjoyed in gross by the inhabitants of certain towns or *villes*, on whom they had been especially bestowed by the original lords or patrons), never appear to have belonged to any class of *persons*—they belonged to *things*—they seem always appendant or appurtenant to some *real estate*, some messuage or tenement, and in virtue of which alone could the occupier claim any title to their use. Fortunately, these rights have not always been very closely scrutinized by the lord or his tenants, and other and humbler parties have been permitted to derive a benefit from them, to which, in strictness, they were not entitled. Even of this the advantage is doubtful; and it may be generally remarked, that the poorest, dirtiest, worst part, in short, of the population of a parish, is sure to be found clustered in comfortless cots and cabins on the borders of the wastes, where such exist; and the enclosure of which, therefore, so far from being an injury even to this class of inhabitants, is of advantage, from the employment it then affords them.

Mr. Thornton is a warm friend to a class of small occupiers as distinguished from the larger farmers—and not altogether without grounds (p. 346). Twenty pounds per acre, he says, is the average gross produce of land let in small portions; and he urges the landlords of England to prepare and meet the diminished prices that he anticipates from the abolition of the corn-laws, and the fall of rents with which he threatens them, by detaching portions from their larger farms to let them separately, and thus maintain their present incomes. It will



be difficult, we suspect, for the landowners generally to avail themselves of this expensive counsel. Lands so detached, if from accidental circumstances they require no buildings to be erected on them, or are within reach of existing habitations belonging to those who are to rent these slices, no doubt will command a rent beyond what an ordinary farmer, obtaining his livelihood from husbandry, has hitherto been able to pay for them as part of a larger farm. But if the landlord is to be at the cost of erecting the requisite dwellings for man and beast, he will remain passive, rather than adopt Mr. Thornton's proposition.

Two years ago, Mr. Hewit Davis, a gentleman advantageously known in his profession as a spirited and successful agriculturist, stated before a committee of the House of Lords, that he considered that of the annual sum received by the landlord for a farm, only one-half was, strictly speaking, the rent for the use of the land; that the other half was in fact only an interest on the capital expended by the owner or his predecessors in the erection of the buildings and their after maintenance. We believe this not to be exaggerated as applied to farms under 150 acres. Let us see how Mr. Thornton's proposal would affect (pecuniarily) the owner of a farm of 500 acres, heretofore let at £1 per acre. The repeal of the corn laws, he thinks, will reduce rents by one-third, that is, from £500 to £334 per annum. The landlord, to meet this evil, proceeds to cut off, let us suppose, three portions of fifty acres; each of which sections must be provided with a house and offices, which will cost, at least, as follows:—

A house	-	-	-	-	£200
A barn	-	-	-	-	150
A stable	-	-	-	-	60
Cow and cattle-sheds	-	-	-	-	60
Cart and implement sheds	-	-	-	-	40
Granary	-	-	-	-	20
					£530

This we are sure is a low estimate, even for parts of the country where labour is cheap, and materials abound; more favourable, in short, for the landlord and the contemplated operation than could be calculated upon. Allowing only  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the outlay, the owner should receive £34 8s. per annum on each homestead as the return on his capital, in addition to some rent for his land. We will assume that on each of the 50-acre lots the agricultural rent remains the same, *i. e.* £50 for the land; and that, in addition, the tenant can afford to pay the interest for the buildings, making for each farm £84 8s., or, for the three,

**£253 4s.** This is an extravagant rise in the face of corn-law repeal; but Mr. Thornton shall have the benefit of it. There remains the 350 acres and the buildings, for which he must submit to a loss of one-third, that is, of **£116 13s.**, so that

His rent will now be only -	-	<b>£233</b>	<b>7s.</b>
And from the three 50-acre pieces		<b>253</b>	<b>4</b>

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In all - - - **£486 11s.**

That is, **£23 9s.** less than his former rent. But out of this he would have to pay an interest on the **£1,600** borrowed to erect the three homesteads; which, if it remained as a perpetual mortgage on his estate, at  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., would lower his rent to **£420** per annum. It is, however, by no means certain that they would be erected for **£530** each, nor probable that 50 acres, let heretofore at **£1** per acre, could be raised to **£84**; so that, on the whole, the landlord will prefer to abide in patience and hopefulness the issue of events.

Still less are we inclined, whatever may have been the political or social demerits of the landlords, to join with him (p. 366) in calling for a revival of the act of Henry VIII., which enacted, that no cottage should be built without an annexation of four acres of land. He proposes that no cottages should be erected without half an acre to each. Such a principle might be experimentally acted upon in some districts with advantage; but a law to that effect would simply limit the number of cottages, and give a monopoly of all existing tenements to their owners, and enable them to exact of their unfortunate tenants whatever rents they pleased. We wonder that Mr. Thornton should not have perceived that this would have been the only certain and immediate consequence, even if ultimately the existence of such tempting abodes could, as he believes, induce the labourer to defer his marriage, in the hope of occupying one of them. The numbers of the class, in our author's view, would at last correspond with the number of their peasant holdings, unless a high price of labour (which Mr. Thornton anticipates, with rather more confidence than we do, from free trade), should render them independent of the allotment system.

Mr. Thornton is anxious to see, not only the occupation, but even the ownership of land far more general than at present; but this is a branch of the subject involving questions of primogeniture, and other impediments to the transfer of real property, too important to be discussed incidentally, and we must reserve it as one for separate consideration.

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ART. VII.—*Report from the Select Committee on Lighthouses, together with the Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 1st August, 1845.*

SINCE the appearance of our article on the "Trinity House," in the 81st number of the *Westminster Review*, an important blue book—the report of the "Select Committee on Lighthouses"—has been issued to the public. It contains much valuable evidence, ready to rise up in judgment against that careless policy of our rulers, which, after the parliamentary inquiry of 1834, continued to the self-elected oligarchy of Tower Hill the further management of that corporate trust, created "for the good government and increase of navigation;" but which, through the defaults and misdeeds of successive boards, has always so signally failed in carrying out the objects of its original institution. Taking, then, the above report as our text-book, we purpose, by again laying bare the extent and gravity of the disease, to prove the indispensable necessity there exists for an application of the actual cautery to the English Lighthouse system, as managed, or, rather, mismanaged, by the acting brethren of the Trinity House. The day for a bit-by-bit reform has luckily gone by.

In fairness, we set out by granting that the existing lights under the corporation's control are stated in the Report to be well exhibited, and that they are not now maintained at their former exorbitant cost. But, admitting this amendment in corporate conduct—to which, indeed, the brethren were driven by the warnings and censures of *two* parliamentary committees—it can easily be shown, by the plain evidence of facts, that the acting members of the Trinity Board altogether lack the scientific and nautical knowledge required for the due performance of the most important of the duties which belong to a lighthouse board; and the evidence we shall now lay before our readers is quite conclusive upon this point. In the Appendix, then, to the 'Report on Lighthouses,' there will be found (at page 497) an official letter from Captain Washington, R.N., to the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, giving a most masterly show-up of the inefficiency of the Trinity Board. His letter is dated January 17, 1845, and was written in justification of a report made with reference to the improper position of the leading light into Harwich Harbour; as Captain Washington, when employed in the survey of the eastern coast, had discovered the light in question to be a decoy rather than a beacon for vessels about to enter. It appears that his report was transmitted by the Admiralty to the Trinity Board, and was sneeringly commented upon by that board in its reply to the

Admiralty; and Captain Washington, in his manly and admirable letter, gives the following exposure of Trinity-House incapacity:—

“As the Secretary of the Trinity Board, in his letter, has permitted himself to make some remarks for their Lordships’ information, in which he is pleased to speak of my opinion as ‘irrelevant,’ and to call in question the ‘correctness of my statements,’ I trust that I may be allowed to offer a few observations in reply.

“The Trinity letter says:—

“‘1. The attention of the elder brethren is constantly directed to the position of the lighthouses, light-vessels, &c., &c., on the various parts of the coast.’

“As a general statement, this, no doubt, is true; but if it is intended to imply that the elder brethren pay such attention to the changes in the shoals and sand-banks that line our shore, so as to enable them to place their light-vessels, beacons, and buoys, in the best positions, or that they have such a knowledge of the different channels, harbours, and roadsteads, as to enable them to judge at once and off-hand of the propriety, or contrary, of any change that may be recommended, I deny it entirely.

“If so, how is it that, in 1841, on our first coming here, we found Harwich Harbour (with a Trinity agent resident on the spot) in the neglected state in which it was? How is it that there was but one buoy to mark five dangerous shoals—a conspicuous Trinity beacon erected that leads directly on to a sand-bank—no light-vessel to lead up to the entrance—all of which has been set right since this neglect has been repeatedly complained of in my letters to their Lordships and yourself?

“Again: how is it that not a word was known by the Trinity Board of a new and better channel into Lowestoft Roads, until pointed out by the Admiralty? What was known of the recent changes in the Yarmouth Sands; of the extension of the Scroby Sands; of the alteration in the Cockle; of the disappearance of the Sea Heads; the decrease in the Newark; the change in the Cross Sand; until attention was called to it by the Admiralty? And why was the placing of the Cockle Gat light-vessel at the northern entrance of Yarmouth Roads resisted (even after the wreck of nine vessels in one night, in 1823, for the want of it), till the very daily journals cried out shame?

“What, again, was known of the change of place of the Brake Sand—a change going on for the last twenty years in the frequented thoroughfare of the Downs? And how difficult was it to induce the Trinity Board to believe it, or to alter their buoys, till they were taken to the spot by the Admiralty surveyor on that station? What proved to be the state of the ‘Five-Fathom Channel,’ about three years ago, when examined by the Admiralty surveyor, and when it was found that all the buoys and beacons must be laid afresh?

“I need not here allude to the position of the Swin middle light; the buoys of the Spitway and Wallet; the single white buoy of the

Shipwash, to mark a sand seven miles long, one of the most dangerous in the North Sea ; the Leman and Ower light-vessel, five miles distant from the most dangerous part of the shoal ; the necessity of proper beacons on the "Tongue" and "Shingles," and of buoys in Prince's Channel, at the entrance of the Thames (and for want of which H.M. ship *Howe* was detained nearly a fortnight in the Sand Pan Hole). Why, too, should not the south channel of the Thames be lighted, either the Prince's or the Queen's Channel ? The present steam traffic of the country has a right to demand it. Further north, why should there not be a buoy to mark the Flamborough Head Ledge, Filey Brigg, and Whitby Scar, where repeated wrecks occur for want of them ? And still more important, the Fern leading lights, to lead between two dangerous shoals, the Goldstone and the Plough, which are less than one cable's length apart, whereas, the Megstone is placed as if on purpose for the low light, at a mile distant, and would form a quick and excellent mark ? Let us take warning by the wreck of the *Pegasus*.

"These instances have occurred under my own eyes in about two hundred miles of coast. It cannot, then, be thought very unreasonable if we receive with great caution the assertion that the "attention of the elder brethren is constantly directed to similar points," or, if we are to believe this, to doubt the competency of such a board to superintend the important task they have undertaken."

We have not space for the remainder of Captain Washington's letter, which will, however, amply repay an attentive perusal ; but, we would ask—can stronger proof be wanted of the professional demerits of the acting Trinity board than his clear and simple statement affords ? Here he points out, along 200 miles of coast, the above Trinity-House blunders and omissions. And as the jurisdiction of the Corporation extends from Berwick-upon-Tweed to the Solway Frith, what an addition to this list might not be made from the 500 miles of seaboard *not* visited by him ? It is really frightful to think of this part of the subject, and of the loss of life, and loss of property consequent upon such mal-administration. How, too, can the Trinity Board, holding as it does the exclusive office and emoluments of buoyage and beaconage, justify, in any possible way, its utter neglect of the change in the Brake Sand, a change that has been going on for the last twenty years in the frequented thoroughfare of the Downs, and, speaking comparatively, within a cable's length of the Trinity House itself ? And what opinion must the public entertain of the abilities and honesty of the members of a nautical board, who are found guilty of such mismanagement, after their selfish exhibition of 1822, when, on the express ground of "the important duties entrusted to the board for the security

of shipping and navigation," and also in consequence of "the unrenmitting exertion and superintendence required of the brethren of the corporation, and especially of such of them as are *experienced mariners*, in general meetings, and in committees, and also in *surveys of the coasts and inspections of beacons, buoys, and lighthouses*" (*vide* 3 Geo. IV. chap. 111.), the legislature was induced, by a clause in that Act, to authorise the acting elder brethren to divide amongst themselves, out of the general funds of the corporation, £7,000 per annum, as a remuneration for the services set forth as aforesaid in the preamble. This sum they have annually pocketed ever since. How they have deserved the £168,000 thus received may be gathered from one single fact;—that, in 1845, they are indebted to an Admiralty surveyor for the rectification of the accumulated blunders of a quarter of a century. How much longer, then, is the patience of the ship-owners to be abused, and the complacent apathy of the government to be calculated upon? We hope, but for a little while only; and that the ship-owners may soon, of a surety, say with Don Quixote, "All these storms that fall upon us are signs the weather will clear up, and things will go on smoothly; the evil having lasted so long, the good cannot be far off." And we rejoice to see that the sufferers begin to act more vigorously than they have hitherto done. "*Aide toi, le ciel t'aidera*," is practically true, not only of individuals, but of classes.

It would be an unnecessary waste of time, especially after our former article, were we to enter at large into a consideration of the educational disqualifications of the elder brethren to act as directors of what ought to be a strictly scientific lighthouse board. In fact, these "grave and potent *seniors*" must themselves feel some strong misgivings on this point, otherwise they would scarcely have such frequent recourse, as of late years they have had, to the aid of Professor Faraday, and of Mr. Walker, the civil engineer. Professor Faraday receives a stipend of £300 per annum, as scientific adviser in light experiments; and Mr. Walker's charges against the corporation, from 1835 to 1843 inclusive, amount to the large sum of £49,000, arranged under the following heads: time, travelling expenses, surveys, commissions on work done, clerk's time, clerk's expenses, and bill for labour and materials (*vide* App. No. 6 (P) 412. Report on Lighth.). Now, we do not complain because these able men are liberally paid for their valuable services. What we do object to is this: that they should be employed to do work which the Trinity Board cannot do for itself, but which a scientific board would readily get through without any such assistance.

But there are other evils of a grave nature laid open by the

Report, to which we now proceed to direct attention; evils, for the existence of which both the men and the system must be held responsible: for we may search in vain for another public body which, in the same space of time, viz., since the Parliamentary inquiry of 1834, has exhibited so great an indifference for the interests of the public, when seemingly antagonistic to corporate interests, or, been convicted of a more capricious misuse of trusts delegated by the Legislature. And it is for the purpose of placing beyond the possibility of dispute the thorough uselessness of any attempts to re-organize the Trinity Board upon its present basis, that we have submitted to the drudgery of wading through the evidence given before the last "Committee on Lighthouses," by the Deputy-master, and by the subaltern officers of the Corporation. These gentlemen may be considered as the official mouth-pieces of the acting Board, and shew themselves as duteous to its vagaries as folly could desire.

It will, no doubt, be in the recollection of many of our readers interested in this question, that the "Select Committee on Lighthouses of 1834" specially recommended in its Report, "*That all public Lighthouses should be placed under one Board, and freed from private claim,*" and that it was in consequence of such recommendation that the 6 & 7 Will. IV, chap. 79 was passed;—An Act to enable the Trinity Corporation\* to purchase the Crown lights, and the private lights, held by individuals under grants and leases from the Crown. And, in order fully to carry out this great public object, the Act in question vested the fee simple of all private lighthouses, subject to the existing leases, in the Trinity Corporation; and, at the same time, gave the Corporation, under certain restrictions, powers to compel a sale of the leases in question, to raise the necessary purchase-money by public loan, and to *mortgage the dues* of the purchased lighthouses as a security for the re-payment of the monies so borrowed. In all this, there was a clear and distinct trust created for the benefit of the toll-payers—the *real* purchasers of the lighthouses thus to be transferred to the Corporation—and the evident intention of the Legislature in delegating such powers to the Trinity Board, was to get rid of the vested rights of individuals, in order to leave the Imperial Parliament free to legislate respecting the national lights as might be most conducive to the public good.

\* We may here justly express a regret that the Government of the day should propose, and the Legislature grant, these additional powers to the Trinity Board, especially after its proved corporate delinquencies.

But the elder brethren can discover nothing of such a trust in the unusual powers given to them by the 6 & 7 Will. IV. chap. 79. And, according to the absurd construction they are pleased to put upon this Act, it would seem to have been passed for the sole purpose of transferring to the Trinity Board, collectively, the very same rights of ownership, without any *ulterior* object, as each individual vendor happened to have, previous to a sale; or, in other words, that the intention of its framers was to perpetuate in the hands of *twenty*, what was considered so objectionable when in the hands of *one*. Such, at least, is the deliberately expressed opinion of the Deputy-master of the Corporation, who, in his examination before the Committee, gives the following charming piece of evidence upon this point:—

“Committee on Lighthouses—Joseph Hume, Esq., in the Chair, April 14, 1845.

“Sir John Henry Pelly, Bart., called in, and examined.

“225. [*Chairman.*] You state, in your observations, that you consider that you have a right to distribute these monies by the patents of the lighthouses; is there any patent of any other lighthouse, besides the Scilly light, which allows the surplus to be distributed in pensions?—The Scilly patent directs it; individually, I consider that the surplus revenue of the Corporation, from whatever source it is derived, whether we have bought the light, or whether the patent right of it has been given us by the Crown, that all the surplus revenue which is not necessary for the maintenance of the lights, is applicable, under the Corporation's charter, for the purposes of the relief of seamen in poverty, misery, and decay. That is the only use to which the surplus revenue is directed by the charter to be applied.

“226. If the lighthouses were regulated by Act of Parliament, and the rates were directed to be reduced to half what they are, so as to leave no surplus, could not *that* be done?—I do not think you have a right to do it: I look upon it that the rights are conveyed to the Corporation in fee-simple: that we have an undoubted right to all these patents: we were authorised to buy them: we were permitted to buy them: the parties were directed to sell them, and they are now in our hands, and they are *as much our property as a freehold estate*.

“227. Were you not directed to buy them on trust?—Not at all.

“228. Are the Committee to understand that you consider yourselves entitled to that surplus £6,000 a year, to dispose of as you think fit, without attention to the public interest?—Without accounting to anybody whatever? I will just read the 20th clause of the Act of Parliament, 6 and 7 Will. IV. ch. 79, in confirmation of this my opinion.” [The clause here quoted is much too long for insertion, but it has not the slightest bearing upon the exemption from *all* account claimed by the Deputy-master in these words, *without accounting to anybody whatever*. In fact, the clause referred to simply



enacts that after a payment of the purchase money, the Trinity Corporation shall have an absolute title and right in a lighthouse and toll so purchased as *against the vendor and all persons claiming under or in opposition to him.*]

"229. Then do you consider that the North and South Foreland lights, which were conveyed to you from the Crown, became your vested property in the same manner?—Decidedly.

"230. Do you consider that Parliament has no right to interfere and control you for the public interest?—None whatever.

"231. Then you hold that you have the same right as the proprietors of the Tinmouth and Skerries had to continue the tax, without reference to any relief which the shipping may demand?—Decidedly: Parliament would not take it away from the proprietor of the Skerries, and they would not take it away from the Government: but they allowed us to purchase it. We purchased it, and we became entitled to all the privileges that these private parties were entitled to.

"232. But all these you have with the sanction of the Treasury, for public purposes?—No: I see nothing of public purposes in the Act of Parliament."

But the Deputy-master of the Trinity Board shines so uncommonly as a witness, that we must give a few more specimens of his law and logic with respect to these purchased patents. Law, certainly not "the perfection of human reason," and logic, very different from the logic of Aristotle.

"Committee on Lighthouses.—Joseph Hume, Esq., in the chair. 30th June, 1845.

"Sir John Henry Pelly, re-examined.

"4639. Do you mean that the Corporation has the same kind of ownership in the purchased patents, as an individual who buys an estate in fee-simple has in such estate?—They have the same right to it as they have to any patent granted: we have it in perpetuity.

"4640. Are you of opinion that the Corporation has the same kind of ownership in the purchased patents as an individual who has an estate in fee-simple has in such estate?—Decidedly, for corporate purposes.

"4641. Have you not purchased all the patents referred to, under the authority of the 6 and 7 Will. IV. chap. 79?—We have.

"4642. And do not the powers conferred by that act alone enable the corporation to make such purchases, and to borrow money for the purpose upon the security of the dues?—It does.

"4643. And you have borrowed a large sum on that security?—Yes, we have.

"4644. Are not the parties who pay the light tolls the virtual purchasers of the patents, you acting as trustees only?—I do not consider it in that light at all.

"4648. The charter you admit gives you no power to levy light tolls?—None.

"4649. Is it not then under the clause in the charter which directs the monies arising from decrees, orders, fines, forfeitures, or otherwise, shall be appropriated to charitable purposes: is it under that clause in the original charter, that you claim this right of applying the lighthouse dues?—Decidedly, we claim the right of applying the lighthouse dues.

"4652. Do you consider you have the right of applying the surplus light revenues, although there is no mention of the application in these patents?—Decidedly.\*

"4653. You contend also, that you have a right to do it, although there is no mention in any Act of Parliament of the application of the surplus light revenues?—Decidedly, just the same as the individuals to whom the power was given by Parliament to erect lighthouses, applied the surplus revenues to their own purposes.

"4654. As private individuals?—Yes.

There is another point connected with the preceding evidence whereupon it is necessary that we should briefly touch; our object being to show that the grounds on which the Deputy-master tries to justify an appropriation to charitable purposes, at the discretion of the elder brethren, of the *general* surplus from the light revenues, are altogether untenable. These grounds are, however, more fully set forth in a Minute, submitted by the Deputy-master to the Court of the Corporation, on the 6th of February, 1844, (*vide* App. Rep. on Lighth., 350), which Minute being in reality only a re-hash of the doctrine previously propounded in certain observations addressed to the Lords of the Treasury, in 1834, by the Trinity Corporation, on the Report of the "Select Committee on Lighthouses" of that year, (*vide* Parl. Pap., No. 164, Session 1834, and App. Rep. on Lighth. (1845) page 360), may very properly be treated as the deliberate expression of the views of the brethren collectively, inaufrage the attempt subsequently made through their plausible Secretary, to fix the responsibility of this Minute upon the Deputy-master alone.†—(*Vide* Rep. on Lighth. (1845) page 71.)

The reasons, then, assigned in the Minute to justify a charitable appropriation, should the elder brethren so will it, of the *general* surplus of the light-revenues, are as follow:—

\* The word "decidedly," seems invariably to be employed by the Deputy-Master, when unable or unwilling to enter at large into the subject matter of the query. Such an *ex-cathedra* use of the word, is, however, *decidedly* wrong.

† We think the Deputy-master somewhat hardly dealt with by his corporate *co-freres* when they try to repudiate the Minute in question, which is substantially a reiteration of the Board's previous opinions, and which has also its tacit approval, if that maxim of the canonists be law,—"*Qui tacet, consensire videtur.*"

"In the grant for the Scilly Light, dated 24th June, 1680, the application of the surplus revenues derived therefrom, for purposes of charity, is distinctly set forth; and it cannot be questioned that, although not so expressly stated in subsequent similar grants, it was the intention that the surplus revenues derived therefrom respectively, should be applied to the charitable and other purposes of the institution. This has been at all times admitted and acted upon, and this construction and practice are clearly recognised by the legislature, by the 3 Geo. IV. chap. 111, whereby the Corporation is empowered to reduce, relinquish, abolish, alter, or modify all, or any, or either of the rates, dues, duties, &c., but the exercise of such power is expressly limited, so that it may be consistent with the charitable and other uses, purposes, and intents for which the Corporation has been established and maintained."

An assertion more unwarranted than that there is a recognition by the 3 Geo. IV. chap 111, of the present construction and practice with respect to a charitable appropriation of "the *general* light surplus," can scarcely be imagined. For, as we shall presently show, there is nothing whatever, either in the letter or the spirit of that Act, to justify such a conclusion. The Act in question was passed, (1) "For the better regulation of Lastage and Ballastage in the River Thames." (2) "For the purpose of enabling the Trinity Board to reduce, alter, modify, relinquish, or abolish, the Dues and Tolls payable to the Corporation." By the 4th Section of this Act, which is the section expressly referred to in the Minute, the Corporation is empowered

"To reduce, relinquish, abolish, &c., &c., all, or any, or either of the rates, prices, dues, duties, or tolls, imposed or granted by the said several grants, charters, or Acts of Parliament, or any of them, or collected, taken, levied, and received, under the authority thereof respectively, or by ancient usage, custom, or prescription, or any part or parts thereof, so far as may be consistent with the charitable and *other* uses, purposes, and intents, for which the said Corporation has been established and maintained."

Now it will at once be perceived that the power of reduction and abolition, given in the preceding section, extends over ALL the Corporation's sources of revenue,—in fact, it is a *general* power,—but that the restriction or qualification of that power, with reference to the charitable purposes of the Corporation, is only a *particular* restriction, since there are *other* uses and purposes referred to in the restraining clause. Hence it follows, as the Corporation, under the original grants from the Crown, can legally make a charitable application of all surplus arising from buoyage and beaconage, from lastage and ballastage, and from the Scilly Light toll, that it is to these sources of revenue alone that the Act refers—when it sanctions a reduction only to

such an extent as may not be inconsistent with the directions of the royal grantors; and that with respect to the tolls and dues levied and collected under the remaining patents\* viz., those *not* authorising any charitable appropriation—it is clear that the Corporation, under the Act in question, can reduce such tolls and dues to any extent compatible with the *other* uses and purposes for which the Corporation was established. And this is the plain meaning of the clause referred to; a clause which the elder brethren, who will not see anything but what they wish to see (*nihil vident nisi lubent*), are so anxious to press into their service, that they are forced to put upon it so preposterous a construction as would, in practice, go far to nullify the operation of the Act itself.

But even this qualified recognition in the 3 Geo. IV. chap. 111, of the lawful charitable appropriations of the Corporation, seems to be in a great measure negatived by a *later Act*, passed in renewal

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\* Most of the letters patent grant the toll to the corporation for ever, “without account to be made or rendered,” and hence arises a characteristic corporate construction. Because (say the brethren) we are made responsible, under our charter, to the Crown alone; and because the Crown, in all grants of toll subsequent thereto, gives us the toll “*without account*,” therefore we are *not* accountable at all for our expenditure of them. Doubtless, this is a very comfortable doctrine, but has no warrant of law in its favour. Indeed, from the evidence given by the Trinity-House officials, it would seem that neither the legislature nor the toll-payers have anything to do with the corporate balance-sheet, (*vide* Answers to Queries 4614, 4623, 4627, 4634, 4636, 4867, 4876; Min. of Evid., Rep. of Comm. on Lighth., 1845). This is a revival of the feudal doctrine of the *Charta de Foresta*, so eloquently declaimed against by Pope when applied to bipeds:—

“Shall great offenders, once escaped the Crown,  
Like Royal harts, be never more run down?”

Another characteristic corporate construction is the Trinity Board's definition of a reasonable duty, “If it be reasonable at the time of its imposition, no after circumstances can render it unreasonable.” This crotchet, for it is nothing else, cannot be too soon retracted. “*Melius est recurrere quam male currere.*” How delightfully it works for the Corporation and *against* the shipowner, is shown by the following extract from a return made last year to the House of Commons, in connexion with the annual cost of the light establishments.

Lights.	Revenue.	Maintenance.	Surplus.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Tynemouth (1 lighthouse) . . . .	4,293 19 7	919 0 3	3,374 19 4
Spurn (2 lighthouses) . . . . .	12,268 0 2	1,419 5 3	10,847 14 11
Skerries (1 lighthouse) . . . . .	17,759 18 0	3,343 16 1	14,406 1 11
Total . . . . .	£34,321 17 9	£5,682 1 7	£28,629 16 2

of certain expired provisions of the 3 Geo. IV. The Act we now refer to is the 6 and 7 Vict., chap. 57, and is intituled "An Act for the regulation of Lastage and Ballastage in the River Thames;" and by its eighth section, a power to reduce the ballast rate, &c., is given to the Corporation in terms very similar to those employed in the fourth section of the 3 Geo. IV., but the qualification, "*as far as may be consistent with the charitable purposes of the Corporation,*" is altogether omitted, although by the grant of lastage and ballastage from King Charles the Second, the profits and emoluments thereof are directed to be applied "*to the relief of poor and decayed seamen, their wives, widows, and orphans.*" The most recent Act, therefore, passed upon the subject, does not even recognize the *propriety* of a charitable application of the surplus from a particular rate, the whole surplus from which the Corporation is empowered by the original grant so to apply. So utterly unfounded then is the assertion that the three latest Acts passed for the better regulation of the Trinity Corporation do recognize a right in that body to apply the *general* surplus from the light duties to purposes of charity; and we may safely lay it down as a general rule, that the Trinity Board has not, and never had, any legal right whatever to apply to purposes of charity the surplus from any dues, tolls, or rates levied *as a tax* upon shipping, except where the instrument authorising the particular collection authorises also a charitable application of the surplus, and that within such limits\* the eleemosynary

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\* The Trinity Board, in support of its *ad libitum* charitable appropriations, laid before the "Select Committee" the following opinion, taken in 1822, from the then attorney and solicitor-generals.

"OPINION.

"Upon perusing the documents above referred to, we are of opinion that the corporation of Trinity House are authorised to apply the surplus revenues arising from the light dues to the charitable purposes of the corporation, as above described. (Signed.)

R. GIFFORD.

"Linc. Inn, July 3, 1822.

T. S. COPLEY."

This meagre opinion, so satisfactory to the brethren that they would never take another, was the reverse of satisfactory (A.D. 1845) to the Committee on Lighthouses. 1st, Because the case, upon the face of it, seemed unfairly drawn up. And, 2nd, Because three Acts of Parliament, having reference to the corporation, had passed since the opinion was given. The indefatigable Chairman of the "Select Committee," therefore, suggested to the Trinity House that a further opinion should be taken upon a full statement of facts. This the elder brethren refused to do, and then Mr. Hume, with his wonted decision, summoned before the Committee the Solicitor to the Corporation, whose examination completely bore out the suspicion that the case of 1822 had been gotten up for counsel rather to secure the *wished-for* opinion than from a desire to ascertain the legality of the previous corporate practice. (*Vide* evidence of John Teesdale, Esq., Rep. on Lighthouses, 1845, p. 305 to 314.)

appropriations of the Trinity Board ought always to have been strictly confined.

The real benefit conferred on the Corporation by the Acts in question, is the legislative sanction they give, for public purposes, to the various collections made by the Trinity House; and we incline to think, that, if it were not for these enactments, there is not a single grant of toll made to the Corporation by letters patent, prior to the year 1837, that would at the present time be held valid, if fairly tested in a court of law. Indeed, there is a very recent *obiter dictum* of Mr. Baron Rolfe, in the case of the "Corporation of Scarborough v. Jonassohn," tried at York (July, 1845), before a special jury, which goes far to confirm such opinion; the learned Baron, in his address to the jury, having distinctly laid it down that letters patent, authorizing the collection of tolls or dues, are not valid at law unless granted by the *reigning monarch*.\* But even if these Trinity House patents† should be held to be, in the abstract, legal grants, the amount of toll raised under most of them has become so excessive—does so greatly exceed "*that proper and adequate compensation for the*

\* But there is a legal opinion of Lord Camden's said to be extant, which goes even further than this. It was given in the year 1756, in the case of "Weston v. the Trinity House," and Lord Camden, then the Attorney-general, was of opinion "That the Trinity Patent in that case was NOT BINDING *except upon the parties who had signed the petition* for the imposition of the toll in question."—*Vide* Min. of Evid., page 203. Rep. of Select Com. on Foreign Trade, 1822.

† The Deputy-master, with some parade, laid before the Committee "An Historical Record of Opinions of the Law Officers of the Crown, and Decisions of the Privy Council, on the question as to whether lights are within the meaning of the Act of Elizabeth." Now, whether lights are within the meaning of that statute which is intituled, "An Act concerning Sea-marks and Signs of the Seas," is, at the present day, of no practical moment whatever, because, in point of fact, the corporation has always secured, in each letter patent, an authority from the Crown *to erect the light*, as well as to levy the toll. Still the production of this "historical record" was injudicious, because it tells more *against* than in favour of the corporation. For instance, it contains (*inter alia*), the following opinion laid before the King's Privy Council in 1617 by Sir Henry Yelverton, then the Attorney-General.

"*First*, That lighthouses are signs and marks within the meaning of the statute aforesaid.

"*Second*, That there is authority given by the statute to the Trinity House to erect such lighthouses if they think fit, and a trust reposed in them to do it if they will.

"*Third*, That they of the Trinity House *cannot transfer this authority to any other*."

If, then, this trust cannot legally be delegated, why, since the opinion was given, has the corporation given leases of the "Eddystone," the "Smalls," and the "Longship" lights?

*benefit received*," which Lord Hardwicke, in the case of the "*Trinity House v. Stebbins*," judicially pronounced to be the legal measure of a reasonable duty, that a resistance to payment on this ground alone would in all probability be successful, were it not for the authority given to the Corporation by the 1st and 2nd William IV. chap. 79, to borrow money upon mortgage of the light revenues: a power of which the board has already so largely availed itself as to be in debt at the present moment to the tune of nearly *one million sterling*, (*vide* Mem. of Evidence, Rep. of L., p. 18).

But negligently as the shipping interest in general has been treated by the Trinity Board, it has not conducted itself one whit better towards the junior members of its own body; the rights of the younger brethren of the Corporation having been, of late years, capriciously abridged, or wilfully lost sight of; and that, too, in defiance of the charter of 1685, for which the acting Board always professes so much of reverence and respect.

One would hardly, indeed, suppose it possible, did not the Report of 1845 furnish such an overplus of proof, that, at the annual election of the Master, the elder brethren do not even adhere to the letter, much less to the spirit, of their much-vaunted charter, although its directions (with respect to this election, at least) are very clear and precise:—

"That there shall and may be chosen from henceforth annually for ever on the morrow after Trinity Sunday, or at any other time of the year, and in such convenient place as for the commodity of the said guild, fraternity, or brotherhood, it shall be thought fit or convenient *by a consent of MOST VOICES of the said guild, fraternity, or brotherhood (as well of elder as YOUNGER brethren) one Master.*"

Now, it would almost seem, from the peculiar turn of the expression, "*as well of elder as younger brethren*," that the elder brethren were then for the first time let in to share in the elective franchise; but be this as it may, one thing is quite clear, that the *younger* brethren are constituted, by this clause in the charter, a distinct class of electors; and that, to render an election valid, there must be, on the candidate's behalf, the consent of *most voices* of the elder brethren, and of the younger brethren also; yet, if we turn to the evidence given before "*the Committee*" on this head, we shall find the present practice to be altogether subversive of the rights of the younger brethren, as an independent class of voters, and one that does not even secure to the party elected "*the consent of most voices of the said guild, fraternity, or brotherhood*;" and we are beholden to the evidence of Mr. Jacob Herbert, the Corporation's Secretary, for

enabling us to discover by what means this solitary privilege, given to the younger brethren by the arbitrary James, has been frittered away through the manœuvres of the elder corporators.

“Committee on Light-houses—Joseph Hume, Esq., in the Chair.

“3 July, 1846.—Jacob Herbert, Esq. re-called and further examined.

“4878. [Chairman.] Are not the Master and the Deputy-master of the Trinity House elected annually every Trinity Monday?—They are.

“4879. Is the election decided upon by a majority of voices of the elder brethren present?—As regards the Deputy-master that is so : but as regards the Master, the votes of the younger brethren present are also taken.

“4880. Have the younger brethren of the Corporation any votes in the election of the Deputy-master?—Not of the Deputy-master : of the Master they have.

“4881. What number of younger brethren in general attend?—To the extent, perhaps, of twenty or thirty.

“4882. In what way are they summoned?—They are never summoned.

“4883. Does not the charter direct that the Master shall be elected by the consent of the voices both of the elder and younger brethren?—It does : and the election of the Master is, in point of fact, so made ; but the same direction does not apply to the Deputy-master.

“4885. Is there any direction given for summoning the younger brethren to attend the meeting for the election?—There is not.

“4886. And, in practice, there are no summonses issued?—No summonses are issued, but they always attend.

“4887. They are not excluded if they attend?—On the contrary, express orders are given for their admission.

“4888. And they attend when the election takes place annually?—Certainly.

“4889. Do the elder brethren, once elected, continue during life?—Yes.

“4890. [Admiral Dundas.] How many younger brethren are they?—They are unlimited.”

In justice to Mr. Herbert, we grant him to be a man of talent, and very “cunning in fence” to boot. Nevertheless, with all his circumspection, and all his ingenuity, he here makes admissions more than sufficient for our present purpose. For instance, this velvet-mouthed gentleman states the number of younger brethren to be unlimited—in point of fact, there are several hundreds of them,—yet he is forced to admit that only between twenty and thirty attend, and he qualifies even these numbers with a *perhaps*. He admits that no summonses are issued to



the younger brethren—we know they are never invited to attend by public advertisement—and there is such a *suspicious coincidence* between Mr. Herbert's maximum number, thirty, and the number of younger brethren stated by the Deputy-master to be placed on the list of candidates for vacant elder brotherships, (*vide* Min. of Evidence, quest. 188, page 11,) that we feel morally certain that the names of the younger brethren who *do* attend will be found entered in the aforesaid list, and under such circumstances, they cannot be otherwise than mere echoes of the voices of the elder corporators.

We fearlessly affirm then, that as far as the younger brethren are concerned, the annual election is an annual farce.

But it will be the fault of the younger brethren if, henceforward, they allow this annual farce to be repeated.

The election of a Master customarily takes place on Trinity Monday, in the Hall of the Corporation, situate at Deptford. The elder brethren and a few chosen retainers sail down the Thames in a state barge, decked out with gew-gaws and gildings, to the infinite joy of every apprentice boy in the Pool, and to the infinite dismay of every showman at the east end of the metropolis. The younger brethren may justly disdain to take a part in this worn-out pageantry of a bygone age: but there are steam-boats starting from all parts of the river on the day of election, which offer an easy conveyance to Deptford; and we do trust, *that every younger brother of the Trinity House, within a reasonable distance of Deptford, on Trinity Monday next, will make it a point of conscience to ATTEND, and to EXERCISE, his elective franchise.* At the same time we recommend them not to place too much confidence in the facilities promised by the smooth secretary. "Express orders," says he, "are given for their admission." Nevertheless, we advise each younger brother to take with him as his voucher, the deed of appointment given to him upon election, with the corporate seal affixed.\* This is a ticket of admission which will legally pass him into the corporate Hall at Deptford, without the aid of Mr. Jacob Herbert's "*express orders*" to the *cordon* of police generally drawn up around it. And when the younger brethren are once in the inside of their Hall, we suggest that they should act together as an independent

\* We have now before us, dated A.D. 1754, a younger brother's deed of appointment. It certainly makes mention of liberties, franchises, and privileges, to which members are entitled, but gives no information whatever as to what these liberties, &c., are, except by a recital of that clause in the charter of James, which exempts all members of the corporation from bearing armour in the land service, and from being summoned and put in assizes, juries, inquests, inquisitions, attaints, and other recognizances.

set of voters, and should appoint their own tellers, if the votes be taken by a show of hands.

In conformity with the requirements of the charter, the Master must be chosen from the "governing body," and, under these circumstances, the younger brethren will no doubt unanimously register their votes in favor of his Grace the Duke of Wellington; who cannot but place a much higher value upon the office, when thus presented to him by the free homage of the many, rather than by the flattery of the few.

We have now briefly touched upon some of the most prominent corporate defaults, laid bare by the last Lighthouse Report. Their existence need not be wondered at, when it is recollected how invariably the acting board has chosen "rather to ask counsel of the time past than of the time to come." A policy, in the long run, fatal to all who adopt it. And, even *now*, there appears to be but a slight effort made to play that "aftergame of reputation," which Lord Bacon has pronounced to be the most difficult of all games to play well. And thus it is, that with a corporation on the brink of ruin—when the battering-ram of public opinion is thundering at its gates—its secretary, its solicitor, and its Deputy-master, vie with each other, before "the Select Committee," in setting up the most unconstitutional corporate claims, and clamouring for the most preposterous privileges: making it evident, to all thinking men, that the body corporate has become drunk with too much prosperity (*μεθυσεν τῷ πλοτῷ*), and that its chosen retainers, brimful of corporate arrogance, have come so moonstruck to their task, that all sober readers of their evidence may well exclaim, "*utrum nobis videntur consilia siccorum an vinolentorum somnia*;" and one result of this is, that the attention of the shipping and commercial classes to the question of light dues is now thoroughly aroused; and the general opinion seems to be, that any further attempt to patch up so honeycombed an edifice as the Tower-Hill one would be useless.

"Early reformations (such is the language of Burke) are made in cold blood; late reformations are made in a state of inflammation. In that state of things, the people see nothing that is respectable; they see the abuse, and they will see nothing else. They fall into the temper of a populace, provoked by the disorders of a house of ill-fame. They go to work the shortest way; they abate the nuisance; they pull down the house."

And we may safely conclude, from the general tenor of the petitions presented during the present Session from the shipping ports, that nothing less than the transfer of the national lights to a scientific board, immediately responsible to the Admiralty,

will *now* satisfy the shipowners. The Admiralty jurisdiction \* in these matters has been too long superseded by charters, and interfered with by Acts of Parliament, to the heavy loss and great discouragement of the shipowner; and the sooner the Admiralty jurisdiction over the national lights is restored to all its former integrity, the better will it be for the shipping interest. And who can say that such a restoration would not be a fitting retribution for the accumulated misdeeds of a century of corporate mismanagement, and for that corporate bigotry, which, in theory at least, goes on from bad to worse,

“ ’Till drown’d is sense and shame, and right and wrong ? ”

In conclusion, we shall lay before our readers a synopsis of the recommendations of the “ Select Committee ” of 1845. 1st. It advises, “ That all expenses for the erection and maintenance of the lighthouses, floating lights, &c., on the coast of the United Kingdom, be henceforth defrayed out of the public revenue.” 2nd. “ That they be placed under the management of one board, resident in London.” 3rd. “ That the central board in London should be the Trinity House of Deptford Strond.” From the last of these recommendations we must respectfully dissent. And as a strong minority, including Lord Viscount Palmerston and Admiral Dundas, divided, in committee, against this proposal, we shall briefly refer to some of the most obvious objections to such a transfer.

In the first place, it would be a transfer decidedly in opposition to the wishes of the shipowners. Very many petitions making heavy complaints against the Trinity Board, have been presented or are in course of presentation to the House of Commons, and it surely cannot be the wish of petitioners so expressing themselves, that enlarged powers, and an extended sphere of action, should be given to this corporation.

Again, it is opposed to the opinions of a majority of the witnesses examined before the committee, and unless accompanied

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\* There are some admirable observations in the Report of the Tidal Harbour Commissioners, with respect to the conditions in favor of the public, which must necessarily be implied as accompanying all grants from the Crown in the exercise of its supreme Admiralty jurisdiction, “ Although a subject,” says the Report, “ may by grant have a navigable river, yet your Majesty hath a right of empire or government over it, with reference to the safety of the kingdom, and the people have a public interest of passage and re-passage with their goods, and must not be obstructed by nuisances, or impeached by exactions; for the *jus privatum* of the owner is charged with, and subjected to, the *jus publicum* belonging to your Majesty’s subjects, in the same manner as the soil of a highway, which, though in point of property may be a man’s freehold, is, nevertheless, charged with a public interest of the people.”

by a complete revision of the corporate constitution, is contrary even to the recorded sentiments of witnesses, who, like George Frederic Young, Esq., are most friendly in their views to the present Trinity Board.

Finally. It would be an act of great injustice to the Commissioners of Northern Lights, and to the members of the Dublin Ballast Board. At present the Lighthouses of the United Kingdom are under the supervision of these three boards. But if the two latter, which have always done their duty, are to be cashiered, why is the cormorant corporation, which has so often done the reverse, to be rewarded? This proceeding would be exceedingly unfair to the Scotch and Irish boards. At no period have they ever expended £1,900 sterling upon each light-establishment, when the fair average cost ought not to have exceeded £650. They never gave commissions of 25 per cent. upon collection. They never voted to themselves, in lieu of salary, the whole of the collection on foreign shipping; and they have never charged the shipowners, for office and house expenses, at the rate of £18,000 per annum: now all these things, the Trinity boards of past times *have* done. And if a body, with such accumulated corporate sins, is to have its powers and privileges not only continued but enlarged, then the public must come to this unavoidable conclusion, that the misdeeds of the Trinity House are more to be admired than the good deeds of other boards, and that it is better to blunder and do wrong with the elder brethren than to do that which is lawful and right with the Northern Commissioners.

But a brighter day is evidently about to dawn. An association for the abolition of light dues is already established in the metropolis: and the especial claims of those shipowners engaged in the coasting trade, to an immediate relief from the present light duties, are most ably advocated by the Select Committee on political grounds of the highest possible importance to the maritime supremacy of that meteor flag, which has so triumphantly waved for a thousand years over the fortunes of England. And we would direct the particular attention of *all* classes, to this part of the Committee's excellent Report (*vide* Lighth. Rep. (1845), p. xvii). Indeed, after the masterly *exposé* therein given, it is impossible for the Elder Brethren to hold on much longer in their present erroneous courses. Already is the avenging Deity, that Nemesis who haunts the unjust, eager for an onslaught upon the grinding imposts and uncalled-for monopolies of the Tower Hill Corporation: and of the final result there can be no doubt.

"Dabit Deus his quoque finem."

R. C.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Life of Jesus Critically Examined.* By Dr. David Frederick Strauss. Translated from the Fourth German Edition. In three Volumes. London: Chapman. 1846.

2. *A Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion.* By Theodore Parker. London: Chapman. 1846.

THE two books which we have thus associated possess scarcely a feature in common. Both of them, indeed, are the productions of accomplished and able men; both bring the most recent light of thought and knowledge to the treatment of Christianity; and both appear in an attitude of hostility to the professed belief of existing churches. Producing similar effects on the nerves of frightened theology, they are not unlikely to be classed together by temporary rumour, and to fly through the imagination of divines like chain-shot, aiming to dismast the ancient ark of faith, and leave it helpless on the seas of time. But, except to the confused vision of fear, these publications present the strongest contrast. Their range of subject is different; Strauss never quitting the *incunabula* of Christendom; Parker surveying, in their grand divisions, all the religions of the world. Their point of view is different; the one, as an historical critic, seeking for the sources of the evangelic documents in the psychological accidents of an age; the other, as a philosophic thinker, detecting the germs of every faith in the essential laws of human reason. Their theories of religion are not only different, but opposite; the one, with the analysis of Hegel, exposing the unveracity of the human faculties in their natural beliefs; the other, after Schleiermacher and Jacobi, building everything on their veracity. Even the accordant conclusions of the two writers involve discordant premises; and the miracles which are rendered questionable to Parker solely by inadequacy of testimony, are excluded for Strauss by the pre-judgments of science. In method and execution the books make us sensible of the interval between the mental, as well as geographic longitudes of Tübingen and Boston. The one writes like a Greek logician, disposing of the last products of Christian thought; the other, like a Hebrew prophet, enriched by the ripest culture of the modern world. Strauss, after evincing a delicate sense of the subtle windings of human feeling, and the chameleon hues of religious sentiment, uses this faculty only as an instrument of the higher criticism: the artistic perception never passes into momentary sympathy: all things, indifferently—the trivial and the solemn, the insoluble philologic kernel, and the finest essence of a grief or aspiration—pass into his remorseless crucible, and are dissipated by his skill.

His dialectic dexterity, his forensic coolness, the even polish of his style, present him to us as the accomplished pleader, too completely master of his work to feel the temptation to unfair advantage or unseemly temper. Parker, with a less thin and penetrating acuteness, acquires command over his subject rather by comprehending the whole, than by winding through its parts. He understands by sympathy more than by criticism; and convinces by force of exposition, not by closeness of argument. Instead of conciliating his readers, as if they were against him, he trusts them as men in earnest like himself; and never doubting that truth will settle her own accounts with faithful minds, pours forth his meditations with a rich and artless energy. In place of the elaborate candour, the patient ingenuity, the exhaustive treatment of every conceivable objection, which are so curious in the 'Life of Jesus,' the estimates of theologies and churches in the 'Discourse of Religion' abound in high admiration and stern invective; and the justice which the one attains intellectually, by the absence of love or hate, the other reaches morally, by the fearless presence of both. Strauss weighs evidence, as some homœopathic chemist his medicines, in minutest scruples, and with balance trembling on the finest knife-edge that logical cutlery can produce. Parker weighs truths, as astronomers the planets, without a balance at all, in simple reliance on the great laws that bind together the heavens and the earth. The tendency to *à priori* methods of philosophising is singularly combined in him, as it was in many of the old English divines, with a practical cast of understanding, and a moral sense impatient of sophistication. His loftiest theories come thundering down into life with a rapidity and directness of aim, which, while they alarm the timid, and amaze the insincere, afford proof that he is less eager to be a reformer of men's thinking, than a thinker for their reformation. There is a certain professional air about the German theologians, which impresses you with the persuasion that their world of ideas lies remote from the world of action. Their works smell of the academic manufactory; and, like new cloth, need to feel the light and breeze, and to be stretched on the moving limbs of human life, ere they can lose the gloss of business and of sale. Conversing with the German professor, you are in the presence of a scholar and metaphysician, who has made himself acquainted with religion that he may write of it with discretion, and in the newest style of thought. Listening to the American reformer, you stand before a man of high and devout genius, who disposes of the wealth of erudition and philosophy in the service of religion. Nothing can more strikingly exhibit the opposing

tendencies of different speculative systems, than these two books. The *nihilism* of Hegel is not without effect in the hands of Strauss: it is no longer true that "out of nothing, nothing can come;" for at least he shows you that into nothing everything may vanish. He touches the past with his wand, and its personages quit the ground, and float in ideal forms away; its sharp outlines waver and melt, its colours mix, and it retires in dissolving views. The most solid and brilliant objects, clear as the windows of history, or as the very sun that shines through them, are scanned by his unblenching eye till they become spectra, not only discredited as existences, but reversed even as phenomena: individuals lose themselves in their age; their age in the courses of humanity; and humanity itself in the eternal phantasmagoria which we call the universe. The strong moral faith of Parker produces the opposite result; subdues him to hero-worship; leads him from the abstract to the concrete; and disposes him to concentrate philosophy upon history, rather than scatter history into philosophy. His quick and noble affections kindle at the very recital of their names: his psychological descriptions glow into lyric poetry: the deep and unconfessed feelings of every man's better mind are brought forth by his touch; their agency is detected in the ancient faiths and progressive civilization of the world: and spiritual influences, apparently faint and evanescent in individuals, are shown fixed and realized in the life of churches and nations, and in all the greater products of time. It is the pride of Strauss, that he *un-creates*. At his spell, the warmth of every faith, the accumulated glow of old ages, that alone renders the Present habitable, suddenly becomes latent: the facts, the scenes, the truths that re-absorb it, run down in liquefaction, pass off in vapour, and restore the world to a nebular condition. Parker makes everything give out its heat, and creates, where least you would expect it, a genial temperature and a habitable earth: the clouds of ancient Pantheism condense themselves into a wholesome element; even the hot weltering sea of passionate superstition crystallises into grand forms of truth, lying at the very roots and basis of our life: and out of the vaguest possibilities of beauty and good, he evokes the living reality. In all these points are these two works, and their authors, in essential contrast with each other: and when the fashion has ceased of judging men's religion by exclusive reference to the Scripture miracles, the one will have its place on the shelf of historical criticism, the other on that of religious philosophy, and they will be as little associated together as Father Malbranche and Nathaniel Lardner, Ralph Cudworth and Conyers Middleton.

We speak of them in the same notice, partly from their common relation to certain theological changes pervading the chief countries of Christendom ; partly because, putting aside the Scripture criticism which would be out of place in this Review, many principles of merely philosophical estimate are applicable to both.

The appearance of Dr. Strauss's work, in 1835, can have taken by surprise no one acquainted with the course of Biblical literature during the last half-century. The instantaneous effect produced by it was a start, less of astonishment, than of realized expectation. So completely were tendencies of the age, in themselves distinct and independent,—the historical researches of Niebuhr, the mythological speculations of Heyne, the metaphysics of Hegel, as well as the internal condition of Scripture criticism itself,—converging towards such a result, that we have no doubt the 'Life of Jesus' did but disappoint, by anticipating, many a like project already floating through the German brain. Our author himself indeed confesses, in the masterly Introduction which propounds the thesis of his volumes, that every other manner of dealing with the difficulties of Scripture had been exhausted ; and that no resource remained but to apply to them the mythical analysis which had already been successfully directed upon the primitive legends of the Greeks, and even the Hebrews. This mode of bespeaking favour for their theories, as presenting the last possibility which experience and reason leave on hand,—is, no doubt, a common artifice with the system-loving Germans. They begin their disquisitions, as Sir Robert Peel his expository speeches, with the declaration, "there were three plans open for consideration ;" and, having made numbers *one* and *two* appear sufficiently old-fashioned and ridiculous, bring their reader to believe that number *three* is the only refuge for a man of sense, in fact, all that really remains for anybody. This *à priori* method of laying out their subject, as if it were possible to foresee every opinion of which it admits, may fairly excite distrust ; and we are far from thinking that Dr. Strauss ushers in the end of our theological world. That catastrophe, as often announced and as often postponed as the Day of Judgment, is probably not less remote. But, without supposing that nothing is to follow the 'Life of Jesus' in the future, we see in it a plain and necessary consequence of the past.

Protestantism reached its culminating point of faith among the Puritans ; and the slightest comparison of the religious literature of the nineteenth with that of the seventeenth century makes us sensible of the vast interval by which we have regressed



from their spirit. Theirs was a purely documentary religion; drawn directly and exclusively from sacred books, whose differences of language and age, of subject and human authorship, were overwhelmed and lost in their common sanctity as personal oracles of God. The Scriptures were regarded, not only as true narratives of the past, but as comprehensive manuals for the present; as lifted, indeed, wholly out of the relations of time, and reflecting in every part the immutability of Divine Wisdom. So far was this feeling from confining itself to the Christian writings, that it settled, with marked, though unconscious preference, upon the Jewish. Life in England was professedly ruled and illustrated by the old Hebrew existence. The nomads of the desert, and the freebooters of the hills, and the court-advisers of Jerusalem, were the daily models of our thrifty middle class. The captain of militia took encouragement from Gideon; the city merchant from the ships of Tarshish; prim housewives and demure beauties found their own image in Deborah and Ruth, Rebecca and Miriam; Spitalfields manufacturers kept their eye upon Jephtha; and Lincolnshire farmers emulated Enoch. All history, science, and law were tested by the same standard; regarded with suspicion, when presenting themselves in harmless independence and assuming that there could be a second source of truth; treated with discredit, when appearing to know better than Holy Writ. During the prevalence of this strong theocratic sentiment, it is not wonderful that the variances and difficulties of Scripture were unfelt; that none of its patriarchs seemed questionable, none of its heroes less than saints; that all its records appeared to speak one consistent language, having right divine over the whole mass of evidence in matters of profane knowledge.

Had this rigour of early faith been the result of sacerdotal influence, all its narrowness might have continued to this day; but springing into existence as a spontaneous birth of the Reformation—a popular treasure snatched from ecclesiastical keeping—it contained the means of correcting its own excesses. The intense intellectual activity which was its attendant at first could not always remain its ally, but became its monitor, its censor, its antagonist. Whatever direction that activity might take, a result of this kind was inevitable. When it quitted the immediate precincts of religion, and, indulging an external curiosity, penetrated into new fields of nature, or the recovered stores of ancient literature, it brought home reports by the side of which the cosmical system, the chronological determinations, and, above all, the dæmonology of the Bible lay ill at ease. Nor was the issue very different of those studies which found their

adequate object in the Scriptures themselves. Religion being reduced to an affair of interpretation, every exegetical aid rose into solemn and infinite importance; the most scrupulous philology ceased to be dry; points and particles to be small; old manuscripts and new languages to be repulsive; the most irrecoverable dynasties became objects of loyal defence, and the obscurest dates of romantic attachment. The effect naturally was, that the vastest critical apparatus ever collected around any human writings was brought to bear upon the explanation of the Scriptures. Placed in the focus of so strong a light, they necessarily revealed discrepancies startling to thoughtless enthusiasm. The differing complexions of their several constituent books came out, and decomposed the divine unity of the whole; chasms of impenetrable darkness here and there interrupted—often at the most surprising junctures—the continuity of the providential history; and a protuberant phrase, or a knot in the geography, prevented the fit of prophecy to fulfilment, of type to anti-type. After every fair allowance of merit to the ingenuity which learning has employed to resolve these embarrassments of its own creation, it cannot be denied that they have made a permanent impression. The bodily breadth of belief, that rested with equable weight on the whole area of Scripture, is no longer to be found among the educated members of any church. The high claims of the former age have suffered many abatements. The hint may now be innocently dropped, that perhaps there was a limit to the wisdom of Solomon, and the learning of Moses. The archæologist, curious about the longevity of nations, and anxious to re-construct the wrecks of an immemorial civilization in India or in Egypt, is no longer arrested by the chronological margin of the flood; but obtains unlimited grants of land beyond, from which the mirage will retire as he advances. Geology, after exasperating the jealous guardians of Christendom, by disturbing the Creation, no longer offers, by way of hash-money, to establish the Deluge; but recalls its '*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*,' and is more ashamed of its penance than of its sins. The Tower of Babel does not stand in the way of researches into the origin of languages; and even the Fall imposes no limit to the ethnological speculations which treat the common parentage of all mankind as an open question. The admissions that now and then slip from divines—such as Dr. Arnold's statement that St. Paul entertained an erroneous expectation of the approaching end of the world—show, in the most striking manner, how changed is our theological meridian. Even in the religious *taste* of the classes who combine belief with habits of cultivated thought, an index of the same thing may be found.

The simple appeal to verbal and external authority has lost its effect from the pulpit or the press. In maintaining the influence of Christianity, the main stress is more and more thrown on its moral, æsthetic, philosophical, and affectionate elements. Consistent believers in its supernatural origin are not fond of dwelling, as their forefathers were, on the records of purely physical interpositions of God: they rest, with grateful faith, on such events as the resurrection of Christ; the raising of the widow's son; the healing of the leper and the blind; on the miracles of obvious majesty and mercy, which correspond with some noble action of the imagination and the heart: but are painfully chafed when obliged to think, with any distinctness, of the turning of rods into serpents, and of dust into flies; of the story of Jonah; of the conveyance of dæmons into swine; of the endowment of handkerchiefs, aprons, and shadows, with miraculous gifts; or of any like incidents, in which the shock to expectation is unrelieved by apparent divineness of purpose, and dignity of mode. We are far from denouncing, or from praising, these things as indications of unbelief or of illumination; we refer to them simply as facts, manifest and interesting to every thoughtful observer. We will add, that though, of course, they imply a loosened belief in some things once held certain, they are not apparently attended by any decline of religious earnestness in the present age. In England, at least, the prevalence of a reverential spirit among thinkers of every class seems to open a prospect of some union, having a deeper foundation than mere dogmatical concurrence.

The first inroads upon the authority of the sacred writings were made by the deistical writers of England and France, in the last century. The objections of Chubb and Morgan against the Jewish law struck upon a moral feeling, which, in the earliest age of the church, had nearly triumphed over the claims of the Old Testament. The applications of prophecy, in the New Testament writings, drew attention to another class of Hebrew books. Collins broke the connexion between the mission of the old seers and that of Jesus of Nazareth; and they were never brought to reunite. He showed with what force it might be maintained that the Jewish *vates* concerned himself only with contemporaneous events; and, by pointing out the clear traces in the Book of Daniel, of an origin in the age of Antiochus Epiphanes, gave to its contents the character of *vaticinia post eventum*. Other writers, among whom Volney was conspicuous, treated the whole Mosaic system as a sacerdotal invention, imposed upon the nation at a late period of its history. The defences put forth by divines laid bare the facts, that of no one book in

the Old Testament can the authorship be ascertained; that of few can the approximate age be determined; that, for the rest, embodying the portions of most authoritative claim, there is a range of many centuries, to any part of which their composition may be referred, with risk only of conjectural refutation. This uncertainty about the elder revelation, when resting on the strength of its own independent case, suggested the expedient of inverting the order of defence, and compelling Christianity to prove the rights of its chronological predecessor. Difficulties, however, already awaited this securer way of conducting the argument. Toland had made the disclosure, always startling to the unlearned, that the received gospels are only a selection, on principles not clear and satisfactory, from a considerable mass of similar writings current in the first age; and had created a necessity, *in limine*, of either discovering distinct grounds of authority for the canonical books, or admitting them to a highly inconvenient partnership.

The problem thus thrown down before the end of the seventeenth century—to determine the difference between canon and apocrypha—is the nucleus around which the vast and curious mass of modern theological learning has accumulated. From the time of Whiston and Fabricius to that of De Wette and Gfrörer, it has been collecting rich materials for the illustration of Hebrew and Christian antiquity. It has called into existence, in place of the old critical '*Prolegomena*' to the sacred books, the more comprehensive modern '*Einleitung*;' a kind of production which, like the gigantic and endless propylæa to some small gem of a temple, keeps the inner shrine with its oracle always at perspective distance; and which, if it delays us around the entrance of the works we would penetrate, detains us yet more hopelessly on the threshold of the problem we would resolve. The attempt to swell the list of christian books has tended to their eventual reduction; and, in claiming authority for certain excluded gospels, the authority of the existing ones has been materially weakened. The notion of the literal inspiration, and even of the independent human authorship, of the three first gospels, even where it lingered to the time of Eichhorn, could not survive his penetrating analysis. It was no longer possible to slur over the structure which he laid bare with a precision so severe. The system of agreement among the three first Evangelists, in matter, in arrangement, in words, broken by characteristic differences, reduced them at once, in dignity, to the level of natural testimony, and, in number, from three witnesses to one; and even rendered it probable that we have not, in any case, their first-hand productions, but are dealing with only

derivative documents, dependent for their historical value on earlier materials, which are now beyond our reach and estimate. The very statement of the theories proposed for the explanation of these phenomena, is sufficient to show, that theology has been compelled to throw the synoptical gospels into the general mass of early Christian tradition; reserving for them simply this distinction—that they are the most faithful exposition remaining to us, of the state of knowledge and belief, in relation to the personal history of Jesus, prevalent near the close of the first century. Shall we suppose that the Evangelists copied one from another? Since, of the three, it is impossible (as the variety of hypotheses actually adopted suffices to show) to recognize the original writer, or, even then, to know anything of his value as a reporter, we do but hang the unknown upon the little-known. Shall we presume upon the currency of earlier memoirs, from which all three writers have freely drawn? This does but push back our sources into an impenetrable darkness, and leave us at the mercy of a witness anonymous and masked. Shall we acknowledge, in our narratives, the traces of a piecemeal construction, whose joints we can detect; and so receive them as products of fragmentary compilation, not of integrant composition? Then is our reliance as unstable as the floating leaves that have coalesced, by hidden affinities, into the existing forms. Or shall we see, in the concurrent elements of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, but the fixed embodiment of an antecedent oral tradition? It is doubtful whether such a theory has sufficient command of steady causes, even to account for the phenomena as facts; and certain, that it has no resources for reconciling them with historical security. And thus, amid the differing voices of theological opinion, the only consentaneous judgment seems to be, that the authors of these histories, and the nature of their materials, are unknown.

Still, it was supposed, some sure ground was left in the fourth gospel. There was the personal attestation of the disciple most loving and beloved; of him who was the first to follow Jesus by the Jordan—the last to leave him at the cross; who was with him in his solitudes, and overheard his prayers; whose bosom received the confession of his friendships and his griefs; and whose home sheltered the mother that alone could tell the story of his early years. Alas! criticism has carried its suspicions hither also, and suggested certain modest "*probabilia*," disturbing to our bold certainties. Though Bretschneider, pursuing the usual Teutonic method of exhaustion, has certainly overstated his case against the gospel of John, it does not seem likely that any strong confidence in the authenticity of that book

will ever be recovered. That its scene is laid on a spot which the synoptics never approach, except to close their story; that it concentrates the grand action of its drama on times of which the others are silent; that it knows nothing of the demoniacs, which are their chief strength; nothing of the parables, which are their great beauty; nothing of the paschal supper, the occasion of their only rite; nothing of the ascension, thus left unnamed by any apostle; constitute the smallest part of the difficulties with which the harmonist has to deal. The mechanical ingenuity which, with paste and scissors, and the help of a Jewish almanac, may enforce a circumstantial union, cannot establish a moral unity between the Alexandrine mysticism of John, and the Galilean simplicity of Matthew; or a psychological unity between the long dialectical discourses of the fourth gospel, with an incident prefixed, and the short picturesque teachings given by the others as the growth of events; or a dogmatic unity between the narrative which exhibits Jesus publicly claiming his Messiahship from the first, and those which represent him as even privately concealing it almost to the last. These contrasts, with many apparent traces of an authorship quite alien to Palestine, must always embarrass the argument for the apostolic origin of this book. If, indeed, we had clear testimony to its very early existence, its internal peculiarities would lose something of their weight. But, in the case of all the gospels, this external evidence is so deficient as to leave our inquiries almost wholly dependent on their interior phenomena. A chasm of more than half a century lies between their reputed origin and their first historical appearance; a chasm not, certainly, empty of causes conservative of treasures from the past, yet assuredly abounding no less in sources of legendary admixture and reverential invention. Thus were all the narratives of the life of Christ, which had been regarded as authentic contemporaneous history, reduced to the rank of hearsay evidence and probable tradition.

This condition of the problem had obviously a double operation. It pressed with fatal effect against either of the previous extremes of opinion; and cleared the ground, by removing out of the way both the old impugnors and the old defenders of Christianity. In conducting their dispute, the deists and the divines had argued the matter more as a question of *moral character*, affecting the *authors* of the religion, than as a question of *historical criticism*, affecting the *documents*. Assuming that we had really got the apostles and first teachers in the witness-box, the counsel on the sceptic side endeavoured to elicit indications of collusion, ambition, or enthusiasm; to which the church-advocate replied by

proofs of artless veracity and practical disinterestedness. Thus, Morgan had treated the story of the resurrection as a fraud; and Reimarus (author of the 'Wolfenbüttel Fragments') had explained the ministry of Jesus as the interrupted development of a political design. The materials for distinct proof, or disproof, of these charges, were universally supposed to be furnished by the evangelical witnesses themselves. But, as soon as the histories cease to be original, both their authors and their subjects cease to be distinct. Advance the books towards the margin of the second century, and the personages retreat into the haze of the first, evading alike all detailed attacks of enemies and specific defence of friends. The loss of ground, however, was common to both sides. If the antagonistic deist was superseded, so also was the confident advocate of an external revelation. It was immediately felt that, in the absence of the chief witnesses, adequate means no longer existed of authenticating supernatural events: it was thought prudent to abate the number of these; and to exhibit the contents of the history in a form not too ponderous for the lightened frame-work that held them together. As undoubted remains of the primitive belief of the church, and filled with every variety of intrinsic moral beauty, they would secure a willing reception for anything within the limits of probability: but it would be a dangerous strain to make them bear the weight of numerous miracles; which, however credible under suitable conditions of proof, certainly required something more than anonymous testimony to support them. This feeling it was that produced the Rationalist school of German theologians: and without constant reference to it, they cannot be fairly estimated. To regard them as mere interpreters, and judge them by the success with which they bring out the meaning of the evangelical record, is hardly just: for they have a suppressed ulterior object, viz., *through* the meaning of the tradition, as from the outlines of a distorted shadow, to reach the real form of the corresponding event. They aimed, not insidiously, but in good faith, to cut down the pretensions of the life of Christ to suit the enfeebled powers of proof; to present a history which, as it could make but a timid appeal to authority, should rather conciliate than provoke the understanding. It is impossible, indeed, to defend their procedure. It was an illegitimate mixture of apology and exegesis, corrupting the efficacy of both. As interpreters, they expound the Scriptures by re-writing them; taking "the sword of the Spirit," they fit it first with a new blade, then with a new handle. As defenders, they withdraw the very objects of exposure and attack; and propose to save the ark of God, by throwing away the masts and rudder to the storm. Hence, as is well

known, issued a series of commentaries on the Scriptures, in which every miracle is explained away, as some natural occurrence partially misconstrued by the observer or the narrator. For the sick whom Jesus healed, he had simply prescribed with success, as a good physician. When he touched the tongue of the dumb, or the eye-balls of the blind, he was performing a surgical operation. The dead whom he raised from bed or bier had only swooned, and were saved by him from being buried alive. The demoniacs he cured, were beings eccentric or oppressed, whom his sweet voice and powerful mind drew back to reason and affection. The devil that tempted him in the desert, and the prophets that visited him on the mount of transfiguration, were private deputies from the Sanhedrim, making overtures to him for a reasonable compromise. And the descending Spirit at the baptism, was a white pigeon from the bushy banks of Jordan. Paulus, who became the Coryphæus of this school, still lives, we believe, to witness its final defeat and extinction. The looseness of his scholarship, and the extravagance of his exegetical conjectures, have exposed him to a ridicule against which, assuredly, no just protection can be raised. But the few who, in this country, really know his writings, will forego the defence of him, unpopular though it be, with something of sorrowful reluctance. For he is the most delightful of companions, though not the safest of guides. Rich in moral wisdom, and open to all gentle affections, he discerns, as few have done, the deep *human* element pervading the history of Christ, and the Spirit of Christianity. As you follow with him the steps of the Nazarene, you may fail, indeed, to observe the halo of preternatural glory; you may miss something of the special costume of the age and clime; but you behold a figure never to be effaced in forgetfulness, never to be remembered without reverence; a figure so gracious, so majestic, so tintured with the beauty of the holiest humanity, as to make you grateful for the vision; and to wring from you the confession that he who can show you this, if he strays from the sources of theology, does not wholly mistake the fountains of religion. Having said thus much for the thoughtful, genial heart of Paulus, we must give up his rationalizing method to the tender mercies of opponents on either hand. It is evident that by means of it, no critical progress can be made. In merely separating between the marvellous and the ordinary, there is no security that you are dividing between the fictitious and the real; you may all the while be only distinguishing invention which consults probabilities, from invention that disregards them. Allow that fancy was busy in creating the supernatural, and can you suppose that it would let the natural alone? When events are looked at through the



medium of excited observation, the high colouring will affect them all alike; and no selection of pale objects can present the scene as it would lie before you in the white light of truth. Criticism, therefore, is thrown back, and not advanced, by all this futile ingenuity.

Here, then, notwithstanding the efforts of the natural and supernatural extremes, the gospels are returned upon our hands as products of unassignable causes. Each party can destroy his opponent's case; he is unable to establish his own. The rationalist stops the mouth of orthodox exposition by exclaiming, "the evidence will not carry all those miracles." The supernaturalist replies, "if it is not good for my miracles, it is as bad for your commonplace." And so it would seem impossible to reach the precise form of the real events of which the narratives present the image; and the documents appear as indeterminate results of actual facts, augmented by traditional accretions. Thus far it was generally agreed, that there lay at bottom a substantial basis of reality; that there was a possible overgrowth of fable; and that no analysis could separate the two.

It was not in the German understanding, however, to rest content with this tame and negative conclusion. Our worthy neighbours regard themselves with self-contempt, so long as there is anything of which they cannot render a complete account. To be defied to the face by any stiff-necked problem which this poor universe can produce, is a humiliation to which they are not accustomed to submit. And here was precisely the vacant space of causation which offers the most irresistible temptation to their ingenuity. How, exactly, the gospels had got constructed, nobody had been able to tell. Historical causes had tried their resources, but had fallen out among themselves. It was just the crisis for Strauss to step in, and say, "Let the historical causes quit the field; they are all by this time disabled; and we can do quite well without them. We will show you that these gospels are not distorted copies of facts, but faithful reflexions of ideas." Accordingly, this is the task which our author undertakes; to disprove the *traditional*, and establish the *mythical*, origin of the evangelical narratives. By his success or failure in this attempt must he be estimated; for this is his specific and sole contribution to critical theology. It is the more important to fix a distinct attention upon this point, because his 'Life of Jesus' contains a vast deal besides this really original speculation. Indeed, by far the greater part of it, and, to the English reader, we venture to believe, the most impressive part, is but a clearance of the ground to make room for his own hypothesis. Having distributed the records into convenient portions, he takes up section

after section : in each, successively, he points out the discrepancies among the synoptics (*i. e.* Matthew, Mark, and Luke), and between them, collectively, and John. He exhausts and exposes the devices of harmonists for effecting a reconciliation : he examines and removes, first, the supernatural, then the naturalistic representation of the incident ; and finally, having ejected every other occupant of the field, presents his own claim, in the shape of a conjectural sketch of the narrative's growth by mythical formation. It is this last step alone that is really due to Strauss. All the rest is the reproduction of work achieved before. The dissidences have been exhausted by the diligence of previous commentators. The harmonists have repeatedly cut one another to pieces ; the rationalists have exposed the weakness of the orthodox interpreter, who has successfully retorted on the outrages of the rationalist. Our author has but to draw out these old forces again, and set them to show off their internecine battle, and this negative portion of his task is done. Certainly, he manages this with singular adroitness and skill ; laying out his plan with invariable clearness ; moving his authors hither and thither, like the pieces on a chess-board ; sometimes to conquer, sometimes to be lost, but always to play his game ; and leaving so vacant an impression at the end, that anything positive which he may please to suggest comes in as a welcome relief. The dexterity, indeed, with which this process is conducted is even excessive. The art which, amid materials so various, contrives always to land you in the same result, begins at length to excite suspicion ; and even readers who know not how to answer cease to be convinced. With this passing remark we quit the whole of the destructive portion of Strauss's book, gathered by eclectic use of previous works ; and restrict ourselves to a notice of its original feature, the application to the gospels of the theory of myths.

It will not be necessary, in order to explain our author's hypothesis, that we should enter at any length into the general subject of the *mythus*, as the source of apparent history. From a recent notice of Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece,' our readers may derive, and transfer to our present point of view, a sufficient knowledge of the properties of the myth, and its characteristic mode of operation. It is highly important, however, to discriminate carefully among the several forms which fictitious incident may assume.

A *mythus* is the expression of a speculative belief as to the unknown causes of phenomena in nature or life, under a narrative guise, assumed at first in unconscious good faith as the natural language of such belief, but afterwards mistaken by a less imaginative age for intentional history.

A *legend* is the record of an actual event, handed down through uncertain channels, in which it may insensibly have gathered upon it the adornments of fancy, and the exaggerations of wonder.

The *fable*, *parable*, *allegory* (to which we may add the *symbolical mythus* of Creuzer), are intentional embodiments of general truths in narrative forms; the mind of the author proceeding from the abstract thought to the concrete representation, in order to conduct the hearer or reader in the inverse direction, from the representation to the thought.

This third species obviously differs from the others, in being the deliberate invention of some one person, at a particular time; while they are the production of a people rather than of an individual, and require long periods for their full growth. It differs from the first, in its origin from a mind fully conscious of the abstract truth, as one thing, and the imaginative representation as another; between which there may be correspondences established, and an artful parallel produced. It is essential to the *mythus* that, in its creation, these elements still entirely coalesce. The possibility of this complete fusion together in the mind, of the speculative and picturesque, is not easy to conceive, in an age of scientific culture like ours. But the power of abstract reflection depends essentially on the instrumentality of language; the resources of language, again, on the mental effort which produces a written literature: and, during the long antecedent period in the life of every nation, intellectual curiosity outstrips the powers of expression; theoretic fancy struggles with a ballad speech; and the incipient philosophy of manhood utters itself in the lisp of infancy. When subsequent cultivation has disengaged, for the use of science, its own appropriate signs, and has reserved, for communication on matters of fact, all the concrete terms and narrative forms, it is inevitable that, whatever has been handed down in the shape of picture and of story, should appear to range itself on the side of history; and hypostatised ideas are mistaken for reported events. It is not, however, to be denied, that myths may have an origin within historical times; but then they will have reference to the previous un-historical times, and will furnish (by conjectural narrative) an explanation of some present fact, or a source for some existing object, which would else excite an embarrassing wonder. Indeed, to excite at all the activity of mythical invention, some visible phenomenon—some unexplained reality—is essential: a religious rite, a national polity, a surprising appearance in nature, the name of a city or a tribe, a local or family characteristic—anything, in short, capable of arresting inquisitive attention—may serve as the instrument of suggestion;

but the invariable operation seems to be, to prefix to some object of perception or consciousness an approach through the previous unknown, by which the imagination may travel to it with easy steps. And thus, the course of the mythus is inverse to that of the legend. The one proceeds from the fact *upwards* into the past; the other, *downwards* into the future. The one aims to lessen wonder by an explanatory prelude; the other, to enhance it by astonishing additions. The one is an effort of imagination to serve the purposes of reason; the other, to overbear them. The distinction between the two, as defined by George, the most exact writer on the subject, is thus given by Strauss:—

“George has recently attempted, not only more accurately to define the notions of the mythus and of the legend, but likewise to demonstrate that the gospel narratives are mythical rather than legendary. Speaking generally, we should say, that he restricts the term *mythus* to what had previously been distinguished as philosophical mythi; and that he applies the name *legend* to what had hitherto been denominated historical mythi. He handles the two notions as the antipodes of each other; and grasps them with a precision by which the notion of the mythus has unquestionably gained. According to George, *mythus* is the creation of a fact out of an idea;—*legend*, the seeing of an idea in a fact, or arising out of it. A people, a religious community, finds itself in a certain condition or round of institutions, of which the spirit, the idea, lives and acts within it. But the mind, following a natural impulse, desires to gain a complete representation of that existing condition, and to know its origin. This origin, however, is buried in oblivion, or is too indistinctly discernible to satisfy present feelings and ideas. Consequently, an image of that origin, coloured by the light of existing ideas, is cast upon the dark wall of the past; which image is, however, but a magnified reflex of existing influences.

“If such be the rise of the *mythus*, the *legend*, on the contrary, proceeds from given facts; represented, indeed, sometimes in an incomplete and abridged, sometimes in an amplified form, in order to magnify the heroes of the history, but disjointed from their true connection; the points of view from which they should be contemplated, and the ideas they originally contained, having, in the course of transmission, wholly disappeared. The consequence is, that new ideas, conceived in the spirit of the different ages through which the legend has passed down, become substituted in the stead of the original ideas.”—Vol. i. p. 41.

To resolve the gospels into myths may well appear a hopeless task to any one who contrasts the Christian era of the Roman empire with the ante-historic ages of Greece or Syria. The mythus being an after-thought, looking back into the past, the evangelical narratives must be assigned to a date sufficiently low to allow the free play of fancy in creating unreal sources for the

religion. Springing from a desire to find the lost cause for some existing fact, it could not compose an account of Christianity, unless its origin lay in the darkness which imagination loves to fill. In the myths which embodied themselves into the popular faith of Greece, the personages, the scenery, the vicissitudes, are wholly unreal—mere creatures of plastic or reflective thought, whose shadow never fell upon the earth. In the stories of the Fall, the Flood, the Confusion of Tongues, we are equally out of contact with any actual beings and occurrences, and are conducted still among dramatic impersonations of belief. If the gospels be, in like manner, purely mythical, their characters must no less vanish from history; the primary objects of Christian veneration must share the fate of the Hellenic gods, and be regarded, not as real objects, imperfectly known and inordinately glorified, but as beings that have never had existence except as mere images of thought. The early Christians found living on the world a church and a religion; and this gospel is the fiction of its origin, which satisfied their ideal. These are the positions which a mythical theory of the Christian books ought to maintain; and in proportion as it recedes from them, does it abandon its completeness and consistency. But to deny the personality of Jesus, of his chief disciples, of his leading enemies—to question his native country, the approximate date of his activity, the manner of his death—to doubt whether he taught, or, as to the greater matters, what he taught—is so little possible for any one who reflects on the social conditions prevalent in the first century, that Strauss is obliged to leave these fixed points without disturbance. This necessary concession of an historical basis to the narratives, appears to us greatly to reduce the pretensions, and embarrass the working, of our author's hypothesis. It is an acknowledgment that the gospels are a mixed product of fact and idea. It demands a criterion for distinguishing between these; or, in its absence, obliges the critic to draw the line in a manner purely arbitrary. And if the mythical theory is compelled to refrain from the outline of the narrative, and to be content with supplying materials for the filling-in, it plays after all but a subsidiary part; and furnishes only the supplementary agency by which real history has been ideally coloured, and unity given to traditional exaggeration. Accordingly, when we ask ourselves, on looking back, what is the residue of new value left in this work, after deducting the matter derived from his predecessors? Strauss's claim amounts to this:—that he has found a psychological cause for early Christian fiction, and, in the cycle of Messianic notions, named a definite law of suggestion regulating its efforts; and traced its probable operation in certain instances with a refined and happy ingenuity. Even

within these restricted limits, the most skilful efforts of his analysis had been anticipated. If there are any portions of the 'Life of Jesus' which, more than others, powerfully impress the reader with the resources of the mythical hypothesis, they have reference to the birth and infancy, the baptism and temptation, the transfiguration; and all these events had been resolved into myths by previous commentators. Strauss himself freely acknowledges this; but he complains that the application of this method of solution has been only occasional and interrupted: he makes it his merit to carry it through, and disowns all comparison with the half-measures of his forerunners. The completeness which he thus affects, constitutes, in our opinion, his greatest weakness;—compelling him to work with a single cause where nature must have been busy with many; and leading him to press upon his readers with a wearisome monotony of force amid every variety of resistance.

In the opinion of Strauss, the biographical details recorded of Jesus were cast in the moulds of imaginative invention, preserved in his age and nation. These were determined almost entirely by the prevalent expectation of a Messiah; within the wide compass of which may be discovered parallels, which may have been sources for most of the incidents in the gospels. Our author's plan, therefore, once adopted, is plain and mechanical enough. By the side of each scripture section, in turn, he spreads the picture of the Messiah, drawn out of all accessible sources, from the Pentateuch to the latest Talmudists: as he can find, or summon into existence by the magic of his look, a succession of correspondences, he ticks them off, stroke by stroke; and then, combining his discoveries, produces the Jewish sketch as the prototype of the Christian story. The following account of the Hebrew state of mind, in relation to the great object of national hope, is, in effect, the seed-vessel of the whole 'Life of Jesus.'

"It is easy to show, with regard to the New Testament, that there was the greatest antecedent probability of this very kind of fiction having arisen respecting Jesus, without any fraudulent intention. The expectation of a Messiah had grown up amongst the Israelitish people long before the time of Jesus, and just then had ripened to full maturity. And from its beginning, this expectation was not indefinite, but determined, and characterized by many important particulars. Moses was said to have promised his people a prophet like unto himself (Deut. xviii. 15), and this passage was, in the time of Jesus, applied to the Messiah (Acts iii. 22; vii. 37). Hence the rabbinical principle:—as the first Redeemer (*Goël*), so shall be the second; which principle was carried out into many particulars to be expected in the Messiah after his prototype Moses. Again, the

Messiah was to come of the race of David, and as a second David take possession of his throne (Matt. xxii. 42 ; Luke i. 32 ; Acts ii. 30) ; and, therefore, in the time of Jesus it was expected that he, like David, should be born in the little village of Bethlehem (John vii. 42 ; Matt. ii. 5, f.). In the above passage, Moses describes the supposed Messiah as a prophet ; so, in his own idea, Jesus was the greatest and last of the prophetic race. But, in the old national legends, the prophets were made illustrious by the most wonderful actions and destiny. How could less be expected of the Messiah ? Was it not necessary beforehand, that his life should be adorned with that which was most glorious and important in the lives of the prophets ? Must not the popular expectation give him a share in the bright portion of their history, as subsequently the sufferings of himself and his disciples were attributed by Jesus, when he appeared as the Messiah, to a participation in the dark side of the fate of the prophets ? (Matt. xxiii. 29, ff. ; Luke xiii. 33, ff. ; compare Matt. v. 12.) Believing that Moses and all the prophets had prophesied of the Messiah (John v. 46 ; Luke iv. 21 ; xxiv. 27), it was as natural for the Jews, with their allegorizing tendency, to consider their actions and destiny as types of the Messiah, as to take their sayings for predictions. In general, the whole Messianic era was expected to be full of signs and wonders. The eyes of the blind should be opened, the ears of the deaf should be unclosed, the lame should leap, and the tongue of the dumb praise God (Isaiah xxxv. 5, f. ; lxii. 7 ; compare xxxii. 3, 4). These merely figurative expressions soon came to be understood literally (Matt. xi. 5 ; Luke vii. 21, f.), and thus the idea of the Messiah was continually filled up with new details, even before the appearance of Jesus. Thus, many of the legends respecting him had not to be newly invented ; they already existed in the popular hope of the Messiah, having been mostly derived with various modifications from the Old Testament, and had merely to be transferred to Jesus, and accommodated to his character and doctrines. In no case could it be easier for the person who first added any new feature to the description of Jesus, to believe himself its genuineness, since his argument would be,—Such and such things must have happened to the Messiah ; Jesus was the Messiah ; therefore, such and such things must have happened to him.”—Vol. i. p. 80.

Skilfully as this rich mine of Hebrew faith and fancy is worked by the diligence of Strauss, he is well aware that it cannot be made to yield all the wealth of Christian story : and, for the finer gold, he searches another vein of thought,—the impressions left by the personal character of Jesus himself. He thus distinctly admits an historical element ; though he endeavours to disguise the admission by including these traditional memories under the name of historical *mythi*.

“ The *pure mythus* in the Gospel will be found to have two sources, which, in most cases, contributed simultaneously, though in different

proportions, to form the mythus. The one source is, as already stated, the Messianic ideas and expectations, existing, according to their several forms, in the Jewish mind before Jesus, and independently of him; the other is that particular impression which was left by the personal character, actions, and fate of Jesus, and which served to modify the Messianic idea in the minds of his people. The account of the transfiguration, for example, is derived almost exclusively from the former source; the only amplification taken from the latter source being—that they who appeared with Jesus on the Mount spake of his decease. On the other hand, the narrative of the rending of the veil of the temple at the death of Jesus seems to have had its origin in the hostile position which Jesus, and his church after him, sustained in relation to the Jewish temple worship. Here, already, we have something historical, though consisting merely of certain general features of character, position, &c.; we are thus at once brought upon the ground of the historical mythus.”—Vol. i. p. 86.

The admission of these two sources once stated, the slightest possible use is thenceforth made of the second: and the entire book shows the author's extreme reluctance to have recourse to it at all. The whole force of his ingenuity is exhausted in dispensing with the personal agency of Christ; who is mentioned only to retire into the mist; who gives our author some trouble by his death, but very little with his life; upon whose individual qualities nothing of any consequence is left to depend; and who might have been quite unlike the representations in the gospels, without disturbance to any material result brought out in the ‘Life of Jesus.’ This, we apprehend, constitutes the real ground of controversy between Strauss and the competent critics of Christendom. They will not deny the presence of Messianic myth in their religion: he will not deny the influence of the individual Galilean. But they refuse to accept his proportions between the two, which raise the Jewish dream to infinitude, and sink the living person to the confines of nothing. They esteem it more reasonable to derive a new spiritual product, like Christianity, from the creative power and beautiful endowments of one august mind, than from the fortuitous concurrence and crystallization of oriental superstitions. Our author himself now and then betrays some consciousness of his contact with the substance of an irreducible reality. Thus, he owns the presence of the great sayings of Christ, and finely observes, that—

“The discourses of Jesus, like fragments of granite, could not be dissolved by the flood of oral tradition; but they were not seldom torn from their natural connexion, floated away from their original situation, and deposited in places to which they did not properly belong.”—Vol. ii. p. 109.



We must not allow ourselves to be tempted into the enclosure of Biblical criticism; and shall not, therefore, profess to follow the theory of Strauss through its application in detail. His success is so unequal in different parts, that after admiring the acute discernment, and masterly execution, and sober uses of probabilities, under which certain elements of the narrative really seem to go off and leave no fixed product, the reader elsewhere observes, with impatience and incredulity, the most microscopic search for difficulties, and even puerile excuses for an objection. That the same feelings which created a "Gospel of the infancy" should originate the story of the nativity; that the need, in the Hebrew imagination, of some encounter between Satan and Messiah should give us the temptation and the demons; that the grouping together in the believer's mind of the Founder, the Restorer, and the Perfecter of the Hebrew dispensation, should produce the conference of Jesus on the Mount with Moses and Elijah; that horror-stricken men, meditating on the acts of Judas, should detect dreadful passages in the Psalms about him, and then, having lost sight of him in fact, should feel no doubt that the curse had actually befallen him; that the influence of Christ's death in substituting a spiritual for a ritual worship should seek a symbolic incident, and say that the veil of the temple was rent as he expired;—all this is conceivable enough, and the effect of such solutions may be legitimately tried upon narratives intrinsically difficult. But what plea is there for pretending that the cleansing of the Temple is unimaginable, and the scene in Gethsemane gratuitous? The agony in the garden is so unintelligible to Strauss, that he must hunt through the Old Testament to find "materials for the formation of this scene." To most men with the breath of life in them, it can hardly appear untrue to nature, that the presentiments of that hour should sweep like a tempest across the soul of Christ, and intercept the overarching calm which spread through its diviner heights. Was it strange that one who, according to our author's own view, had no prophetic foresight of the ulterior issue, yet could not but surmise the near fate,—one who could neither discredit his own Messiahship while he lived, nor yet believe it if he died,—one who had gone on in faith, declining the vulgar attributes and instruments ascribed to the expected messenger, yet trusting that Heaven would vindicate the course, alone possible to him, of sanctity and mercy,—should await the solution of his whole life-problem with cries and tears?—that, like the hymn of our nature in all its deeper griefs, his prayer should return again and again upon its own strain?—that the crisis, in short, being thrice-awful, should

be thrice-voiced; yet, suspending in sight one dread alternative, should have but a single theme? To our author, however, fresh from the cold bath of his philosophy, these things appear otherwise. What was all this sorrow about? Death had often been endured by philosophers, and even by common mortals, without fear; and could not a prophet bear the calamity with quietness? And what was the use of such a "vain repetition" as saying the same prayer, and having the same sorrow, three times over? If *once* did not suffice, why not four times? *Three* is a suspicious number, especially if you mark the emphasis with which the second evangelist counts it out, one by one—*ἐκ δευτέρου, —ἐκ τρίτου*; and observe, also, the curious coincidence, that there were just as many disciples present as there were agonies,—precisely three. When you further consider that there had been *three* temptations in the wilderness, the correspondence between this scene and that becomes evident; and we must suppose this struggle at the end of the ministry, contrived as a suitable balance to the devil at the beginning. It might, indeed, be difficult to conceive how anybody could invent such an expression as "*cup*," occurring in the prayer of Jesus; did we not find that he had already used this very comparison ("can ye drink of the *cup* that I drink of?"), and by this suggestion relieved the labors of mythical excogitation. As for the rest of the passage, it is plainly taken from the Psalms. Had not David said, —*thrice over*—"my soul is cast down within me," (Psalm xlii. 6, 11; xliii. 5)?—how necessary then to make the son of David say, "my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."\* Scarcely less overstrained appear to us the remarks on the cleansing of the Temple. It would seem, at first sight, objectionable to make a cattle-market of a place of worship; and to consult for the privacy of Gentile devotion, by excluding every interruption *except* the cooing of doves, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of oxen, the shouts of the drovers, the smell of the farm-yard, and the chink and chaffering of the money-dealers. That prophetic zeal should inspire Jesus to sweep out this abuse; that popular good sense and feeling should support him; that the priests who let out the stalls should be ashamed to resist him; that, when challenged for his authority, he should name, in proof of his right not to purify alone but even to destroy the outward Temple, his power and resolve to create an inner Religion "not made with hands:" appears natural and noble in its place. But our author's tranquil conservatism is disturbed by "a procedure far too violent and disorderly." What necessity was there

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\* See § 125, 126.

for making so much ado about the Gentiles, and the noise around their prayers? They were used to it: in fact, this market made the temple quite snug and comfortable; and the absence of it, as the Rabbis assure us, occasioned a truly melancholy desolation. It is impossible, therefore, that anybody could share his unreasonable scruples. Besides; either the people were on his side in this affair, or they were not. If they were not, he could never accomplish his end alone, against an interested host. If they were, then he was the cause of open tumult, and was no better than a ringleader. And then, to think of the shop-keepers getting flogged! For we cannot allow that his scourge had any particular reference to the cattle: does not the evangelist make a universal assertion, and lay stress on the word *πάστας* (he drove them *all* out)? and, how then can we suppose that any one man, or even dove, escaped the lash? The whole affair, too, must have been struck off at a heat, in an irresistible fit of zeal: but in that case where should he get the string, and how could he manage to braid it, before the effervescence had grown flat. No, no; depend upon it, enthusiasm never made a whip!\*

By many far-fetched criticisms of this kind, Strauss, in the attempt to strengthen his case, has materially weakened it. Few readers, we apprehend, will accompany him, even on a first impression, through the whole of his rejections: and time will assuredly reinstate many things that appear to give way before his vigorous attack. It may be granted that, in the first age, a real and active source of fiction existed in the prevalent preconceptions of the Messiah; and that this source has not been without corrupting effect on the earliest records of Christianity. Still, the question remains, —how has this cause operated? Has it created a life for Jesus out of nothing, by mere evolution of its own materials? Or has it laboured to *adapt* the real life of Jesus to its own ideas, by softening discordances between them, and watching for places that might receive a Messianic colouring? There appear to us conclusive grounds for rejecting the former, that is, Strauss's side of this alternative. Suppose it true; then the Christian community, which invented its own Christ, was under no restraint as to what it should say of him, beyond the law under which their imagination worked. They had simply to give objectivity to their own conceptions; and the resulting narrative ought to bear no trace of the presence of any but subjective conditions. In fact, the life of Jesus is, in that case, a pure work of Art; and we are entitled to expect in it the psychological unity which characterizes all such productions. Every indication it may exhibit of

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\* See § 88.

two struggling elements, uneasily adjusted to each other, is fatal to the hypothesis. Now, these violations of the unity so essential to the Imagination not only exist, but abound. How often has it been noticed, that the prophecies quoted out of the Old Testament in the New, fit very indifferently to the incidents on which they are put! But would this have been, if the incidents had been manufactured to the pattern of the prophecies? What *then* was to prevent the neatest correspondence? The outrages committed upon David and Isaiah, prove that the writers were reduced to their last shifts for a quotation by the inflexible nature of their facts. Again, in the accounts of the ministry and person of Jesus, we cannot fail to descry a *religious* and a *political* element—the widest spirituality and the most intense provincialism—a tender humanity, and a national intolerance. These are incoherent ingredients which cannot be fused together and brought to coexist like the parts of a common creation. They have not the congruity belonging to a work of free imagination. The religious element is found exclusively in *Jesus*; the other, mainly in the disciples and *about* himself. He is not, indeed, made altogether to *repudiate* the ambitious view; but he never carries it out: he often shrinks from his impure contact: he sometimes openly rebukes it; and, on the whole, it is their delight, and his aversion. Now, these growths are not *both* the produce of the same capsule: nor is there the least doubt *which* idea belongs to the Messianic conception. It was the *theocratic* dream of power which the age and the community would have realised if they could; and in which perhaps they bribed history to represent Jesus as partaker. But the lofty religion that constituted his indestructible identity, was their perpetual check. How then could they have invented this? Or, if they could, would they have hung up this divine Raffaele beside their Jewish sign-board? No: they reported all this, because it was *forced* upon them by its historical reality.

So little indeed does the representation of Jesus appear to be a mere copy of the Messianic ideal, that the entire New Testament may rather be described as one prolonged and often ineffectual effort to harmonise the two. Nay, so profound was the consciousness of their discordance, that the Christians were obliged to *put off the Messiahship of Jesus to a future day*; being unable to make out anything respecting it on the strength of his life and ministry. With the exception of the fourth Evangelist, all the New Testament writers appear to us to maintain a doctrine of this sort:—that the predicted age was, not past, but on the eve of arrival; that the Messiah was, not come and gone, but *at hand*;

that matters were in truth so ripe, that, the very person for the office was named and appointed; nay more, that, if men would only look in the right place, they would find him to have been seen on earth already, giving intelligible hints and notice of his approach. Now, according to this view, the whole life and ministry of Jesus lay quite *outside* the Messiahship: he was not in office when he was here: he was only *going* to take up the theocratic attributes hereafter: and the utmost "sign" of his intended functions that could be looked for, was some *premonition* of the trust reserved for him, some stray traces of royalty gleaming from beneath disguise. Whatever construction, in other respects, may be put upon this notion of the early christians, it betrays their consciousness that the Jesus who had been did not realize the Messiah that was to be. It is, indeed, under a dogmatical form, a distinct confession of faint resemblance between them: the grand features are pushed off into the future, because they are undiscoverable in the past. Yet, this very ministry, which was believed to be wholly occupied in *declining* the Messiahship, Strauss takes to be the full-blown imagination of its fulfilment! We are therefore convinced that his theory is based upon an entire misapprehension of the state of mind prevailing in the first communities; and that that state of mind, with all its imperfections, is itself a powerful proof of a substantial historical foundation for the gospel narratives. Had our author appreciated the peculiar feature of primitive belief to which we refer, he would have applied himself, in his search after the Messianic ideas of the age, to a quarter promising the richest results, yet scarcely visited by him at all,—the writings of the apostle Paul. There we find, sketched on the veil of the near future, the distinctest of all pictures of the Messiah; a picture drawn in the pure colours of hope, with scarcely the restraint of a personal or biographical condition. Here, then,—in the free letters of a man to whom Jesus was unknown,—we catch the believing imagination in that very act of delineation to which everything is referred by the mythical advocate. Yet not a trace of the evangelic Christ is to be found in Paul. Not the slightest stress is ever laid by the apostle on any part of the contents of the Galilean prophet's early life; hardly an allusion is made to his distinctive traits of character. Had he lived quite differently from beginning to end,—had he even been, in himself, other than he was,—provided only the Cross and the Resurrection remained the same, not an item of Paul's thought would have been affected by the change. In this very focus of Messianic theory, we find the personal character and detailed history of Jesus a matter of perfect unconcern: that theory had no

interest in determining their form; and is vainly charged with their creation. If, then, the individuality of Christ, with all its divine beauty, be *outside* the exigencies of the Hebrew theory, and his lot, with its deep humiliations, be in many points *against* them, we cannot but feel strong reliance on these things as positive features of reality.

After every allowance to the extraordinary merits of this book, we cannot admit that its peculiar hypothesis greatly advances towards solution the problem as to the origin of Christianity. That question has in it a depth and vitality which the eager votaries of each successive theory relating to it little suspect. We well remember the time when Eichhorn and Paulus were confidently held to have finished the work of theology, reclaimed the whole realm of the Divine within the limits of the Human, and rendered the Life of Christ as straightforward as that of Dr. Johnson. We could name some distinguished men of the last generation, to whom the professor of Bonn was a trusted oracle; who quoted him at their dinner-tables as the last light of time; who seemed to think that he had really found some telescope enabling him to take a long sight through eighteen centuries, and sweep the fields of Galilee, and penetrate the halls and chambers of Jerusalem, and observe the group of disciples, and watch the gliding figure and the moving lips of the Nazarene himself; and who, informed by such authority, spoke of it as "an undoubted fact," that Jesus, instead of going *up* in the ascension-cloud, walked *down* the hill on the other side, and for many years practised as a country surgeon in the neighbourhood of Bethany! And now, this oracle, having lived to see his shrine deserted, is condemned to witness its utter demolition by the champion of the myth. No different fate, it is probable, awaits the new hero. Each, however, will leave behind him some permanent result. We cannot believe that henceforth any instructed theologian will waste his strength in attempting to *harmonise* the gospels; or that laymen will be expected to make nothing of their discrepancies; or that future books of Christian evidence will stake everything on their authorship; or that the religion of mere testimony and authority will longer repudiate the alliance of the religion of reflection and consciousness. Dr. Strauss will not carry mankind to his own point: but neither will he leave them where they are. He has found a fulcrum for moving the globe: but he does it under the human condition: he swings himself across half the universe; and he stirs the world—an inch.

We feel bound in gratitude to say a few words of the English translation. Having toiled through the second German edition,

we can testify that the translator has achieved a very tough work with remarkable spirit and fidelity. The author, indeed, though a good writer, could hardly have spoken better had his country and language been English. And though his mere style presents no peculiar perplexities to a translator, and, sentence by sentence, all is clear enough, there is often great nicety required to follow with precision the winding dialectic of his thought; and a negligent treatment of the particles of transition would throw everything into confusion. The work has evidently fallen into the hands of one, who has not only effective command of both languages, but a familiarity with the subject-matter of theological criticism, and an initiation into its technical phraseology.\*

We are precluded, partly by our own limits, partly by the nature of the work, from giving any adequate account of Parker's 'Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion.' We must be content to characterise it generally, and to recommend it earnestly. The book is, in truth, so widely discursive, that, as a whole, it puts disquisitional criticism to despair; and so little argumentative, that logical handling slips off from every part. What is to be done with a treatise which begins aloft with the *à priori* idea of the Absolute, and ends with the quarrels of the Boston conven-

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\* There are a few errors of translation which are worthy of correction, should the work reach a second edition. In vol. ii. p. 170, the phrase, "*In die eben verlassene Allegorie*," is erroneously rendered, "The allegory which he (i. e., Jesus) had abandoned." Now, the whole point of the reasoning in this passage is, that it was not Jesus who had "*eben verlassen*" the allegory, but only the Evangelist; and this is the very next thing which the author proceeds to say. The following sentence, therefore, "But Jesus had not recently (*eben*) abandoned this allegory," contradicts the foregoing. To make matters worse, the translator has avoided the appearance of contradiction, by dropping the word "*eben*" out of the first passage, and rendering it in the second; so that the one says, "Jesus had abandoned the allegory," the other, "Jesus had not recently abandoned the allegory." A false antithesis between *abandonment*, and *recent abandonment*, is thus substituted for the true antithesis between *abandonment by Jesus*, and *abandonment by the Evangelist*. The word "*abandonment*" is ill-chosen to denote that a person is *fresh from a thing*. In vol. i. p. 3, the word "*Hellenistic*" is used instead of "*Hellenic*." Vol. i. p. 109, "*Im Heiligen*," "*In the Holy Place*," is rendered, "*In the Holy of Holies*." Vol. i. p. 195, the unborn child is represented as "taking part in" the "*Revelation*" made to his mother Elizabeth, instead of as being affected (physically) by "her excitement." In the same page, "*Aber eben hierin*" is incorrectly rendered "*And indeed*." Vol. i. p. 164, eighth line, the word "*ulterior*" has crept into the English text, and makes nonsense. Vol. i. p. 250, the word "*redoubted*" is objectionable, and there is nothing corresponding to it in the original. We do not know why the *section* of Gfrörer's *Alexandr. Phil.* is not referred to in vol. i. p. 5, note; or why the notes are sometimes left untranslated, as in vol. i. p. 36.

ticles ; literally sweeping over the whole world between ? In the course of this vast range, the reader must be a duplicate of the author if he does not meet with many questionable opinions, many startling estimates, as well as many great truths ; but, whatever judgment he may pronounce on the philosophy of the volume, he will close it, we venture to affirm, with the consciousness that he leaves the presence of a truly great mind ; of one who is not only unoppressed by his large stores of learning, but seems absolutely to require a massive weight of knowledge to resist and regulate the native force of his thought, and occupy the grasp of his imagination. He looks for the ultimate foundation of religion in its subjective seat ; and applies himself to its psychological sources, not only for the definition of its influence, but for the proof of its truths. A profound *sense of dependence* he regards as the original and formless emotion lying at the root of all human faith. This primitive sentiment is in its nature relative. It refers to something extrinsic to the dependent creature, and occupying the sphere surrounding the confines of his nature ; in other words, to something Infinite. Hence, the idea of God is the answering thought to our sense of dependence. This intuitive object, however, the understanding and imagination are always endeavouring to bring into subordination to their laws ; and from this effort to comprehend the incomprehensible, to define the *relations* of the *absolute*, spring the various *conceptions* of God, and the several divergent worships of mankind. The common religious nature of the race, which is not only universal as reason, but of all human impulses the strongest and most irrepressible, displays itself in three graduated types of Fetichism, Polytheism, and Monotheism, marking the successive rise in the great tide of civilization. The first disperses the divine element among single objects, and has a worship for the individual or the family ; the second recognises it in grand natural powers, material or spiritual, to which a mythological existence is assigned, and which may have sufficient local or traditional relations to furnish the faith of a people ; the third concentrates all that is divine into one focus of perfection, and has every qualification for permanence and universality amid the historical changes of tribes and nations. The systems of Dualism and of Pantheism are regarded as lying on the lower confines of Monotheism ; the former representing the obstacle which the contrast of good and evil offers to the acknowledgment of one only God ; the latter exhibiting the over-strained effort to get rid of this contrast, and reach a point of view whence all antithesis of creature and Creator, Mind and matter, Providence and universe, entirely vanish. The estimate



of these several schemes, in their action on human life, occupies the First Book. The Second quits the psychological point of view, and seeks to determine, from the data it supplies, the true nature of God, and the mode in which we should represent to ourselves his relation to the universe and to the human mind. It is full of the noblest thoughts and the finest revelations of a lofty soul. But its main object is not, in our view, satisfactorily achieved. It betrays everywhere the unconscious struggle of feeling between two aversions, both most natural to a refined and cultivated thinker—the aversion to the faint, ineffectual vagueness of Pantheism on the one side, and to the degrading coarseness of Anthropomorphism on the other. The balance which so many have failed to hold evenly, trembles even in our author's strong hand; but by his denial of the *personality* of God, it is made to lean towards the attractions of Pantheism. The anxiety, characteristic of deep religious sentiment, not to exclude the Divine and present activity from either the sphere of material nature, or the higher operations of the human spirit, has evidently tempted this decision; for the theory which places the Divine Agent at a distance, and supposes him to delegate his work to mechanical causes, and only at long intervals to make miraculous irruptions upon the scene, is treated with a severity which plainly betrays the secret root of the writer's religious philosophy. It would be unfair, with the perception of this, to press his denial of the Divine personality home to its Pantheistic consequences. It is only the shrinking of a reverent spirit from the too audacious use of the mixed human nature for the illustration of the pure and perfect Deity. So long as this recoil from harsh pictures of the Infinite nature limits itself to the prohibition of any physical image of God, and the denial of all attributes felt to be below the highest, it must receive unqualified sympathy. Every one will approve of the following sentences :—

“The feelings, Fear, Reverence, Devotion, Love, naturally personify God, *humanize* the Deity, and represent the Infinite under the limitations of a finite and imperfect being, whom we ‘can know all about.’ He has the thoughts, feelings, passions, limitations of a man; is subject to time and space; sees, remembers, has a form. This is Anthropomorphism. It is well in its place;—some rude men seem to require it. They must paint to themselves a Deity with a form—the Ancient of Days—a venerable monarch seated on a throne, surrounded by troops of followers. But it must be remembered that all this is poetry; this personal and anthropomorphic conception is a phantom of the brain, that has no existence independent of ourselves. A poet personifies a mountain or the moon; addresses it as if it wore the form of man,

could see and feel, had human thoughts, sentiments, hopes, and pleasures, and expectations. What the poet's fancy does for the mountain, the feelings of reverence and devotion do for the idea of God;—they clothe it with a human personality, because that is the highest which is known to us. Men would comprehend the Deity;—they can only apprehend him. A Beaver or a Reindeer, if possessed of religious faculties, would also conceive of the Deity with the limitations of their own personality, as a Beaver or a Reindeer—whose faculties as such were perfect;—but the conception, like our own, must be only subjective, for man is no measure of God.”—p. 123.

But, in what follows, there are propositions which it is difficult to scan without a silent shrinking. They place us on the verge of a metaphysical abyss, into which genius has often plunged to find it only dark and fathomless—the void abode of Space and Time, answering with hollow echoes to the call of thought.

“The next step in the analysis is to lay aside all partial action of the Deity. He is equally the cause of the storm and the calm sunshine; of the fierceness of the lion and the lamb's gentleness, so long as both obey the laws they are made to keep. All the natural action in the material world is God's action,—whether the wind blows a plank, and the shipwrecked woman who grasps it, to the shore,—or scatters a fleet, and sends families to the bottom. But Infinite Action or Causation must be attributed to Him.

“Then all mental processes, like those of man, are separated from the idea of Him. We cannot say he thinks; that is to reason from the known to the unknown, which is impossible to the Omniscient;—nor that he plans or consults with himself; for that implies the infirmity of not seeing the best way all at once;—nor that he remembers or foresees; for that implies a restriction in time, a past and a present,—while the Infinite must fill Eternity, all time, as well as immensity, all space. We cannot attribute to Him reflection, which is afterthought,—nor imagination, which is forethought,—since both imply limited faculties. Judgment, fancy, comparison, induction—these are the operations of finite minds. They are not to be applied to the divine Soul except as figures of speech; then they merely represent an unknown emotion: we have got a name, but no real thing. But Infinite Knowing must be his.”—p. 124.

The manifest tendency of this system of exclusions is to empty out from the conception of God all but the merest phantom of a thought, and to reduce it to a simply negative idea. Of Action, of Mind, of Love, we have no knowledge but from our own consciousness. *All* actions, all mental processes, all feelings, so known to us are necessarily “partial.” They have *given objects*, to which they bear relation, and, irrespectively of those objects, are unimaginable. Take away the “partiality,” and nothing remains. Make the same effort with regard to God, and you

will likewise be left with vacancy on hand. Parker claims *Knowledge* for the Deity, but denies *Thought*. Spinoza appears to us to have had more reason on his side, when he denied the possession of Knowledge, but asserted the attribute of Thought. For surely it is impossible to *know*, unless there exist something to *be known*. The same may be said of Action and Affection. All these operations, however carefully named apart from any concrete term, imply *objects*, and of course *particular* objects, on which they are directed. Whoever performs them lives in front of an external universe, and is supplied thence with *data* for his activity; he subsists in certain *relations*, and on the vanishing of those relations sinks away from view. The phrases "Absolute Causation," "Absolute Knowledge," "Absolute Love," appear to us self-contradictory; and the Theism that travels the wild tracks of metaphysics in the keeping of such ill-assorted companions, will either see them destroy each other, or will be strangled by them itself.

If, however, in the attempt to get rid of rival causes, detracting from the Supreme, our author has unwittingly excluded the very conditions of causation, the excess has been committed from a resolve to consecrate both Nature and the Mind, and throw them wide open as temples of high worship and conscious inspiration.

"Nature," he says, "is not only strong and beautiful, but has likewise a religious aspect. This fact was noticed in the very earliest times; appears in the rudest worship, which is an adoration of God in Nature: it will move man's heart to the latest day, and exert an influence on souls that are deepest and most holy. Who that looks on the ocean, in its anger or its play—who that walks at twilight under a mountain's brow, listens to the sighing of the pines touched by the indolent wind of summer, and hears the light tinkle of the brook murmuring its quiet tune,—who is there but feels the deep Religion of the scene? In the heart of a city we are called away from God;—the dust of man's foot, and the sooty print of his fingers, are on all we see;—the very earth is unnatural, and the heaven scarce seen. In the crowd of busy men who set through its streets, or flow together of an holiday—in the dust and jar, the bustle and strife of business,—there is little to remind us of God: men must build a cathedral for that. But everywhere in nature, we are carried straightway back to him. The fern, green and growing amid the frost—each little grass and lichen—is a silent memento. The first bird of spring, and the last rose of summer; the grandeur or the dulness of evening and morning; the rain, the dew, the sunshine; the stars that come out to watch over the farmer's rising corn; the birds that nestle contentedly, brooding over their young, quietly tending the little strugglers with their beak;—all these have a religious

significance to a thinking soul. Every violet blooms of God, each lily is fragrant with the presence of Deity. The awful scenes of storm and lightning and thunder seem but the sterner sounds of the great concert wherewith God speaks to man. Is this an accident? Ay, —earth is full of *such* accidents. When the seer rests from religious thought, or when the world's temptations make his soul tremble, and though the spirit be willing yet the flesh is weak; when the perishable body weighs down the mind, musing on many things; when he wishes to draw near to God, he goes not to the city—there conscious men obstruct him with their works,—but to the meadow, spangled all over with flowers, and sung to by every bird; to the mountain, 'visited all night by troops of stars;' to the ocean, the undying type of shifting phenomena and unchanging law; to the forest, stretching out motherly arms, with its mighty growth and awful shade;—and here, in the obedience these things pay, in their order, strength, beauty, he is encountered front to front with the awful presence of Almighty power. A voice cries to him from the thicket, 'God will provide.' The bushes burn with Deity. Angels minister to him. There is no mortal pang but it is allayed by God's fair voice as it whispers in nature, still and small, it may be, but moving on the face of the deep, and bringing light out of darkness."—p. 133.

Were we to demand a strict account from our author of all his philosophy, we could hardly pass on to his doctrine of Inspiration without watching closely where and how his line is drawn to separate the human individuality from the divine agency, blended with it to glorify it. But we confess that he carries us away from all such subtle questions, and wafts our scruples from us on the mountain-breath of his fresh, invigorating thought. What a combination of Hebrew richness with Puritan strength is the following passage.

"Inspiration does not destroy the man's freedom; that is left fetterless by obedience. It does not reduce all to one uniform standard; but Habakkuk speaks in his own way, and Hugh de St. Victor in his. The man can obey or not obey—can quench the spirit or feed it, as he will. Thus, Jonah flees from his duty; Calchas will not tell the truth till out of danger; Peter dissembles and lies. Each of these men had schemes of his own, which he would carry out, God willing or not willing. But when the sincere man receives the truth of God into his soul, knowing it is God's truth, then it takes such a hold of him as nothing else can do. It makes the weak strong—the timid brave; men of slow tongue become full of power and persuasion. There is a new soul in the man, which takes him, as it were, by the hair of his head, and sets him down where the idea he wishes for demands. It takes the man away from the hall of comfort, the society of his friends; makes him austere and lonely—cruel to himself, if need be; sleepless in his vigilance, unfaltering in his toil; never resting from his work. It takes the rose out of the cheek; turns the man in

on himself, and gives him more of truth. Then, in a poetic fancy, the man sees visions—has wondrous revelations; every mountain thunders—God burns in every bush, flames out in the crimson cloud, speaks in the wind, descends with every dove, is All in All. The Soul, deep-wrought in its intense struggle, gives outness to its thought, and on the trees and stars, the fields, the floods, the corn ripe for the sickle, on man and woman, it sees its burthen writ. The Spirit within constrains the man. It is like wine that hath no vent;—he is full of the God. While he muses, the fire burns; his bosom will scarce hold his heart; he must speak or he dies, though the earth quake at his word.\* Timid flesh may resist, and Moses say, ‘I am of slow speech.’ What avails that? The Soul says ‘Go, and I will be with thy mouth, to quicken thy tardy tongue.’ Shrinking Jeremiah, effeminate and timid, recoils before the fearful work—‘The flesh *will* quiver when the pincers tear.’ He says, ‘I cannot speak; I am a child.’ But the Great Soul of All flows into him and says, ‘Say not I am a child! for I am with thee. Gird up thy loins like a man, and speak all that I command thee. Be not afraid at men’s faces, for I will make thee a defenced city, a column of steel, and walls of brass. Speak, then, against the whole land of sinners; against the kings thereof, the princes thereof, its people and its priests. They may fight against thee, but they shall not prevail; for I am with thee.’ Devils tempt the man, with the terror of defeat and want, with the hopes of selfish ambition. It avails nothing;—a ‘Get-thee-behind-me, Satan,’ brings angels to help. Then are the man’s lips touched with a live coal from the altar of Truth, brought by a seraph’s hand. He is baptized with the spirit of fire. His countenance is like lightning. Truth thunders from his tongue—his words eloquent as persuasion; no terror is terrible—no fear formidable. The peaceful is satisfied to be a man of strife and contention, his hand against every man, to root up and pluck down, and destroy, to build with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. He came to bring peace, but he must set a fire, and his soul is straitened till his work be done. Elisha must leave his oxen in the furrow; Amos desert his summer fruit and his friend; and Böhme, and Bunyan, and Fox, and a thousand others, stout-hearted and God-inspired, must go forth of their errand into the faithless world, to accept the prophet’s mission, be stoned, hated, scourged, slain. Resistance is nothing to these men;—over them steel loses its power, and public opprobrium its shame; deadly things do not harm them; they count loss gain, shame glory, death triumph. These are the men who move the world. They have an eye to see its follies, a heart to weep and bleed for its sin. Filled with a soul wide as yesterday, to-day, and for ever, they pray great prayers for sinful man;—the wild wail of a brother’s heart runs through the saddening music of their speech. The destiny of these men is forecast in their birth;—they are doomed to fall on evil

times and evil tongues, come when they will come. The Priest and the Levite war with the Prophet, and do him to death;—they brand his name with infamy; cast his unburied bones into the Gehenna of popular shame;—John the Baptist must leave his head in a charger; Socrates die the death; Jesus be nailed to his cross; and Justin, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, and millions of hearts stout as these, and as full of God, must mix their last prayers, their admonition, and farewell blessing, with the crackling snap of faggots, the hiss of quivering flesh, the impotent tears of wife and child, and the mad roar of the exulting crowd. Every path where mortal feet now tread secure, has been beaten out of the hard flint by prophets and holy men, who went before us, with bare and bleeding feet, to smooth the way for our reluctant tread. It is the blood of prophets that softens the Alpine rock;—their bones are scattered in all the high places of mankind. But God lays his burthens on no vulgar men;—He never leaves their souls a prey;—He paints Elysium on their dungeon wall. In the populous chamber of their heart, the light of Faith shines bright, and never dies. For such as are on the side of God there is no cause to fear.”—p. 165.

The Third Book of our author’s work crosses the boundary between philosophical and historical religion. It is a “Discourse of Christianity;” and seeks to determine the relation of the religious sentiment to Jesus of Nazareth. In accordance with the principles already laid down, he does not allow that there is any proper antithesis between *natural* and *revealed* religion. The distinction is founded on a theory of the human mind, which he refuses to admit. It implies the dependence of man upon external sources for his religious knowledge, which it treats as a matter of inference or information; and so divides the sources into external Nature and the external God; of which the one suggests inductions, and the other supplies testimony. In the relation thus exhibited, between the human mind and its objective aids of science or of history, the mind is the *passive* term, whose resistance has to be overcome by the constraining power of evidence. It is the office of *proof* to *command* assent, and regulate its extent. The presumption is on the negative side. In our author’s view, all this is reversed. It is the reverential intuition in man which is the active, spontaneous source of religion;—which knows its own object,—goes out in search of it,—discerns it with a clearness and perfection proportioned to the power and harmony of the faculties,—and cannot, by any external means, be put into better apprehension of it, while those faculties are stationary. Hence, the religious consciousness is the true *regula fidei*. In conjunction with all the principles of man’s nature, symmetrically operating, it evolves itself into Absolute Religion. Under the actual limitations of our life, it produces particular

forms of religion, more or less approximating to the standard of the absolute. We all naturally know what is Absolute Religion ; it is "perfect obedience to the law of God, perfect love towards God and man, exhibited in a life allowing and demanding a harmonious action of all man's faculties, so far as they act at all." If, under this view, we were to attempt a distinction between natural and revealed religion, the "natural" would be the higher term, viz., the pure Ideal of which the human heart is capable ; and the "revealed," the subordinate term, viz., the portion of this which had become Actual. But the old contrast between natural sources and revealing sources, finds no place in Parker's philosophy. All things alike,—natural objects,—historical men,—partake of God ; and all serve but as *occasions* to the worshipping sentiment in the mind, to wander forth among them as it can, and find some fresh element of inspiration.

The estimate of Christianity, conducted on these principles, must be simply a comparison of the whole being,—acts and thoughts,—of Jesus of Nazareth, with the standard of Absolute Religion. Here is the result of our author's comparison, so far as the *doctrine* is concerned.

"To sum up the main points of the matter more briefly : in an age of gross wickedness, among a people arrogant and proud of their descent from Abraham—a mythological character of some excellence ; wedded to the ritual law, which they professed to have received by miracle from God, through Moses—another and greater mythological hero ; in a nation of Monotheists, haughty yet cunning, morose, jealous, vindictive, loving the little corner of space called Judea above all the rest of the world, fancying themselves the 'chosen people' and special favorites of God ; in the midst of a nation wedded to their forms, sunk in ignorance, precipitated into sin, and, still more, expecting a Deliverer who would repel their political foes, re-unite the scattered children of Jacob, and restore them to power, conquer all nations, re-establish the formal service of the Temple in all its magnificent pomp, and exalt Jerusalem above all the cities of the earth for ever ;—amid all this, and the opposition it raised to a spiritual man, Jesus fell back on the moral and religious sentiment in man ; uttered their oracles as the Infinite spoke through them ; taught absolute Religion, absolute Morality—nothing less, nothing more ; laid down principles wide as the Soul, true and eternal as God."—p. 191.

In vindication of this specific difference of Christianity—its coincidence with absolute religion and morality—Parker contends that it has no rites, no priests, no creed ; puts nothing, permits nothing, between the soul of man and God ; fears nothing from the truth ; demands only a divine life. Such life he maintains to have been realised in Jesus, and, amid the limitations imposed

upon him by his age, to manifest itself with a glory clear and unique through all the uncertainties of his recorded history. He lingers around the vestiges of the Galilean with a certain manly and venerating affection most impressive and contagious to the reader ; bursting, at intervals, into utterances of such tumultuous beauty as this :—

“ We often err in our estimate of this man. The image comes to us,—not of that lowly one, the carpenter of Nazareth, the companion of the rudest men, hard-handed and poorly clad, not having where to lay his head; ‘who would gladly have stayed his morning appetite on wild figs, between Bethany and Jerusalem;’ hunted by his enemies, stoned out of a city, and fleeing for his life. We take the fancy of poets and painters,—a man clothed in purple and fine linen, obsequiously attended by polished disciples, who watched every movement of his lips, impatient for the oracle to speak. We conceive of a man who was never in doubt, nor fear; whose course was all marked out before him, so that he could not err. But such it was not, if the writers tell truly. Did he say, ‘I came to fulfil the law and the prophets,’ and ‘it is easier for heaven and earth to pass, than for one jot or tittle of the law to fail?’ Then he must have doubted, and thought often, and with a throbbing heart, before he could say, ‘I am not come to bring peace, but a sword; to kindle a fire, and would God it were kindled!’—many times before the fulness of peace dwelt in him, and he could say, ‘The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipper shall worship in spirit and in truth.’ We do not conceive of that sickness of soul which must have come at the coldness of the wise men, the heartlessness of the worldly, at the stupidity and selfishness of the disciples. We do not think how that heart—so great, so finely tuned, and delicately touched—must have been pained to feel there was no other heart to give an answering beat. We know not the long and bitter agony that went before the triumph-cry of faith, ‘I am not alone, for the Father is with me;’ we do not heed that faintness of soul which comes of hope deferred, of aspirations all unshared by men—a bitter mockery the only human reply, the oft-repeated echo to his prayer of faith. We find it difficult to keep unstained our decent robe of goodness when we herd only with the good, and shun the kennel where sin and misery,—parent and child,—are huddled with their rags; we do not appreciate that strong and healthy pureness of soul which dwelt daily with iniquity, sat at meat with publicans and sinners, and yet with such cleanness of life as made even sin ashamed of its ugliness, but hopeful to amend. Rarely, almost never, do we see the vast divinity within that soul, which, new though it was in the flesh, at one step goes before the world whole thousands of years; judges the race, decides for us questions we dare not agitate as yet, and breathes the very breath of heavenly love. The Christian world, aghast at such awful beauty in the flesh, transfixed with wonder as such a spirit rises



in his heavenly flight, veils its face and says, 'It is a God;—such thoughts are not for men; such life betrays the God.' And is it not the Divine which the flesh enshrouds?—to speak in figures, 'the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person;' the clear resemblance of the all-beautiful; the likeness of God in which man is made. But alas for us! we read our lesson backward; make a God of our brother, who should be our model. So the new-fledged eaglets may see the parent bird, slow rising at first with laborious efforts, then cleaving the air with sharp and steady wing, and soaring through the clouds, with eye undazzled, to meet the sun; they may say, 'We can only pray to the strong pinion;' but anon their wings shall grow, and flutter impatient for congenial skies, and their parents' example guide them on. But men are still so sunk in sloth, so blind and deaf with sensuality and sin, they will not see the greatness of man in him who, falling back on the inspiration which God imparts, asks no aid of mortal men, but stands alone, serene in awful loveliness, not fearing the roar of the street, the hiss of the temple, the contempt of his townsmen, the coldness of this disciple, the treachery of that; who still bore up, had freest communion when all alone; was deserted, never forsaken; betrayed, but still safe; crucified, but all the more triumphant. This was the last victory of the soul—the highest type of man. Blessed be God that so much manliness has been lived out, and stands there yet, a lasting monument to mark how high the tides of divine life have risen in the world of man! It bids us take courage and be glad, for what man has done he may do."—p. 223.

The Fourth Book is devoted to an inquiry into "the relation of the religious sentiment to the greatest of books"—the Bible. It may be conjectured, from the whole character of his philosophy, that he deals with a free hand in this matter; having no interest of system against the tendencies of historical evidence, and the natural promptings of pure feeling. The sketch and analysis of the Hebrew literature, exhibiting the growth and expansion of the national monotheism, are accomplished with a rapid but masterly execution. The historical books of the New Testament are pronounced faithful with respect to the great outlines of the Life of Jesus, but unable to give satisfactory attestation of supernatural events. Our author's treatment of this critical department of theology is too slight and general; fairly proportioned, indeed, to the unimportant place it occupies in his own scheme of belief, but not to the momentous interest its topics possess for the rest of Christendom. For him, however, the historical element of the Scriptures is but the chaff that holds the divine seed of religious truth; and no wind can sweep it away, till it has dropped the burthen of its reproductive wealth.

"The Bible is made for man, not man for the Bible. Its truths

are old as the creation, repeated more or less purely in every tongue. Let its errors and absurdities no longer be forced on the pious mind, but perish for ever ; let the Word of God come through Conscience, Reason, and holy Feeling, as light through the windows of morning. Worship with no master but God, no creed but Truth, no service but Love, and we have nothing to fear.”—p. 282.

The work concludes with a “Discourse of the Church ;” in which Ecclesiastical History is made to yield a series of social pictures, representing the actual agency of Christianity in its successive developments. The drawing has a breadth and boldness, and the colouring a warmth, that might tempt a careless critic to suspect more genius in the design than knowledge in the execution ; but traces are not wanting, which show that we are running over the summary results of large reading, reproduced from a philosophical mind. The great merit of the Catholic Church “is its assertion of the truth, that God still inspires mankind as much as ever :” its great fault, that it “limits this inspiration to itself.”

“For centuries, the Church, like the Berserkers of northern romance, seemed to possess the soul and strength of each antagonist it slew. But its hour struck ;—the work it required ten centuries to mature, stood in its glory not one. Each transient institution has a truth, or it would not be—an error, or it would stand for ever. The truth opens men’s eyes ; they see the error, and would reject it. Then comes the perpetual quarrel between the Old and the New. ‘Every battle of the warrior,’ says an ancient prophet, ‘is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood,’ but the battle of the church was a devouring flame.

“In the time of Boniface VIII. or about the beginning of the fourteenth century, an eye that read the signs of the times, and saw the cloud and the star below the horizon, could have foretold the downfall of the Church. Its brightest hour was in the day of Innocent III. A wise Providence governs the affairs of men, and never suffers the leaf to fall till the swelling bud crowds it off. Out of the ashes of the old institution there springs up a new being, soon as the world can give it place. No institution is normal and ultimate ; it has but its day, and never lasts too long, nor dies too soon. Judaism and Heathenism nursed and swaddled mankind for Christianity, which came in the fulness of time. The Catholic Church rocked the cradle of mankind ;—in due season, like a jealous nurse, assiduous and meddling, but grown ill-tempered with age and disgust of new things, she yields up with reluctance her rebellious charge, whose vagaries her frowns and stripes will not restrain ; whose struggling weight her withered arms are impotent to bear ; whose aspiring soul her anicular and maudlin wit cannot understand. Her promise will not coax, nor her baubles bribe, nor her curses affright him more ;—the stripling child will walk alone.”—p. 324.

Of the Protestant church, the grand merit is its proclamation of freedom of conscience within the limits of the Scriptures; the grand vice, its erection of the Bible into a master of the soul. Following the Reformation in its course through the great modern divisions of Christendom, our author, with a criticism both austere and generous, estimates their several creeds and characters. He enters here on difficult and polemic ground; where, not having yet acquired a double portion of his dauntless spirit, we will take occasion to leave him for awhile; hoping, some time or other, when he has disposed of the sects, to meet him again on the quiet fields of history or philosophy, laden with fruits of yet maturer wisdom, and fresh from no less deep a communion with Nature.

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

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THE literature of France begins to exhibit cheering symptoms of returning health. The quotidian fever of the *Roman-feuilleton* is evidently on the decline; and there is good reason to hope, that, ere long, it will become extinct, or at least cease to be epidemic, and figure only among the sporadic items in the literary bills of mortality. The disclosures made on the recent trials, in which Messrs. Dumas and Sue were parties, have damaged not only their personal reputation, but in no less a degree the commercial character of their manufactures. In spite of his numerous and well-organised staff of journeymen, in spite of the exceeding cleverness, fertility, and energy, of the great master-manufacturer himself, who has accomplished, in the way of his trade, as he tells the world with becoming pride, "what no man ever did before, and no man will ever do again," in spite of all the unparalleled resources of the Dumas *atelier*, not to mention the relays of three horses always saddled and bridled, and three *jockies*, always booted and spurred, ready to glut the presses of the capital with copy; notwithstanding all this, the great contractor has broken down under the weight of his engagements. He has been forced to confess that literary fiction cannot be turned out of hand, in as rapid abundance as cotton cloth, and that not even to him, unique among men, is granted the gift of unlimited production and unfailing success. Now, the system of the *Roman feuilleton* pre-supposes these two impossible conditions. Criticism had demonstrated that truth, and now experience has fully ratified the conclusions of criticism. Monsieur Eugene Sue has tried with even worse success than M. Dumas, the fortune of legal warfare. It has been established in evidence that his 'Martin' *does not pay*. Unhappy Monsieur Sue! Why did he venture into court? What infatuation prompted him to let that damning fact be recorded and blazoned to the world? Fatal, irrevocable doom of the *Roman*

*feuilleton*! Worse than the lassitude of the brain-sucked-author writing desperately to order,—worse than the utmost malignity of slashing or sneering criticism,—is the impracticable *vis inertiae* of a public who have ceased to be amused, and will not buy.

The *Roman feuilleton* is dying out. Meanwhile, it will not have been the fault of M. de Balzac if it does not make an end worthy of itself. In his last novel, '*Les Parents Pauvres, La Cousine Bette*,' some of the peculiar attributes of this class of literature are carried out to an extraordinary degree of development. It is a downright nasty book, containing an ample assortment of turpitudes, adapted to every variety of vitiated taste. As a critic in the '*National*' has remarked, the work might have been better entitled, '*Guide des femmes entretenues*,' or '*Manuel des maris complaisans et spéculateurs*.' Among the personages of the novel we have a M. Hulot, a *chef de division* in the ministry of war, married to a handsome and virtuous woman, and father of a most charming daughter. This gentleman, at the age of fifty, plunges, by a strange anachronism, into all sorts of youthful excesses, and leads a merry life with grisettes, lorettes, and actresses. Then there is one M. Crevel, a retired perfumer and captain in the *Garde Nationale*, a personage delineated in a style of extravagant caricature, exceeding even the ordinary licence accorded to a *Roman feuilleton*. He makes certain proposals to Mme. Hulot, and backs them with an offer of three hundred thousand francs, telling her frankly at the same time that he is prompted by no other motive than a desire to be revenged on M. Hulot, who has filched his mistress from him. "Madame," he concludes, "je suis tocqué de vous et vous êtes ma vengeance; c'est comme si j'aimais deux fois." And this is addressed to a lady in whom are combined "la distinction, la noblesse, la grâce, la finesse, l'élégance, une chair à part, un tient broyé dans cet atelier inconnu où travaille le Hasard." Then there is the heroine of the story, the *femme entretenue, par excellence*, Mme Marneffe, the lawful wife of a clerk in M. Hulot's office, mistress of M. Hulot and M. Crevel for lucre; mistress of Wincelas, M. Hulot's son-in-law, from motives of vanity, and mistress of a Brazilian from sensual inclination. She makes each of her four admirers believe that she is pregnant by him, and M. Marneffe, the putative father, calls all the possible fathers, himself included, "the five fathers of the church;" for he is a cynical blackguard, this M. Marneffe, who trades openly in his own dishonour.

Mixed up with the doings of all these persons, we have cousin Bette (the poor relation), ugly, envious, and spiteful; she is at the bottom of all the intrigues and rascalities of this odious drama. The diabolical subtlety and malice with which M. de Balzac en-

dows this country girl, suddenly transported to Paris, is surely inconsistent with the fidelity to nature on which he piques himself in his portraits.

Of course there is no such thing as poetical justice in the *dénouement*; that fashion is out of date. Mme. Hulot dies broken-hearted, and if Mme. Marneffe is punished, it is by falling a victim to the crime of another. M. Hulot, junior, a respectable *avocat*, contrives to have her poisoned. We understand that the novel has found many admirers, and that even among women of great pretensions on the score of refined taste and sentiment. A more disgusting book there is scarcely to be found in the detestable class to which it belongs, or one that more grossly outrages human nature and artistic truth.

Among the re-publications now in progress in Paris, two are deserving of special notice. These are the collected works of Chateaubriand, and an illustrated edition of Béranger, with entirely new designs by Charlet, Johannot, and others, and eight new *chansons* by the inimitable author. Two or three of the latter have appeared, and have acquired instantaneous and sterling popularity, particularly that one entitled 'Notre Coq.' We can only make room for three of the fourteen stanzas of which it consists; but these will afford no inadequate idea (*ex pede Herculem*) of the saucy military humour and admirable art of the whole composition. We cannot applaud either the religious notions of 'Our Cock,' who we fear has learned his theology in a bad school, or the moral of his song, which is a plain incentive to war; but we must make allowance for the force of habit in an old campaigner. The *chanson* begins thus:—

"Notre coq, d'humeur active,  
 Las d'Alger, s'écrie : il faut  
 Que jusqu'au bon Dieu j'arrive,  
 Pour voir s'il s'endort là haut.  
 J'ai réponse à tout qui vive.  
 Co, co, coquérico,  
 France, remets ton schako.  
 Coquérico, coquérico."

Béranger is always singularly happy in his *refrains*: we need scarcely direct the reader's attention to the curious and startling effectiveness of this one. If the funds did not fall immediately on its publication, the bears were certainly not wide-awake.—The cock flies up to heaven, looking in at the stars and planets on his way, and noting the most striking particulars in each of them. Beneath the dome of the sun he encounters the Emperor, who lends him for a guide on his further journey, his

own imperial eagle:—*Du ciel il connaît la route.* St. Peter is smoking out of a window when they arrive at the celestial gate, and being no friend to cocks, for reasons of his own, he refuses the traveller admission; but an angel sets all right, and the cock struts in. After a short stay, during which he comports himself in rather a free-and-easy manner, he is ordered back to earth, for there is yet work there for him to do.

“ Sous le drapeau tricolore  
Vas échauffer cœurs et bras,  
De vous j’ai besoin encore.  
Coq, bientôt tu chanteras  
Le reveil avant l’aurore.  
Co, co, coquérico,  
France, remets ton schako.  
Coquérico, coquérico.

“ L’oiseau, prompt comme la foudre,  
Rentre au quartier général,  
Disant : L’on en va découdre ;  
Dieu fait seller son cheval ;  
Les anges font de la poudre.  
Co, co, coquérico,  
France, remets ton schako.  
Coquérico, coquérico.”

The recent bibliography of France is particularly rich in the department of modern French history: no fewer than five important new works of that class are now before us. These are, a ‘History of the Two Restorations,’ by M. de Vaulabelle,\* of which three volumes out of six have appeared; the respective first volumes of two ‘Histories of the Revolution,’ the one by Michelet, the other by Louis Blanc; two volumes of Lamartine’s ‘History of the Girondins;’ and lastly, De Tocqueville’s ‘Louis XV.’ complete in two volumes.

The volumes of M. de Vaulabelle’s work already published, comprise the history of the Bourbon princes from the emigration down to the embarkation of Napoleon for St. Helena; or rather, they embrace the history of France itself during that interval, notwithstanding that the author has endeavoured to restrict himself within the narrower bounds appropriate to his nominal subject.

“Twenty-two years,” he says, “divide the 10th of August, 1792, from the 12th of April, 1814, the day on which the Count d’Artois made his entry into Paris. During the first half of that period, the brothers of Louis XVI. had recourse successively to foreign invasion, to civil war, and to plots and conspiracies. The narrative of the efforts then made by the Royalists and the Bourbons belongs to the history of the Republic and the Consulate; the intrigues and the protestations of these princes, after 1804, fall within the province of the historians of the Empire. We will therefore draw upon those

\* 1814, CENT JOURS, 1815. *Histoire des Deux Restorations, jusqu’à la chute de Charles X. en 1830, précédé d’un Précis Historique sur les Bourbons et le parti royaliste depuis la mort de Louis XVI.* Tomes I., II., III. Par ACHILLE DE VAULABELLE.

two epochs only for such facts as are indispensable towards the perfect understanding of the events that led to the Restoration."

As he goes over ground previously trodden by other historians, M. de Vaulabelle corrects some of their errors, or at least gives his own new reading of certain points. Thus, for instance, the account he gives of the manner in which the Five Hundred were turned out of doors by Bonaparte's brother-in-law, Leclerc, and his soldiers, differs considerably from the commonly received versions of the matter. The soldiers did not drive the deputies before them at the point of the bayonet; they merely marched up the hall, carrying arms, and occupied all the benches, one by one, as the members slowly withdrew from them.

"The Five Hundred made only a passive resistance. There was neither violence nor tumult. The deputies did not jump out of the windows as has been stated; they did not run away, leaving their garments sticking to the bushes in the garden, as the story has been falsely told. On leaving the hall they all went and deposited their robes, girdles, and caps in the robing room. The greater number then went away to Paris; some fifty remained in St. Cloud; and it was this fraction that, having almost immediately re-assembled in formal sitting, passed, that evening, in concert with the Council of Ancients, the decree which declared the Directory to be dissolved."

The work is agreeably written, and gives evidence of care and conscientiousness on the part of the author. It is the third and the best which France now possesses on the same subject. The Abbé de Montgaillard's '*Histoire de France*,' from the reign of Louis XVI. to 1825, with a continuation to 1830, by his brother, the Count of Montgaillard, is caustic, clever, and curious; it may be consulted with advantage as an exponent of the views of a portion of the royalist party, but that is all. Its statement of facts even is not always correct. M. Capefigue's '*Histoire de la Restauration*,' is perhaps the dullest, most insipid and worthless book he has ever written, and that is saying a great deal.

Louis Blanc's history of the Revolution is to fill ten volumes, the first of which contains 592 pages. We cannot help thinking that he makes rather an excessive claim upon the patience of his readers. He comes too late in the day to be heard at such extreme length, especially since, although generally a very entertaining writer, he is not one whose political or philosophical judgment possesses any weight. His *forte* lies in narrative, and the delineation and dramatic exposition of character. Unfortunately, whilst the nature of his powers is peculiarly adapted to the concrete, his vanity, or some strange bias of his humour,



continually urges him towards abstractions. He meets you upon the very threshold of this book, with a spick-and-span new metaphysical system, which is to underlie the whole course of the succeeding narrative. Three grand principles, he says, share the world and history between them: viz., authority, individualism, and fraternity. The Catholic Church was the great incarnation of authority until the time of Luther, who introduced individualism, or the principle which gives man an exaggerated notion of his own rights, and no notion of duties, and makes government consist in mere *laissez faire*. Individualism rules the present; it is the soul of things as they are, but it is to be superseded some day by the principle of fraternity, for the future evidently belongs neither to the Pope nor to Luther. What is commonly called the French Revolution, was, in fact, two revolutions, quite distinct from each other; namely: that of '89, effected in behalf of individualism; and that "which was only attempted tumultuously in the name of fraternity, and which fell on the 9th Thermidor" (a pretty euphemism for the Reign of Terror).

Out of all this jargon we collect that it is the author's design to prosecute his old feud with the *bourgeoisie* or middle class, the representatives of individualism, and to labour at the apotheosis of Robespierre, the apostle of fraternity. It is allowable to a historian to have a theory, or in other words to embody the meaning of what he relates in some general formula; but it is not allowable to start *à priori* from an arbitrary, narrow, and inflexible set of dogmas, and with a predetermined purpose to find them illustrated and confirmed in every point of historic detail. Now this is the very course pursued by Louis Blanc in his 'History of Ten Years,' and in his present work he seems bent on following out the same system, with even a greater degree of sophistical rigour.

His first volume is entirely introductory, and treats of the origins and causes of the Revolution; in quest of which he goes as far back as the beginning of the fifteenth century—at the same time remarking, with great truth, that he might have chosen any other still more remote point of departure; since, in ascending from effects to their causes, we are led continually upwards, until our inquiries terminate in the unknown, or in the Great First Cause. But a beginning he must make somewhere, and, as he has a theory to corroborate, he finds it convenient to begin with John Huss and Protestantism, the establishment of which he calls the inauguration of individualism in the Christian world, in politics and philosophy. This forms the subject of the first of the three books into which this preliminary essay is divided.

The second book recounts the rise and progress of that middle class, "whose individualism naturally resulted in the establishment of the Empire." The third book is devoted to the 18th century, and aims at demonstrating how, "in spite of the efforts of Jean Jacques Rousseau, Mably, and even Necker, individualism became the principle of the *bourgeoisie*, and triumphed—in philosophy, through the school of Voltaire; in politics, through the school of Montesquieu; in industry, through the school of Turgot."

The range of matter comprised within this volume is, as we see, very extensive, and (apart from the writer's crotchety theories) it is treated with much spirit, force, and elegance. The book is particularly well adapted to the habits of a desultory reader; for, in fact, it resolves itself upon analysis into a series of smart magazine articles on Huss, Luther and Calvin, Montaigne, the League, Feudalism, the Fronde and Jansenism, Louis XIV., the Regency, Voltaire, the Encyclopædists, Rousseau, &c. In justice to the author, of whose philosophy in general we have spoken so disparagingly, we will translate the reflections with which he concludes his essay:—

"What!" he exclaims, "must we have blood, always blood, even when the conflict is for the supremacy of ideas in their purely abstract essence? What law is this that to every great progress assigns, as its condition, some great disaster? Revolutions, like the plough, fertilize the soil only by rending its bosom. Wherefore? Whence comes it that duration is but destruction prolonged and self-renewed? Whence has death this power of engendering life? When thousands of persons perish beneath the ruins of the social edifice, 'what does it matter? we say; the species advances.' But is it just that whole races should be tortured and annihilated, that at some future day, in some undetermined epoch, other races may arise and enjoy the fruits of their predecessors' toils and sufferings? This immense and arbitrary immolation of the beings of yesterday to those of to-day, and of those of to-day to those of to-morrow, is it not of a nature to excite the profoundest repugnance of the conscience? To the wretches slaughtered before the altar of progress, what can progress seem but a sinister idol, an execrable and false divinity!

"These it must be owned would be terrible questions, had we not two principles to rely on for their solution; namely, the corporate unity (*solidarité*) of races, and the immortality of the human race. For, when once we admit that everything is transformed, and nothing is destroyed; when we believe in the impotence of death; when we are persuaded that successive generations are varied modes of one universal life that improves as it goes on; in a word, when we adopt the admirable definition devised by Pascal's genius, 'Humanity is a man, who lives on and on, and is ceaselessly learning,' then the spec-

tacle of so many accumulated catastrophes loses the appalling force with which it had oppressed the conscience; we no longer doubt the wisdom of the general laws that govern the world, or the existence of eternal justice; and we can follow, with unflinching gaze, the periods of that long and painful gestation of truth which is called history.

"Good alone is absolute, alone is necessary. Evil in the world! it is an immense accident; and this is why it is its part to be evermore vanquished. Now, whilst the victories of good are definitive, the defeats of evil are irrevocable. Printing will keep its ground; torture will not be re-established, nor will the fires of the Inquisition be lighted again. What do I say? It is becoming manifest, by the course of things, and by the common tendency of serious minds, that henceforth progress will never again be accomplished under violent conditions. Already commerce has demonstrated, in the mutual relations of nations, that war is not requisite for the propagation of ideas; and, in the affairs of civil life, reason proves, with continually increasing clearness, that order may be maintained without the aid of the executioner. Religion has ceased to make martyrs; it is high time that politics should cease to make victims."

The presses of Germany continue, as usual, to pour forth abundant floods of printed sheets; the quantity seems even to be on the increase, but the quality declines in still more rapid proportion. The catalogues indicate the accustomed chaos of erudition, laborious technicality, and vapid *bellettristik*; but, except in the department of lyric poetry, the dreary, cumbrous mass is scarcely enlightened by a ray of creative genius. Among the prose works, of a purely literary character, that have appeared in Germany within the last few months, one only appears to us to deserve that we should commend it to the attention of English readers. It is a treatise by the illustrious author of the 'Village Tales of the Black Forest,' on the theory of a subject, of which he has already evinced a practical mastery, scarcely equalled, and certainly unsurpassed, by any living writer in the world.\* In this treatise, Auerbach investigates the essential character of what, for want of a better phrase, we must crudely call "Folk literature;" both that which emanates from the people themselves, and that which is composed expressly for their use by more conscious artists. By "people," he means the great multitude of those who derive their notions of things chiefly from their own experience and from the immediate present, mingled with some traditional lore drawn from public and private history. The views and principles of these

\* *Schrift und Volk. Grundzüge der volksthümlichen Literatur, angeordnet nach einer Charakteristik J. P. Hebel's.* Von Berthold Auerbach. Leipzig. 1846.

persons do not assume the form of a logical system, with an orderly sequence of premises and conclusions, but stand side by side promiscuously, and are expressed in proverbs that appeal for warranty of their truth to instinct and intuition rather than to ratiocination. Their feelings likewise find utterance of an equally direct kind; and in the songs and ballads of the untutored people are to be found the most exquisite, because the most natural and unsophisticated, lyric embodiments of human emotion. Poets of the greatest genius, and of the most consummate art, fully acknowledge this unrivalled quality of primitive song, and own that their highest triumph, as regards emotional expression, consists in the nearest possible approach to the simplicity and truth of many a thought enclosed in the rude setting of popular minstrelsy. How came the obscure poets of the people by this prerogative of excellence? They owe it to the training thus described by Auerbach:—

“A village child grows up under primitive and natural circumstances. \* \* \* He is a living type of the first stage of the development of our race, the patriarchal condition. His life exhibits the same immediate connection with nature, with trees, plants, and animals. His yet undeveloped mind feels its close affinity with them; he lives with them; tree and bush are his comrades, silently he grows as they do. He feels a special attraction towards animals, which stand nearer to him by reason of the individuality of their lives; he ascribes to them his own sensations, and endows them, as well as the inanimate objects around him, with the attributes of human nature.

\* \* \* The village is a little world which the mind of the boy can easily embrace. He knows every person by name, and is acquainted with their condition and circumstances. As it is the custom for people to salute each other when they meet, and to exchange some friendly words—a custom from which even little children are not excluded—the boy does not grow used every hour to pass people whom he does not know, with whom he has no manner of intercourse or relation, and who are as alien to him as the remotest bodies in space. Hence there grows up in the mind of the village child a sort of family feeling of community with those about him. Whoever has been born and bred in a village or a small town, often curiously remembers men and circumstances the most various and peculiar, which come bodily before his mind's eye, though he may never have been long or intimately connected with them.

“In later years this little world can no longer be thus apprehended as a whole; it always reminds the spectator of the greater world, and appears to him as a fragment. The contemplative mind, coming to it from abroad, no longer rests with such self-forgetfulness on outward things. One is too much engrossed with general or personal matters, and must of course pass by a thousand things without heeding or caring for them.

"Hence it comes that teachers, clergymen, and public functionaries, can seldom penetrate so deeply into the ways of village life as a child who has been surrounded by them from his birth. And even if they succeed—which seldom happens—in breaking through the ugly and deformed husk, and getting at the genuine kernel, still they bring with them, for the most part, to the contemplation of the matter, too many extraneous thoughts and reflections of all sorts. They cannot thoroughly understand this way of life because they were never at home in it.

"Hence I am inclined to maintain, that none but a person to the manner born thoroughly comprehends the life, ways, and doings of the common folk.

"The boy, especially in his earliest years, belongs entirely to what directly meets his eye; he stops at every object, loses himself completely in the interest it excites, and makes it wholly his own. With no conventional rules to bias his natural tendencies, or to distort his vision, he seizes the true aspect of things with their perplexing, but, at the same time, characteristic peculiarities. He has a world stored up within him, of which nobody, scarcely even himself, knows anything. By and by, perhaps, he will be astonished to see the apparitions of these things rise up in his mind spontaneously, or in obedience to his call."

The present barrenness of Germany in the field of prose literature, is in some degree redeemed by the better promise of her recent poetry, notwithstanding that the four foremost men in her lyric choir have been scarcely heard, or not at all, for the last two years. Heine has published nothing since his wicked, witty, charming, shocking *Deutschland*; Anastasius Grün is silent, Freiligrath has only followed up his *Glaubensbekenntniss* with half a dozen short, but rather furious pieces, \* somewhat prematurely hymning the advent of the revolution so long prophesied for Germany; lastly, the author of the 'Poems by a Living Man,' gives no sign of life. Far be it from us, however, to object to the temporary silence of Herwegh's overbold and presumptuous muse, if we may venture to hope that he is employing this interval of retirement in such a manner as shall enable him to justify the too rapid success of his early efforts. Inordinate sudden popularity is one of the most dangerous mischances that can befall a young writer, and if Herwegh is wisely preparing himself against the reaction of his own spurious fame, we cannot but applaud his purpose, and wish that his unquestionably vigorous, but hitherto one-sided and misused powers, may yet display themselves in the full development of healthful maturity.

In the absence of the recognised leaders, some of the newer men have been rising into celebrity during the last year or two; among whom, Moritz Hartmann,\* Geibel,† Leopold Schefer,‡ and Karl Beck,|| are deserving of honourable mention. The ablest and most original of these four is unquestionably Hartmann, whose first volume has been most favourably received by the best judges, and has already attained to the well-merited honours of a second edition. His new volume contains some very striking pieces, but also, it must be confessed, a few which we could freely dispense with, and which seem to serve only as stuffing to swell out the volume to the normal bulk of twenty sheets.

Geibel is a poet of altogether different metal from Hartmann; he has none of the latter's strong conception and vivid expression; but he is a pleasing graceful writer, endowed with a light and joyous fancy, that flies the sombre atmosphere of the North and revels in the sunshine of Greece, Italy, and Spain.

Leopold Schefer's first two works, the 'Lay Breviary' and the 'Vigils,' found many admirers for the fervour and exaltation of their philosophic faith, notwithstanding the poverty and embarrassment of the language in which the poet struggled to express the rich exuberance of his thoughts. His new work has sorely disappointed all his dispassionate friends, all those whose souls are not steeped and dyed to the core in Hegelism. It is in fact a versified treatise, as crabbed and obscure as the great master's *Phenomenology*, and as utterly devoid of poetry.

Karl Beck has within him the elements of a genuine poet, but his productions too often resemble those of a mere poetaster. His lyre is seldom in tune. His muse is a vulgar termagant, who can utter only turgid platitudes when she would reprove the vices of the age, and flies into a passion when she attempts to console its sorrows.

Rückert still continues his learned labours in the field of Eastern poetry, and has lately added to the list of his admirable translations that of a collection of Arab poetry of the earliest times, entitled *Hamdsa*. This collection, which was made by Abu Temmam, a renowned poet of the court of the Egyptian caliphs in the ninth century, is extremely valuable for the light

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\* '*Kelch und Schwert*' (Cup and Sword), von Moritz Hartmann. Leipzig, 1845. '*Neue Gedichte*,' by the same. 1846.

† '*Geibel's Gedichte*.' Berlin, 1846.

‡ '*Der Welt-priester*' (The Secular Priest), von Leopold Schefer. Nuremberg, 1846.

|| '*Lieder vom armen Mann*' (Songs of a Poor Man), von Karl Beck. Leipzig, 1846.

it sheds directly on the early history of Arabia, and also for that which it casts by reflection on the poetry and the social state of Europe in the middle ages, in which the Arab influence played so important a part. It is a curious coincidence that the *Hamdsa* was put together at the very period when Charlemagne was making his collection, now unhappily lost, of all the old lays and poems of the Germans.

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*Histoire Philosophique du Regne de Louis XV.* Par le Comte de Tocqueville. 2 tomes. Paris. 1847.

It is not a little remarkable that French historians, a numerous and enterprising class, should have, hitherto, occupied themselves but little with the reign of Louis XV. That the private memoirs, which treat of the political concerns of that period, are few in number, may be accounted for by the general degradation of the age. Sordid selfishness was its leading characteristic; and the contemporary writers who have bequeathed to us the narratives of their personal experience, were, for the most part, too deeply imbued with the ignoble spirit of their times to comprehend or expound any higher themes than the vices and frivolities of an inglorious court, the intrigues of harlots and panders, and the vicissitudes in the fortunes of men, whose low ambition befitted the condition of a monarchy from which the soul of honor had departed. As for the graver French writers of our day, they seem to have been deterred by the apparent barrenness of the subject, and its total want of grandeur or dignity; and to have abandoned it to the congenial pens of Alexander Dumas and his brother *roués* of the *feuilleton*.

And yet there is a point of view in which the annals even of this Byzantine reign are deserving of careful study. We cannot jump in thought from the days of Louis XV. to those of Mirabeau, Marat, and Robespierre; the interval that separates them is as broadly marked in the order of ideas as in that of time. The reign of Louis XV. filled up sixty years of the 18th century, and witnessed the growth and accumulation of those causes that led to the great catastrophe of '89. In this long period, the national manners, customs, and ways of thinking underwent a radical change; the old social land-marks lost their significance—one great class declining in power and credit, while others rose into novel importance; a daring spirit of inquiry and scepticism, the precursor of terrible innovations, pervaded all ranks, and left untouched no institution or tradition, no principle, moral or religious, social or political. It matters not that the men who figured in this dismal epoch of transition were, with very few exceptions, odious or contemptible, and that, such as the actors, such were the events in which they were immediately concerned. The history of decay and death is a needful complement to that of life and vigorous action; the frivolous courtiers of Louis XV., though they knew not what they were doing, yet wrought as efficiently, after their kind,

as greater and better men ; and, in their acts and deeds lay the germs of those prodigious events that have signalized our own times.

The subject has at last found an able and judicious exponent in M. de Tocqueville. The title he has given to his work may perchance tend to excite some prejudice against it on this side of the Channel, where it begins to be understood that the much abused word—Philosophy—has scarcely in any way been more wronged than in its often forced and unwarranted connexion with History. ‘Philosophical History,’ ‘Historic Fancies,” and so forth, are all of them phrases very apt to suggest to English minds the idea of a mongrel work, in which a pert or dawdling dilettantism supplants, more or less, the essential attributes of history. But those persons who might be deterred by such considerations from the perusal of de Tocqueville’s book, may re-assure themselves. He says, very truly, “The book I present to the public is not a metaphysical work. Facts are narrated in it in detail ; and I have endeavoured to group them in such a manner that their consequences may become salient.” That is to say, the work is conceived, ordered, and composed in a philosophical spirit ; but it is not obtrusively disquisitional, argumentative, or dogmatic. A history, written according to any other plan than that which de Tocqueville has pursued, may be “picturesque,” or “critical,” or “pragmatical,” or belong to any other of the categories to which the French and Germans reduce this species of literature ; but it is not History proper, at least according to our English conceptions of the genuine import of that word.

From first to last, the reign of Louis XV. presents but the continuous flow of that revolutionary tide which had set in before the decease of his predecessor. There was no pause, no re-action. Men and things, the best and the worst, all worked together in the same direction. Cardinal Fleury, the most respectable statesman of the reign, scarcely contributed less than the scoundrel Dubois to the ruin of the monarchy. The first public act of the regent Orleans was an irreparable infraction of the royal authority. His prerogatives as regent having been inconveniently restricted by the will of Louis XIV., he caused most of the provisions of that document to be set aside by the parliament which he had gained over to his interest. The functions of that anomalous body were by no means definite. The regent, for his own personal purposes, set them in some respect above those of the crown, and made the parliament so far an oligarchy.

“Whence did the parliament derive the right of deciding questions, that so essentially concerned the whole nation? During the League, it had deliberated on the choice of a king. It had broken the will of Louis XIII. These facts prove only the confused notions that prevailed respecting the basis of our institutions ; they do not establish a right. The deceased king had made certain arrangements, which appeared to the magistrates not to be in harmony with the laws of the realm. Guardians of the laws, they annul these last commands of the head of the state ; here, then, was a power above the king. And in whose hands was this power ? In those of men appointed only to try causes,—men who were irremovable, irresponsible, and who held their posts by right of purchase.



And these men take upon them to exercise, without any commission from the people, a power, the possession of which, by the nation itself, is contested! Here was a great anomaly, the consequences of which were not slow to make themselves felt. The pretensions it gave rise to became the source of a perpetual conflict between two powers, the judicial and the political, the limits of which had never been clearly defined. \* \* \* This great struggle between the magistracy and the throne provoked inquiry into the mysteries of royalty, and the rights of nations, and led, in the course of seventy-five years, to the destruction of the magistracy and of royalty."

The great misfortune of France, during the epoch we are considering, was the continual want of an able hand to guide the vessel of the state upon the new and untried path on which it had entered. Consummate wisdom and firmness were requisite in the ruler, under whose control the changes, rendered inevitable by time, should have been effected without those violent shocks that rend and contuse the whole frame of society. But Philip of Orleans and Louis XV. were destitute of all those qualities which their immensely difficult position demanded. They were weak men, fatally weak, and their negative defects were more disastrous to their country than their worst positive vices, though these were enormous.

"Nature had endowed the duke of Orleans with all the gifts that fascinate men. His countenance was agreeable and engaging. He united with natural eloquence a voice of remarkable sweetness. Brave, and full of talent, his penetration was never at fault, and his intelligence was of a nature to shine in the council-chamber, no less than at the head of armies. Those who approached his person became attached to him, for they found him good-natured, agreeable, and easy. Men bewailed his defects without ceasing to love him, allured as they were by his gracious demeanour, and by the affability of his temper, in which he was said to resemble his grandfather, Henry IV. He enjoyed the rare advantage of retaining friends to the hour of his death. He readily forgot offences, and bore with insults. But his soul, endowed with so many fine qualities, was devoid of that one which develops and gives value to all others—it lacked strength. Without energy for crime, he was equally deficient in it for virtue. After the loss of his first governor, it was his evil fate to have his education entrusted to Dubois, the most corrupt of men. This Dubois, son of an apothecary of Brives la Gaillarde, founded his hopes of fortune on the complete demoralization of the prince confided to his care. Inspired by the genius of vice, he divined and favored the vices of others, and, above all, the passions of his master. He taught him that virtue is only a mask put on by hypocrisy, a chimera, not to be reckoned on in the affairs of life; that religion is a political invention, necessary only for the people; that all men are knaves and deceivers, and, therefore, that integrity serves but to make a man a dupe. Madame, the regent's mother, said to that prince, 'My son, I desire only the good of the state, and your glory. I have but one request to make of you for the sake of your honor, and on that point I demand your plighted word: it is, that you will never employ that rogue of an abbé, Dubois, the greatest rascal in the world, and one who would sacrifice the state and you to his own slightest interest.' The duke of Orleans gave his word, but never concerned himself in the least about keeping it. A short while afterwards he named that same Dubois councillor of state. The debauchery into which that man had urged him, became at last a necessary of life for his languid and *blasé* soul, burthened by the ennui of the court. He liked the scandal and the buzz of tongues it occa-

sioned; the imputation even of incest did not dismay him. Every evening he assembled his *roués*, his mistresses, some opera-girls, frequently the Duchess de Berri, and men of obscure origin, of brilliant wit, and renowned for their vices. All the disorders of the court and the town were passed in review. They drank to intoxication, the conversation became cynical, impieties issued profusely from every mouth; at last, a wearisome satiety separated the boon companions; those who could no longer support themselves on their legs were carried away, and on the next evening the orgie began again. \* \* \*

This prince, intrepid in the face of the enemy, was timid in his habitual relations: still, he never allowed his mistresses or his *roués* to meddle with politics. Fear, however, or importunity, obtained favors from him more easily than rightful claims, a facility which accounts for the bad use of the public wealth, which we shall have to point out. He was often lavish of promises, which he could not or would not keep. His word, therefore, was never trusted, and the number of the discontented was swollen by all those whom he had deceived. Faithless himself, he could not believe in the good faith of others. As he knew nothing of human nature but its vile propensities, with him probity was nought, and clever vice became the object of his favor. The corrupter of his youth was the ready minister of his wishes, and rose to the highest dignities, in spite of the contempt in which he was held by the public, and even by his master. Yet, a day was coming when it would be discovered that this union of weakness and infamy rested on no solid basis, and that these two men scorned and played upon each other."

The Regent's daughters resembled their father in the impurity of their lives; but, it is a fact of some interest, as regards human nature, that his only son, the Duke of Chartres, displayed a constant and invincible abhorrence of the turpitude of his father's court. Vice, when it does not seduce, disgusts. Unfortunately, the young prince was a man of narrow mind. Engrossed in devotional practices and unprofitable studies, he secluded himself from public life, and died, unnoticed, in the Abbey of St. Genevieve. The Dauphin, son of Louis XV., exhibited a no less signal example of uprightness in the midst of a loathsome depraved court, and he was, furthermore, distinguished by his mental capacity, and his high and generous spirit. De Tocqueville believes he died broken-hearted, a martyr to the infamy of his sire, and the desperate condition of his country.

Louis XIV. left the state burthened with 2,500 million francs of debt; the Regent increased that amount, in seven years of peace, by 750 millions. There was no limit to his prodigality; he indulged in it both from natural inclination, and with a deliberate design to extinguish all opposition in universal corruption. Scorning virtue, he was perfect in the theory of vice. He knew well the abject obedience to which men are forced to descend, when once they have compromised their honor and their conscience. The mischievous effects of Law's prodigious swindle were incalculably aggravated by the licence which the Regent granted to the cupidity of his courtiers. He was the only man in the realm who disdained to derive any personal profit from the stock-jobbing mania of the day; but he was too easy and good-natured to hinder those about him from ruining themselves and others to their hearts' desire. Then, when the re-action came, he sanctioned,

with equal *nonchalance*, the most violent and inquisitorial proceedings against all who were suspected of possessing wealth. Clement by nature, and often known to mitigate in secret the operation of his own rigorous commands, he established a financial reign of terror, decreeing spoliations, domiciliary visits, confiscations, and imprisonments without end. "Liberty," says our author, "has its troubles and its agitations; but can they be compared with the despotism of the period we are considering? a despotism exciting contempt still more than indignation, and yet preparing horrible tempests."

The moral effects of the Mississippi scheme but too well accorded with the regent's cherished purpose to undo the honor and honesty of the nation. The rapid and enormous changes of fortune, produced in the stock-market, excited a frenzy of infidelity and prodigality that extinguished for a while all sense of rectitude, all care for reputation, all regard for the common dictates of wordly prudence. As Montesquieu remarks, those who had been at first corrupted by their wealth, were afterwards further corrupted by their poverty. Nor was the influence of these things on the constitution of society less profound and lasting. The downfall of aristocracy, and the inauguration of democratic power, were essentially involved in the transactions of a period when all France was become a nation of stock-jobbers. The event marked the violent, disorderly commencement in that country of the momentous change, still in progress, which constitutes the cardinal feature of the history of the nineteenth century, namely, the transfer of power from a caste, the hereditary possessors of the soil, to the holders of personal property. The *Bourgeoisie*, or middle class, had partially risen to political importance in the times of Louis XIV., whose jealousy of the nobles induced him to give the preference to men of humbler birth as his ministers. Many men of the burgher class rendered eminent services to the state during the calamities that marked the close of the great reign. Fabert, Bossuet, Massillon, Fléclier, Racine, and Molière, belonged to it; Catinat had practised as a lawyer. But it was under the regency, and chiefly through the disorganising effects of the Law mania, that the barriers of caste were irreparably overthrown. The high-born gamblers who then jostled the lowest of the populace in the sordid scramble for lucre, could never again assume the conventional superiority which they had desecrated and exposed in its naked shame to the eyes of the vulgar. The doings of the *Rue Quincampoix* were a great levelling lesson never since unlearned: the lacqueys, hucksters, and journeymen, who there stood, shoulder to shoulder, with the owners of the proudest historic names, made up their minds to the very logical conclusion that, since the nobles had chosen to descend to an equal footing with them, the time might come when, under other circumstances, they themselves might rise to an equality with the nobles.

The financial history of Law's system may be thus summed up. It created paper-money or stock to the amount of six thousand millions of francs, out of which four thousand and twenty-nine millions

were annihilated by the bankruptcy of the state, and six hundred and twenty-five millions went to swell the national debt. Terrible as were the sufferings occasioned to the nation by this perversion and waste of its resources, the wonder rather seems that the mischief was not more severely felt. Our author's remarks on this head are particularly interesting :—

"The system had disappeared. There is no denying that its consequences, onerous as they were for the future, were, in some respects, productive of present advantages. The lavish profusion of the newly enriched, by creating new wants, gave a novel impulse to industry; skilful calculations and bold enterprises became more usual in commerce, and those who exercised that calling acquired greater social consideration. The utility of credit began to be understood; men of ability studied its principles, and taught how the errors that endanger it were to be avoided. Paris, thenceforth, acquired that influence over France which is become so preponderating in our day. The East India Company, remaining erect above the ruins it had caused, demonstrated the power of association in commercial affairs, and enriched the state, by developing that active potency in all parts of the world. Lords, gentlemen, financiers, and *bourgeois* took part in it, and a community of interests established mutual good will and a sense of equality amongst them; lastly, the abundance of the circulating medium allowed of a large and liberal diminution of the taxes. It was possible to appropriate some funds to the roads and canals, which, until then, had been entirely neglected. Their administration became regular, and was entrusted to a special body. The first paved road was opened from Paris to Rheims. If the towns had suffered excessively, the rural districts, those foster-mothers of the state, endured but a temporary distress. This is what explains the fact, that the financial revolution of the system left after it but few traces on the public fortune."

The general policy of the regency was no less objectionable than the means by which it was worked out. It was made subservient, in all respects, to the personal object of securing the regent's accession to the throne, in case of the young king's death. "It is a great misfortune for a nation," says De Tocqueville, "to have the interest of its chief distinct from its own; for the former always predominates." We are reminded by this remark of another Orleans, in whose too partial care for the interests of his own dynasty, France sees the same truth unhappily exemplified. There was a curious inconsistency in the regent's conduct, with a view to the succession of the crown. To strengthen himself against his competitor, Philip V. of Spain, he purchased the support of George I. of England, by the most abject concessions, and an entire subversion of the policy of Louis XIV.; and yet he was not so passionately bent on being king as all this would seem to imply, or as slander declared him to be. On the contrary, his assiduous care was unceasingly employed in fostering and preserving the frail life that stood between him and the throne.

George I., as well as the regent, was actuated by potent motives of interest, distinct from those of the great empire over which he ruled. The aggrandisement of his German dominions lay nearer to his heart than the prosperity of Great Britain. So far, therefore, it would seem that he and his ally of France were placed in exactly similar

conditions ; and that concessions should have been reciprocal between them, instead of being altogether one-sided. But, in all their mutual dealings, the advantage was wholly on the side of George, in the first place, and, in a secondary degree, on that of his English subjects. This is partly to be accounted for by the instrumentality of the prime minister, Dubois, who was the hired servant of king George. When an English minister congratulated Dubois on his appointment, the latter replied—"If I were not restrained by a sentiment of respect, I would write to his Britannic Majesty to thank him for the place with which Monseigneur the regent has honored me." A few days afterwards he wrote to Stanhope, "I owe all to you, even to the place I hold, which I passionately long to make use of after your own heart, that is to say, for the service of his Britannic Majesty, whose interests will always be sacred for me." But the traitorous character of her prime minister was not the primary or the most influential cause of the disadvantages which France sustained in her relations with foreign powers, especially with England. French writers are fond of imputing a strange, demoniac power of craft and fraud to the diplomacy of perfidious Albion ; it affords them a ready theme for flashy declamation, and a plausible means for salving the sore places of their national vanity. De Tocqueville is more just and rational. He attributes whatever successes have attended the diplomacy of Great Britain in its struggles with that of continental nations to the natural force of circumstances, to the singleness of purpose with which the national interests of a free people, as understood by themselves, are pursued in all their dealings with the rest of the world ; whereas, the policy of arbitrary governments is often made subservient to the ambition or caprice of individuals, to the private interests of a dynasty, or the crooked designs of royal favourites. He notices a curious instance in point, when speaking of the treaty of March 16, 1731, by which England recognised the Pragmatic Sanction, and engaged to lend a fleet for the conveyance of 6000 Spanish troops into Italy, to occupy the duchies of Parma and Placenza in behalf of the Infanta :—

"It has been remarked, that in almost all the diplomatic conventions acceded to by England, there exists a point so small in appearance as to escape observation, but which afterwards expands by degrees to the advantage of British commerce. To indemnify them for the transport of the Spanish troops to Leghorn, the English only required the privilege of sending one vessel every year to Porto Bello. Yet this slight concession ruined the commerce of the mother country with its colonies. Up to that time the galleons returning to Mexico, carried thither the merchandize requisite for the use of the inhabitants. A single English vessel did not seem likely to create a dangerous competition ; but that vessel was never unladen ; its cargo was continually kept up by very small vessels dispatched from the islands belonging to Great Britain, and of too small a tonnage to excite jealousy ; and as the English goods were cheaper and of better quality than the Spanish, they quite drove those brought by the gallions out of the market."

As to the stipulations between George I. and the regent, our author pronounces judgment as follows :—

"To both it was requisite for the security of their respective positions that the peace of Europe should not be disturbed. But George I., at the head of a free government, could only consolidate his dynasty, by persuading his people that he would apply himself, before all things, to the interests of England; whilst the Duke of Orleans, an absolute master, was not to be stopped by any obstacle, even though he should sacrifice the interests of France to his own. The one derived his strength from the consent of a satisfied people; that of the other was drawn only from his own self-seeking. It was natural, therefore, that the former should constantly have the upper hand of the latter; and events proved that it was so."

If the regent did all that in him lay to ruin France in his own day, at least it was not his fault if he did not prepare for her a ruler capable of retrieving her fortunes and assuaging her sufferings. The affectionate and judicious care he bestowed on the young king, was the only pure and redeeming trait in the foul history of his life. It was his constant endeavour to give Louis XV. a taste for business, and to fit him for worthily exercising his royal functions. From the time the young king was ten years old, the council was always held in his presence. He generally listened in silence on these occasions; but whenever it chanced that he expressed an opinion, it was such as afforded a favourable indication of his mental capacity.

"The Duke of Orleans revenged himself for the calumny that had branded him with the name of a poisoner, by redoubling his attention and kindness towards the young monarch. He never addressed him but with all the tokens of profound respect, mingled with affection, and even fondness. He explained the affairs of state to him in detail; took his orders, and consulted his inclination before granting favours in his name. He long bore with Marshal de Villeroy's pertinacity in remaining present when the regent thought proper to speak in private with the king, as if the life of Louis XV. would have been exposed to danger in such an interview. Nevertheless, he felt poignantly the suspicions that were ceaselessly propagated against him. Indifferent as he was to public opinion, and, in many respects, to his personal reputation, he shed tears on reading the atrocious imputations contained in the philippics of Lagrange Chancel."

But the regent's good intentions, and Massillon's noble lessons, were miserably frustrated by the two men to whom the education of the young monarch was more immediately committed—Marshal Villeroy, his governor, and the Bishop of Fréjus, his preceptor. What they taught him was the fear of the devil rather than the love of God; the sense of his own greatness, rather than of his duties as a king.

"Marshal Villeroy, in whom extreme mediocrity was cloaked under a vanity without bounds, tried to give himself importance, by exciting his pupil's fears as to pretended dangers, from which he was only to be preserved by assiduous watchfulness. The child, thus subjected to painful impressions which he durst not manifest, acquired the habit of being reserved, secret, and false. Villeroy, a turgid flatterer, and a servile adorer of royalty under Louis XIV., thought that the quality of royalty was sufficient for the man placed on the throne. The monarch's youth, the misfortunes of his family, his personal graces, and a few happy expressions attributed to him, and which did honour to his heart, had excited the liveliest and most affectionate interest in his

favour. He was adored. He had an illness in 1721; fears were entertained for his life, and the public affliction was extreme. His convalescence excited transports of joy. The garden of the Tuileries was continually thronged by a people eager to behold their young sovereign, and his presence was hailed with endless acclamations. The Duke of Beauvilliers would have taken advantage of the circumstance to remind his pupil of the obligations and the zeal for the good of his subjects which so much love imposed upon him; but Villeroy cried out, 'Look, my master, look; all this people is yours. There is nothing there but belongs to you; you are master of all you see.' Thus it was that he who was soon to dispose of the destiny of twenty-five millions of human beings, was trained to selfishness, and taught the falsest of all lessons. He was taught to entertain an exaggerated conception of his rights, but was left without those notions of duty which alone could have taught him to use them rightly. Accordingly, the soul of the child, filled with the idea of his own importance, and cramped by vanity, never rose to the ambition of great things.

"The Bishop of Fréjus was already advanced in years when he was appointed, by the will of Louis XIV., the preceptor of that monarch's grandson. He was endowed with great powers of wit and fascination; he was frugal and orderly enough to be able to dispense with riches; and, under an appearance of disinterestedness in all things, he skilfully dissembled an ambition of which he slowly prepared the success, as if the protracted length of his existence had been revealed to him; but his matter-of-fact and lucid mind was totally devoid of warmth and elevation. Never did the passionate desire to make a great king stir in his cold heart. His pupil seemed to him to want the energy of character and the strength of will that betoken a superior man; and instead of striving to inspire him with those qualities, he only sought to command and sway his affections. Louis XV. was of a weak and sickly constitution in childhood; it was thought dangerous to weary him with study, and he became accustomed to indolence. When years had invigorated his temperament, his preceptor did nothing to stimulate his slothful disposition and expand his ideas. He allowed him betimes to contract the habit of distrusting his own judgment, and seeing only with the eyes of another, that is to say, with Fleury's. We find him, during a long ministry, relieving the king from all cares of business, managing all the affairs of the state by himself alone, and allowing that deplorable apathy to become inrooted, which, during a reign of fifty-nine years, made the sovereign the sport of men's passions and intrigues, degraded the royal power, humiliated France, and bequeathed to his successor the difficulties and perils that spring from public discontent and contempt for authority. \* \* \*

"The administration of the Bishop of Fréjus, was the happiest period in the reign of Louis XV. He was one of that small number of ministers whose memory the people honoured, because he loved the state and strove to diminish its burthens without compromising the honour of France. Nevertheless, inflexible history, whilst recording the good he did, has still heavy reproaches to bring against him. Fleury was keen and subtle even to knavery. His economy often degenerated into a penuriousness prejudicial to the public affairs; he did not forget injuries, and his resentments were implacable. Those who had served the government of the Duke of Bourbon remained always in disgrace with him. He never forgave the queen for having entered into the plot framed against him by Madame de Prye. He always excluded her from state affairs, and in this way he contributed to destroy the domestic concord and mutual confidence of the royal pair. The favours which the queen asked for were refused, and if she complained to the king he answered only, 'do as I do, Madame; do not ask anything of him.' For one thing especially Fleury can never be forgiven,—his having prolonged the childhood of Louis XV. and en-

couraged his natural indolence and distrust of himself, in order to rule without impediment. Fleury, a priest, bishop, and cardinal, misunderstood the interests of religion, and those of the state connected therewith. His hand bore heavily on the Jansenists, whose opinions differed in some points from his own; but its touch was light for the men without faith, who were beginning to propagate incredulity."

Fleury judged rightly that France had need of rest and quiet to retrieve her shattered fortunes; and he was both by temperament and by his views as a statesman, peculiarly suited to secure that great desideratum. He prescribed for the spent and suffering frame of the State the same sober regimen and placid habits by which the thrifty, unostentatious old man cherished his own vital powers, and maintained himself in full possession of the reality of power, which was all he cared for. Confidence was re-established at home and abroad under his auspices, and commerce expanded, because it had a warrant for its security in the moderation of the minister. But though he could afford his country temporary repose, his was not the hand that could urge and guide her renovated strength upon a new and hopeful career. He had neither the creative genius, nor the ardour of soul, nor the physical energy requisite for such an arduous task. His best qualities were negative, and passiveness was the leading characteristic of his policy. When he deviated into a more active course, it was but to indulge the petty malice of his cold and selfish nature. It would be idle to speculate now on what might have befallen, had an able and vigorous man, in Fleury's position, endeavoured wisely to correct the abominable wickedness of the clergy, to amend the multitudinous abuses in every department of civil affairs, and to lead off into some safer channels the gathering flood of revolutionary doctrine and opinion. Whatever might have been the issue of such an enterprise, Fleury never conceived or attempted it.

"Between the Jansenists, whose character was dishonoured by glaring fraud and trickery, and a clergy disgraced by the vices of a portion of its members, and who were accused of believing more in the Pope than in Jesus Christ, philosophism had an easy task. It fared with Cardinal Fleury as it often fares with persecutors. They rancorously pursue the object of their hatred, which is often of secondary importance, and they do not see, or they despise the danger that threatens the whole body of society. The *Lettres sur les Anglais*, otherwise called *Lettres Philosophiques*, published at that time by Voltaire, gave him no concern; and he was pleased to consider the *Lettres Persanes* as affording due grounds for Montesquieu's admission into the Academy.

The people of Byzantium busied themselves with disputes about the miraculous light on Mount Thabor when Mahomet II. was at their very gates. Fleury was immersed in paltry theological squabbles, while the citadel he pretended to defend was beleaguered by an intrepid and indefatigable army that had sworn to give no quarter. He could not see a phenomenon that had grown up under his own eyes.

"The revolution that occurred in England in the latter half of the seventeenth century gave rise to keen controversies on the kingly power, and the



sovereignty of the people. The latter principle triumphed in England. It was not much adverted to by the French so long as they were intoxicated by the marvels of their great king's reign, and felt proud of being his subjects; but it began to gain ground amongst them towards the close of that reign, when the *prestige* of glory was overcast by evil fortune, and religious persecution raised up many enemies against royalty. The first attacks upon the absolute authority of kings proceeded from Protestant refugees. Next came Massillon, who, in his *Petit Carême*, taught, in the name of heaven, that authority emanates from the people, and should be exercised for the people; the legitimatised princes themselves" [the bastards of Louis XIV], "constantly invoked the sovereignty of the nation against the severities of the regency. Moreover, the relations established between the government of the regent and that of Great Britain, put France in communication with the political institutions of that nation. Ideas of the ponderation of powers, and of representative government, crossed the Straits, and Montesquieu gave body to these yet vague notions.

"It was likewise a refugee who introduced scepticism into the domain of religion. Bayle, who found doubt more convenient than affirmation, established a general pyrrhonism, and furnished, with Freret, almost all the arguments used by the philosophers after him. Men's minds were already disposed to incredulity. The cause of this lies further back, and is to be sought for among the changes effected by the Reformation. As long as it was militant it rather consolidated than shook the religious principle; on both sides men attached themselves strongly to the articles of faith for which they exposed their lives; but when peace succeeded to the tumult of arms, the reformist body became subdivided into a host of sects, all assuming to be the organs of heaven, and the exponents of the truth. Out of this chaos doubt arose; and incredulity followed doubt by a natural filiation."

But, to return to Fleury, we have yet to speak of the blackest stain upon his character as a minister and as a man. Not content with enervating the mind of his royal pupil, and unfitting him for ever for the discharge of his momentous duties, not content with estranging his affections from the queen, it was the cardinal's pleasure that Louis should plunge into open profligacy. Up to the age of two-and-twenty the king evinced no disposition to conjugal infidelity. He was then remarkably handsome, and the ladies of the court vied with each other in efforts to allure him. His confidential attendants, according to the invariable tactics of their class, were eager to provide him with a mistress, and took care to make him observe the amorous advances of the fair dames around him. At first his answer was on all such occasions, "The queen is a much finer woman." But the pertinacity of his tempters, seconded by the weakness and vacuity of his own nature, at last prevailed; and his panders, Bachelier and Lebel, cast the bashful and reluctant young monarch almost by force into the arms of Madame de Mailly. At the head of the triumphant conspiracy was that grave and reverend person, that zealous and demure churchman, Cardinal Fleury. Unseen he directed all the machinations of the plot, selected the mistress, and contrived the interviews. Madame de Mailly was perfectly free from ambition, the greatest of merits in the old minister's eyes, for it relieved him from all apprehension on the score of his own influence; her love for the

king was genuine and disinterested, and she even beggared herself for the sake of her sordid lover, whose avarice was such that he did not blush to amass money in a time of famine by jobbing in corn. As single-hearted and fond as La Valliere, and still more unhappy, like her she died penitent, a victim to the base ambition of her own sisters.

If Louis had been slow to cast aside the restraints of decorum, it is notorious with what desperate assiduity he afterwards revelled in depravity, and helped to bring about that catastrophe which he had ability enough to foresee, and heartlessness enough to disregard, because he believed it was not to happen in his day. His reign may be divided into five portions, two of which we have briefly glanced at—namely, the regency, and the ministry of Cardinal Fleury; the remaining three are denoted by the names of the three successive *maîtresses en titre*, Mesdames de Chateauroux, de Pompadour, and du Barry. The first of these was a proud and ambitious woman, one of the three sisters of Madame de Mailly, who supplanted her in the king's favour. She desired to exalt the glory of her royal paramour, and under her influence Louis seemed for a while to shake off his apathy and sloth; she insisted that he should apply himself to the business of government, and appear at the head of his army. But her reign was brief; she died suddenly, and the king relapsed into his old habits. Then came the vindictive procuress, Madame de Pompadour, who filled the Bastille with the victims of her resentment, and the *Parc-aux-Cerfs* with female children kidnapped, or purchased, or tempted to offer themselves voluntarily, to be instructed in the principles of religion and the practices of vice by the devout and debauched monarch. When Pompadour died, it was quite in accordance with the fit and natural sequence of things, that du Barry should step from a brothel to take her place as virtual queen of France.

There was likewise a natural fitness in the manner of death that befel Louis XV. Alarmed by some symptoms of contrition manifested by him, the Countess du Barry, who had long followed the system of Madame de Pompadour, prevailed on the king to make an excursion to Trianon, where he would find a young girl whose charms would dissipate his gloomy thoughts. But the girl was already labouring under the latent stage of small pox; the king caught the infection and died in a few days, at the age of sixty-four, and after a reign of fifty-nine years. His death was welcomed with joy by the nation which had once regarded him with such genuine and warm affection. When some one bantered the priest of St. Geneviève on the inefficacy of the prayers and ceremonies at the shrine of the saint on the occasion of the king's illness, "Why," replied the priest, "is he not dead? What more would you have?"

*Histoire de la Revolution Française.* Par J. Michelet. Tome première. Paris : 1847.

THE 317 pages which make up the narrative part of this volume, carry us from the election of the States-General, in April 1789, to the king's forced return from Versailles to Paris on the 6th of October in the same year. It is not by so small a fragment that we can pretend fairly to judge a work of such high argument, and likely to be of such considerable magnitude ; we will rather allow the author to explain his own purposes, as they are disclosed in his preface and introduction. In the first place, it is not M. Michelet's intention to cry up the peculiar merits of any revolutionary sect or leader, least of all to apologize for the Reign of Terror, with its famous byeword, "*Sois mon frère, ou je te tue !*" Michelet's hero is the people.

"One thing which must be universally published, and which it is but too easy to prove, is that the humane and benevolent period of our Revolution had for its actor the people itself, the whole people, all the world ; and the period of violence and bloodshed into which it was afterwards driven by impending danger, had for actors but an inconsiderable and exceedingly small number of men.

"This is what I have found, ascertained, and verified, either by written evidence, or by the oral testimony of aged men.

"The saying of a man belonging to the Faubourg St. Antoine, will stand good. 'We were all of us by on the 10th of August, and not one on the 2nd of September.'

"Another thing which this history will place full in the light, and which is thoroughly true, is, that the people was on the whole, of far more worth than its leaders. The more deeply I have searched, the more I have found that the best was undermost. I have perceived too, that those brilliant and powerful speakers, who gave utterance to the thoughts of the masses, are erroneously regarded as the sole actors. Instead of being prime movers, they were much more the recipients of impulses from without. The principal actor was the people, to restore whom to its proper place, I have been obliged to reduce to their real proportions those ambitious puppets of which the people pulled the strings, and in which the world has hitherto fancied it beheld the secret machination and play of history.

"This spectacle, I must confess, struck myself with astonishment. The more deeply I entered into the investigation, the more I perceived that the party leaders, the conventional heroes of history, neither foresaw, nor prepared, nor set in motion, any one of the great things, any one especially of those which were the unanimous work of the people at the commencement of the revolution. Left to itself, in those decisive moments, by its pretended leaders, the people saw what was to be done, and did it."

So much for the actors in the great drama : now for its scope and meaning :—

"I define the Revolution as the advent of Law, the resurrection of Equity, the reaction of Justice.

"Was the Law, as it appeared in the Revolution, in conformity or otherwise with the religious law that preceded it? In other words : was the Revolution christian or anti-christian?

"Logically and historically this question precedes every other. It touches

and penetrates even those which would seem exclusively political. All the civil institutions which the Revolution encountered, had either emanated from Christianity, or were modelled on its forms and authorised by it.

"Religious or political, the two questions have their deep roots inextricably intermingled. Confounded together in the past, they will re-appear to-morrow as what they really are, one and the same.

"The socialist disputes, the ideas which are in our day regarded as novel and paradoxical, were agitated in the bosom of Christianity and in that of the Revolution. There are few of these ideas into which the two systems did not enter very deeply. The Revolution especially, in its rapid apparition, wherein it realized so little, caught glimpses, by the glare of the lightning, of unknown depths and abysses of the future.

"So then in spite of whatever developments theories may have taken, in spite of new forms and new words, I still see on the stage but two grand facts, two principles, two actors and personages, Christianity and the Revolution."

The author reiterates his question, and bitterly complains of the bad faith of the two parties on either side, who have tacitly agreed to dispute only about accessories, and never to approach the vital point of the controversy. Talking one day, he says, with one of the best bishops in France, on the conflict between Grace and Justice, which constitutes the very basis of Christianity, he was stopped by the prelate, who observed that "Fortunately the question was no longer agitated. Let us not disturb the happy silence that exists on the subject. It is superfluous to revive this dispute." Michelet is not content with this pacific policy of the good bishop. He insists on having a categorical answer. "I tell you," he says, "Monseigneur,"

"I tell you that the question is nothing less than this: whether the doctrine of grace and salvation through Christ is or is not reconcileable with justice; whether or not it is just; whether or not it will subsist. Nothing endures against justice. Does the duration of Christianity appear to you to be a secondary question? \* \* \*

"As a historian of the Revolution, I cannot make even one step without this inquiry. But even were I not invincibly led to it by the nature of my subject, I should be driven to it by the dictates of my heart. The miserable connivance in which the two parties persist, is one of the leading causes of our moral enfeeblement. It is a battle of condottieri, in which no one fights: the two parties advance, retreat, threaten, but never come to blows—a pitiable spectacle. As long as fundamental questions continue to be thus eluded, there is no progress, religious or social, to be hoped for. The world is waiting for a faith, that it may resume its march, that it may breathe and live. But faith can never begin in falsehood, trickery and lying compacts. \* \* \*

"Many eminent minds, with a laudable view to conciliation and peace, have affirmed in our days that the Revolution was but the accomplishment of Christianity; that the former came to continue, realise, and fulfil, all that the latter had promised.

"If this assertion is well founded, the eighteenth century, the philosophers, the precursors and masters of the Revolution were mistaken, and did anything but what they intended to do. In general, their object was anything but the accomplishment of Christianity.

"If the Revolution was that and no more, it would not be distinct from Christianity, it would be an age of that principle, its virile age, its age of reason. It would be nothing in itself. In that case there would not be two

actors but one only, Christianity. If there is but one actor, there is no drama, no crisis; the struggle we imagine we behold is a pure illusion; the world seems to be all astir, but in reality it is motionless.

"But no, it is not so. The strife is but too real. It is no simulated combat between two parts of the same whole. There are two combatants.

"Neither must it be said that the new principle is but a criticism of the old one, a doubt, a pure negation.—Who has seen a negation? What sort of a thing is a living negation, a negation that acts and procreates likes this one? A world was born yesterday from its womb. No, in order that a thing shall produce, it must be.

"There are then two things, and not one; we cannot mistake the fact, there are two principles, two spirits, the old and the new.

"In vain the younger, sure of living and so much the more pacific, would say to the elder, 'I come to accomplish and not to abolish.' The elder by no means desires to be *accomplished*. The word has for it something of a funeral and sinister sound; it repudiates this filial benediction, and will have neither tears nor prayers.

"We must get rid of misconceptions if we would see our way clearly.

"The Revolution continues Christianity, and contradicts it. It is at once its heir and its adversary.

"In what is general and human, in the feeling that pervades them, the two principles are agreed. In what constitutes their proper and special life respectively, in the primary idea of each of them, they are mutually repellent and contradictory.

"They agree in the sentiment of human brotherhood. That sentiment, born with man and with the world, and common to every society, has nevertheless been extended and deepened by Christianity. This is its glory, its eternal palm. It found fraternity restricted to the banquet of the antique city; it fertilised and expanded it over the vast Christian world. In its turn the Revolution, the daughter of Christianity, taught the same doctrine for the world at large, for the whole race, for every religion beneath the sun.

"That is the whole resemblance; now for the difference.

"The Revolution bases fraternity on the love of man for man, on mutual duty, on right and justice. This basis is fundamental, and has no need of any other.

"It has not sought to support this certain principle upon a doubtful historical principle. It has not accounted for fraternity on the grounds of a common parentage, and a filiation transmitting with the blood, from father to son, a common guilt and liability.

"This carnal material principle, which places justice and injustice, and makes them circulate with the flux of life from generation to generation, violently contradicts the spiritual notion of justice which lies at the bottom of every human soul. No, Justice is not a fluid transmitted in the process of generation. The will alone is just or unjust; the heart alone feels itself responsible; justice is entirely in the soul; the body has no part in the matter.

"This barbarous, material starting-point amazes us in a religion which has pushed doctrinal subtlety further than any other. It imprints on the whole system an intensely arbitrary character, from which no subtlety can ever extricate it. The arbitrary spirit reaches and penetrates all doctrinal developments, all the religious institutions that flow from them; and, finally, the civil order of things, which in the middle ages flowed from those institutions, imitated their forms, and became animated by their spirit. \* \* \*

"All the bastard medleys by which the schoolmen or others subsequently have vainly endeavoured to construct a *reasonable* system of doctrine, a philosophical and jurist christianity, must be rejected. They have neither virtue

nor force. It has been found necessary to cast them aside, and they have relapsed into oblivion and silence. We must behold the system in itself, in its terrible purity, which constituted its whole force; we must follow it in its medieval reign, and see it set out on its course from the period when fixed at last, complete, armed and inflexible, it takes possession of the world.

"Sombre doctrine! which, in the destruction of the Roman empire, when civil order perishes, and human justice is as it were effaced, shuts out all recourse to the supreme tribunal, and veils for a thousand years the face of eternal justice.

"The iniquity of conquest, confirmed by God's decree, feels itself authorised, and believes itself just. The victors are the elect; the vanquished are the reprobate. Damnation without appeal. Long ages may pass—the conquest may be forgotten; but Heaven, void of justice, will press not the less heavily on the earth, forming it after its own image. The arbitrariness that constitutes the essence of this theology will be found everywhere, clinging with disheartening tenacity to political institutions: and to those even, in which man had designed to build an asylum for justice. Divine monarchy and human govern for their elect.

"Whither, then, shall man fly for refuge? Grace reigns alone in Heaven; and favor here below.

"In order that justice, now proscribed and banished, may venture to raise her head, one thing is necessary, a difficult thing—so much is human sense stifled beneath the weight of suffering and the wrongs of ages;—it is necessary that justice should again begin to believe herself just, that she should awake, recollect herself, and once more be conscious of equity.

"This consciousness, slowly awaked during six hundred years of religious effort, blazed up in '89, in the political and the social world.

"The Revolution is nothing else than the tardy reaction of Justice against the government of favour and the religion of grace."

We have been careful to let Michelet expound his notions in his own words, that we might not incur the risk, either of misstating his views, or of appearing to make ourselves responsible for them. In the second portion of his introduction, which treats of the Ancient Monarchy, he still pursues his argument against the doctrine of arbitrary grace.

"In 1300," he says, "I see the great Ghibeline poet elevating the colossus of the Cæsar to the sky in opposition to the Pope. Unity, according to him, is safety: *one* monarch, one alone for the whole earth. Then blindly following out his austere, inflexible logic, he lays it down that the more this monarch is great, the more he is all in all, the more he is a God, so much the less is it to be feared that he will ever commit any abuse of his power. Having everything, he desires nothing; still less can he envy or hate. He is perfectly, supremely just; he governs precisely like God's justice.

"Here is the basis of all the theories that have since been put together in support of this principle—*Unity*, and the supposed result of unity, *Peace*. And ever since we have hardly had anything but wars.

"We must dig deeper than Dante to discover the deep popular foundation on which the colossus was built.

"Man has need of justice. Held captive within the compass of a doctrine which turns wholly on the arbitrary grace of God, he thought to save justice in a political religion, created to himself out of a man a *God of justice*, hoping that that visible God would preserve for him the light of equity which had been dimmed in the other."

And what were the results of the government of grace exercised by this fraternal monarchy?

"In the first place, there is no denying that it secured to this people the glory of a prodigious and incredible patience. Read the foreign travellers of the last two centuries, and you will see them astounded as they pass through our rural districts, at their miserable appearance, the dreariness and desolation, the squalid poverty, the gloomy, naked, and empty cabins, the meagre, ragged people. There they learn what man can endure without dying, what no one, —English, Dutch, or German, would have borne.

"What astonishes them still more, is the resignation of this people, its respect for its masters, lay and clerical, its idolatrous attachment to its kings. That it retains, in the midst of such sufferings, so much patience, meekness, goodness, and docility, and so little malice towards its oppressors,—this is a strange mystery. It is, perhaps, accounted for in part, by the sort of heedless philosophy, the too light facility, with which the Frenchman encounters bad weather; fair weather will come some time or other; rain to-day, sunshine to-morrow. He does not quarrel with the rain.

"The sobriety, too, of the French, that eminently military quality, contributed towards this resignation. In this particular, as in every other, our soldiers have shown how far the force of human nature can go. Their fastings, during painful marches and excessive toils, would have dismayed the slothful hermits of the Thebaïd.

"Marshal Villars shall tell us how the armies of Louis XIV. lived:— 'Many times we have thought that bread would fail entirely; and then, by dint of efforts, enough has been procured for half a day. The next day's supply is eked out by fasting. When M. d'Artagnan marched, the brigades that did not march were obliged to fast. How we subsist is a wonder; and a wonder, too, is the virtue and fortitude of our soldiers. *Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie*, they say to me, when I pass through their ranks, after they are brought down to but the quarter or the half ration. I encourage them, and make them promises; they merely shrug their shoulders, and look at me with an air of resignation that touches me to the heart. 'M. le Marechal is right,' they say, 'one must know how to suffer sometimes.'

"Patience! virtue! resignation! Is it possible to remain unmoved in recovering these traces of the goodness of our fathers? \* \* \* If patience merits heaven, the people in the last two centuries really surpassed all the merits of the saints. But how is the legend of it to be composed? The traces of it are very scattered. Destitution is a general fact; the patience to support it is a virtue so common among us, that historians rarely dwell on either. History, moreover, is deficient as to the eighteenth century. France, after her fearful efforts in the wars of Louis XIV., suffered too much to relate her own story. There are no more memoirs. No one had the courage to write his private life; vanity even was silent, having only shame to tell of. Until the philosophical movement this country was silent, like the desolate palace of Louis XIV. surviving his family; like the chamber of the dying man who governed the land, old Cardinal Fleury.

"The history of this misery is so much the less easy to unravel, as its periods are not marked, as elsewhere, by insurrections. They were never more rare among any people. This one loved its masters; it had no insurrection, only a Revolution."

Michelet gathers from the mouths of the masters themselves, kings, ministers, prelates, magistrates, and intendants, the horrible proofs of the extremities to which the people were reduced; and he repeats the forebodings of disaster uttered by every witness, by Colbert, Boisguillebert, Fénelon, and even by the haughty mistress of Louis XV., Madame de Chateauroux. And amidst all these incredible sufferings, the people still believes and hopes. It still looks for succour to its god on earth, the King.

"Laughable! touching idolatry. This king, this god, what will he do? He has neither the strength of will, nor perhaps the power to cure the deep inveterate universal evil that gnaws the vitals of society, that has drunk its blood, and dried up its bones.

"The evil is this, that from top to bottom society is organised in such a manner as to produce continually less and less and to pay more and more. It will go on incessantly wasting away, yielding up its marrow after its blood is exhausted, and there will be no end to the process, until just at the last gasp of life, the convulsions of death make the pale and feeble body start to its feet.—Feeble? perhaps strengthened by rage!

"Let us investigate the phrase, *producing less and less*. It is exact to the letter.

"In the time of Louis XIV., the *aides* are already so heavy, that all the vines are plucked up at Nantes, Etampes, and elsewhere. The peasant having no furniture to seize, the Exchequer has nothing to lay hold on except his cattle, which it gradually exterminates. Corn cultivation, vastly extended in the 17th century, contracted again in the 18th. The earth can no longer repair her prolific powers; she fasts and grows faint; the cattle have come to an end, and the law seems to end likewise.

"Not only does the land produce less, but a smaller quantity of it is cultivated. In many places it is no longer worth cultivating. The great proprietors, tired of making advances to the *metayer* farmers that yield no return, neglect the land that would require much outlay. The cultivated country shrinks in size, the wilderness expands. People talk about agriculture, write about agriculture, make books, and costly experiments, and try paradoxical systems of cultivation. And at the same time cultivation, helpless and unaided, and wanting cattle, becomes savage. Men, women, and children yoke themselves to the plough. They would till the ground with their nails, did not our old laws defend the ploughshare, the last poor instrument that opens the earth's bosom. Is it any wonder that the diminution of the harvests keeps pace with the decay of the starving husbandman? The produce of the year no longer suffices for the year's subsistence. As we approach '89, nature yields less and less. Like the wearied beast that will go no farther, but will rather lie down and die, it waits and produces no more. Liberty is not only the life of man, it is that of nature."

Whither shall the poor man turn in this extremity of his distress? His wooden gods avail him nothing. The priest, the noble, and the king, the objects of his idolatrous devotion, all fail him at his need.

"He loved them, that is his excuse; it explains his infatuation. How he loved! How he trusted! What simple hearty faith in his *good Lord*, in the *dear holy man of God*! How he knelt before them on the road, and continued to kiss the dust long after they had passed. Trodden under foot by them, how he persisted in putting all his hope and trust in them. Always a minor, always a child, he felt an indescribable filial delight in keeping nothing back from them, and committing all his future prospects to their care. 'I have nothing, I am a poor man, but I am the baron's man of that handsome chateau yonder.' Or else, 'I have the honour to be the serf of that famous monastery. I can never want.'

"Go now, honest man, go in thy day of need and knock at those doors.

"At the chateau? but the gate is shut; the great common table has long been unused; the hearth is cold, there is neither fire or smoke. The lord of the mansion is at Versailles. He does not forget thee, however. He has left here for thee the Attorney and the Bailiff.



"Well, then, I will go to the monastery. \* \* \* Knock, knock, poor Lazarus! thou wilt wait long at that door. Dost thou not know, then, that the church has now retired from the world, that all these matters of the poor and of charity no longer concern her? In the middle ages she had two things of which she was very jealous, property and functions; more equitable in modern times she has made a partition of these two things; the property she has kept for herself; the functions, schools, hospitals, alms, the patronage of the poor, all these things, which mixed her up too much with the concerns of this lower world, she has generously transferred to the lay power.

"She has duties which absorb her attention, above all, that of defending to the death those pious foundations of which she is the depository, and transmitting them unimpaired and constantly augmented. Herein she is truly heroic; ready for martyrdom, if need be. In 1788 the State, burthened with enormous debt and driven to its last shift, addressed itself as a suppliant to the clergy, and besought them to pay taxes. The reply of the clergy is admirable, and worthy of all memory—'No, *the people* of France is not taxable at discretion.'

"To invoke the name of the people as a pretext for not coming to the aid of the people! This was truly the sublime culminating point of pharisaical wisdom. Let '89 come now. This clergy may now die. It can never out-top what it has already achieved."

The earth refused the poor man his increase; the nobles failed him, and the clergy; his last hope was in the king. That king was Louis XV. The poor man had his final answer. He found that the *ancien regime*, king, priests, and nobles, was truly a heartless tyranny exercised in the name of Grace. Then he fled for justice to the Revolution.

WE had hoped to be able to give in the present number some account of the history of the Girondins by M. Lamartine, two volumes of which have been announced for speedy publication; but at the moment we write they have not yet made their appearance in Paris. We are in possession, however, of a fragment of the work, describing the private life of Robespierre, and this we will proceed to lay before our readers. It has long been known in literary circles, that Lamartine intended to take Robespierre under his protection, *le réhabiliter*, as they say in France. The horror and pity which Robespierre's name excites will, we think, be increased rather than diminished by the perusal of the following eulogium on his domestic virtues.

#### PRIVATE LIFE OF ROBESPIERRE.

"THE life of Robespierre bore testimony to the disinterestedness of his sentiments; that life was the most eloquent of his discourses. Had his master, Jean Jacques Rousseau, quitted his cabin at the Charmettes, or at Ermenonville, to become the legislator of humanity, he would not have led an existence of more sober seriousness, or of greater poverty, than that of Robespierre. That poverty was meritorious, for it was voluntary. Repeatedly assailed by efforts of corruption on the part of the court, of the Mirabeau, the Lameth, and the Girondin party, during the two Assemblies, he had daily his fortune within reach of his own hand, but he disdained to grasp it. Called afterwards, by election, to exercise the functions of public accuser and judge, in Paris, he

cast everything aside to live in pure and high-souled indigence. His whole fortune, and that of his brother and sister, consisted in the rent of a few parcels of land in Artois. The farmers, who were themselves poor, and related to his family, paid their arrears very irregularly. His daily salary, as deputy, during the Constituent Assembly and the Convention, supplied the necessities of three persons. He was obliged sometimes to have recourse to the purses of his host and of his friends. His debts, which amounted notwithstanding at his death but to the moderate sum of four thousand francs, after six years' residence in Paris, attest the extreme sobriety of his tastes and his expenditure.

"His habits were those of a thrifty artisan. He lodged in a house in the Rue St. Honoré, opposite the church of the Assumption. It was a low building with a court-yard in front, surrounded by sheds, filled with planks, pieces of scaffolding, and other building materials, and had an almost rustic appearance. It consisted of a kitchen on a level with the yard, with a common sitting-room adjoining, and separated from it by a corridor, at the end of which was a wooden staircase leading up to an attic-like floor over the sheds. The windows of this floor opened on the roof, and had no other prospect than the yard, in which the sounds of the axe and the saw were always heard, and where the mistress of the establishment and her daughters were constantly engaged in the household occupations.

"The house belonged to a carpenter and builder named Duplay, who having been acquainted with Robespierre's family in Artois, of which he was a native, offered the deputy of Arras a domicile on his arrival in Paris. Long cohabitation, a common table, and many years close intercourse, converted Duplay's hospitality into mutual attachment. The family became as it were a second family of his own for Robespierre. He made it adopt his opinions without in anywise divesting it of the simplicity of its habits, or even of its religious practices. It consisted of the father, the mother, a son, who was still a child, and two daughters, the one eighteen the other twenty years of age. The father, after spending the whole day in the business of his trade, used to go in the evening and hear Robespierre at the Jacobins, and return home filled to fanaticism with admiration for the orator of the people, and with hatred for the enemies of that young and pure patriot. Madame Duplay shared her husband's enthusiasm for their guest. The glory of lodging Robespierre rendered honourable and welcome in her eyes the little voluntary domestic services she rendered him, as though she had not been so much his hostess as his mother. Robespierre requited those services and that devoted feeling with affection. He shut up his heart within the walls of that poor dwelling. Conversational with the father, filial with the mother, paternal with the son, familiar and almost on the footing of a brother with the daughters, he inspired and experienced, in the domestic circle formed around him, all those sentiments which an ardent soul inspires and experiences only by diffusing itself over a wide space abroad.

"Love itself attached his heart to the spot where toil, poverty, and earnest meditation fixed his life. Eléonore, Duplay's eldest daughter, inspired Robespierre with a serious and tender attachment. This feeling, which was rather a predilection than a passion, was more deliberate in Robespierre—more ardent and spontaneous in the girl. Neither could have said when the inclination began; but it had grown up with age in the soul of Eléonore, with habit in the heart of Robespierre. This attachment gave the orator the fond feelings of a lover and no torments, happiness, and no distraction. It was the love that suited a man cast every day into the agitations of public life, a repose of heart after the exhaustions of the mind. 'Virile soul!' he used to say of his mistress; 'she is one that could die as she can love.' Their mutual regard, avowed by both and approved of by the family, was self-respected in its purity. They lived in the same

house as two betrothed persons, not as two lovers. Robespierre had asked the hand of the young girl of her parents: she was promised to him. 'His penury, and the uncertain aspect of the future, prevented his uniting himself with her until the destiny of France should have been cleared up; but he longed,' he said, 'only for the moment when, the revolution once ended and consolidated, he might withdraw from the turmoil, wed her whom he loved, and go live in Artois on one of the farms he retained of his family property, and there merge his obscure happiness in the common felicity.'

"In the Duplay family, along with Eléonore, lived a sister of Lebas, named Sophie, who was beloved by St. Just, and engaged to that young disciple of Robespierre. Sophie, who was handsomer and less reserved than her young friends, often disturbed their home by the storms which her vain and volatile character stirred up between her and St. Just. Robespierre often reproached her for these inconstancies of heart. He did not like Lebas' sister. He had a great esteem for Duplay's youngest daughter Elizabeth, who was sought in marriage, and soon afterwards wedded to his countryman and colleague Lebas. This young woman, on whom Robespierre's friendship entailed the loss of her husband's life the day after their union, lived more than half a century after that day without once disowning her respect for Robespierre, and without ever comprehending the maledictions heaped by the world upon that young brother of her youth, who appeared in her remembrance so pure, so virtuous, and so gentle!

"No outward vicissitudes of fortune, influence, and popularity made any change in the simple tenor of Robespierre's life. The multitude came to the gate of that house to implore favour, or life, but nothing entered it that belonged to the world without. Robespierre's lodging consisted in a ground-floor room over the timber-yard, and separated from that occupied by the heads of the house only by a small room common to himself and the family, in which were kept water, firewood, clothes, and household utensils. The window of Robespierre's room opened on the roof, and the room itself contained only a bed with serge furniture striped blue and white, a table, and four straw-bottomed chairs. The place served Robespierre both for a sleeping room and a study. His papers, reports, and the autograph manuscripts of his speeches, in a regular but laborious hand, with many corrections, were carefully ranged on deal shelves along the wall, along with a very few select books. A volume of J. J. Rousseau or of Racine was almost always open on his table, testifying his philosophic and literary predilection for those two writers.

"Such was the spot in which Robespierre passed the greater part of the day preparing his speeches. He used only to leave it in the morning to attend the sittings of the Assembly, and at seven in the evening to go to the Jacobins. His dress, even at the period when the demagogues affected to flatter the people by imitating the coarseness and slovenliness of indigence, was neat, decent, and correct, like that of a man who respects himself in the eyes of others. His somewhat fastidious attention to his dignity and to his style was exhibited even in his outward appearance. His hair, powdered and thrown back on the temples, in the form called *ailes de pigeon*, a blue coat, buttoned round the waist and open on the breast to display a white waistcoat, yellow knee-breeches, white stockings, and shoes with silver buckles, formed his invariable costume during all his public life. It was as though he designed, by never changing the form or colour of his garments, to imprint an image of himself always the same, a medal as it were of his figure, on the eyes and the imagination of the multitude.

"His features and the expression of his countenance betrayed the perpetual tension of a mind that sternly strove with itself, rather than the malevolence, disorder, and perversity of a wicked man. The lines of his face relaxed even to quietude in his home, at table, or, at even, round the fire of chips in the

carpenter's humble parlour. His evenings were always passed in the family circle, talking over the emotions of the day, the plans for the morrow, the conspiracies of the aristocrats, the prospects of the future for each of them after the revolution; it was a type of the people in miniature, with its simple manners, its jealous susceptibilities, its whisperings and declamations, its prejudices against the rich, its bursts of rage, and sometimes its fits of tenderness.

"A small number only of Robespierre and Duplay's friends were admitted by turns into the privacy of their home; the Lameths sometimes; Lebas and St. Just always; Panis, Sergeant, Coffinhal, Fouché, who was in love with Robespierre's sister, and whom Robespierre did not like; Taschereau, Legendre, Le Boucher, Merlin de Thionville, Couthon, Péthion, Camille Desmoulins, Buonarroti, a Roman patriot, emulous of the fame of the tribune Rienzi; one Nicolas, printer of the journal and the speeches of the orator; a locksmith named Didier, a friend of Duplay's; some workmen, constant attendants at the Jacobins; and lastly, Madame de Chalabre, a noble and wealthy woman, full of enthusiasm for Robespierre, devoted to him like the widows of Corinth or of Rome to the apostles of the new faith, placing her fortune at his command for the popularisation of his ideas, and courting the friendship of Duplay's wife and daughters that she might merit a look from Robespierre.

"Their talk was of the revolution; or at times, after a short playful conversation with the two girls, Robespierre, who wished to adorn the mind of his affianced bride, would read aloud to the family. He generally chose the tragedies of Racine, for he loved to give sonorous utterance to those grand lines, whether to exercise himself for the efforts of the forum, or to elevate the simple souls of his friends to the level of the great sentiments and great catastrophes of antiquity, to which his own public part and their course of life were daily acquiring a closer analogy. His evenings were seldom spent abroad. Twice or thrice a year he used to take Madame Duplay and her daughters to the theatre, and then it was always to the classical representations of the Théâtre Français. Theatrical, even in his dreams and his recreations, he loved only those tragic declamations that reminded him of the forum, of tyranny, the people, the scaffold, of great crimes and great virtues. On other days Robespierre went early to bed, and rose again in the night to work. The innumerable speeches he delivered in the two national assemblies and at the Jacobins, the articles written for his journal while he had one, the still more numerous manuscripts of the speeches he composed but did not deliver; the elaboration of the style discoverable in these speeches, the indefatigable corrections with which his pen has marked the manuscripts, attest his sleepless nights and his persevering industry. The perfection of art was at least as much as empire the object of his aim. He knew that the multitude like what is comely quite as much as what is true; and he treated the people as great writers treat posterity, without counting their own pains, and without familiarity. He robed himself in the stately drapery of his philosophy and his patriotism. His only amusements were lonely walks, in imitation of J. J. Rousseau, his model, in the Champs Elysées or in the environs of Paris, accompanied only by his great mastiff that used to sleep at his chamber door and always followed his master when he went abroad. This colossal dog, well known in the quarter, was called *Bloum*. Robespierre was very fond of the animal and was continually playing with it. It was the only escort of that tyrant of opinion who made the throne tremble, and drove the whole aristocracy of the country as fugitives to foreign lands. In moments of extreme agitation, and when fears were felt for the lives of the democrats, Nicolas the printer, Didier the locksmith, and young Duplay used to follow Robespierre at a distance with weapons concealed under their clothes. He was annoyed by these precautions taken without his knowledge. 'Let me

leave your house and go live alone,' he would say to his host; 'I endanger your family, and my enemies will make it a crime in your children to have loved me.'—'No, no, we will die together, or the people shall triumph,' replied Duplay. Sometimes on Sunday the whole family made an excursion out of Paris with Robespierre, and the tribune, become again a man, roamed with his bride, and with Eléonore's mother, sister, and brother, in the woods of Versailles or Issy.

"Thus lived a man whose power was nothing immediately round his own person, but became immense as it receded from that centre. That power was but a name—a name that reigned only in public opinion. Robespierre's gradually became the only name incessantly in the mouths of the people. By dint of putting himself forward on every rostrum as the champion of the oppressed, he had petrified his image and his patriotism in the thoughts of that part of the nation. His residence with the carpenter, and his domestication among a family of honest artisans, contributed not a little to make the name of Robespierre stick fast in the revolutionary but sound mass of the people of Paris. The Duplays, their journeymen, and their friends in the various quarters of the capital, talked of Robespierre as the very type of truth and virtue. In those times of the fever of opinion the working men were not in the habit of dispersing, as they do now, to places of pleasure or debauchery, to spend their evening leisure in idle talk. One sole thought agitated, dispersed, and re-assembled the multitude; nothing was isolated and individual in their impressions; everything was collective, popular, tumultuous. Passion breathed out from and over all hearts simultaneously. Journals, with an incalculable number of subscribers, fell every hour on all the strata of the population like fiery rain on combustible materials. Placards of all shapes, dimensions, and colours, arrested the attention of the passers in the great thoroughfares; the popular societies had their rostra and their orators in all the quarters. Public affairs were become to such a degree the affairs of every man, that even those of the people who could not read used to form groups, in the markets and squares, round itinerant readers, who read the public prints for them, and commented on their contents.

"Out of all the names of deputies and orators that rang in its ears, the people chose some favourites, regarded them with passionate admiration, their enemies with wrath, and confounded their own cause with theirs. Mirabeau, Pétion, Marat, Danton, Robespierre, had been in their turns, or were still, these personifications of the multitude. But of all these men there was none whose popularity had more slowly and deeply struck root in the minds of the masses than that of the deputy of Arras. Mirabeau's popularity, rational rather than democratic, had more *prestige*, that of Robespierre had more solidity. Marat disgusted, and only moved the dregs of the populace. The blood with which he stained his pages only pleased the people in their wrathful mood; in cooler moments the public mind reverted to Robespierre. Pétion was declining; the favour of Paris did not survive the services which the concurrence of the mayor of Paris had rendered to the agitators. Pétion was liked only for his weakness. He was a popular puppet, yielding to every impulsion and never originating any. Danton had great energy but no good name; the instinctive honesty of the people blushed in secret for the bad reputation of their favourite. Danton was, in the estimation of Paris, the ideal of a seditious mover, not of a legislator. The attachment which the people felt for Robespierre was one of esteem. There was a force of conviction in the ideas of that man, a mysticism in his name, a sort of apostleship in the part he played, an appearance of martyrdom in his poverty, his patience, and his sequestered existence, endured for the cause of all. In loving Robespierre the people thought they loved themselves."

*Journal des Economistes, Revue Mensuelle d'Economie Politique, et des Questions Agricoles, Manufacturières et Commerciales.* Nos. 61-63,—December, 1846, to February, 1847. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie., Rue Richelieu. London: G. Luxford, 1, Whitefriars' Street.

At the commencement of the sixth year of their labors, the conductors of this periodical naturally congratulate themselves on the complete success of their efforts to establish a Journal especially devoted to the discussion of various important social and commercial questions. Most of the leading political economists of France are contributors to its pages; and to their united efforts may be attributed no small share of the progress made by free-trade opinions in that country since the year 1840, when it was first undertaken. We may quote the two last paragraphs of the Introduction to the new volume.

"The year which is now expiring has witnessed an event which must have a powerful influence upon the prosperity and the peace of all nations, namely, the triumph of the English League over the Corn-Laws and the vicious system of Protection. A memorable struggle has also commenced in France. Our Journal, and the Society of Economists, have supplied this agitation with writers and orators, whose services in the cause of freedom will be equally valuable.

"The '*Journal des Economistes*,' it is believed, has hitherto been serviceable to the cause of free-trade, by faithfully registering the earliest manifestations both for and against the emancipation of Commerce. It will continue to collect all the scientific arguments which may be produced on either side of the question. It will ever take an active part in the struggle, in the name of the science to which it is devoted: but, as it has undertaken to study all the branches of this vast science, the progress of free-trade will not be the sole subject treated of in its pages, and it will continue to follow and to urge forward the movement of mind in all questions which belong to Social Economy."

In an article on "The Influence of the Protective System upon Agriculture," M. F. Bastiat exposes the bad policy of France in withdrawing her population from agricultural pursuits, which he considers the best adapted to the resources of that country, and to the genius of her people, in order to engage them in manufactures, which he looks upon as better suited to English enterprise. This he attributes to French imitation of English customs and institutions; and says, that while his countrymen affect to despise this country, and set up themselves as a pattern people, they bow down in idolatry before England, and offer her the most sincere of all homage—*imitation*. He continues:—

"Do the English affect conquests? We also feel a desire to make conquests, without considering whether we, like them, have thousands of younger sons to provide for. Have they colonies? We also wish to possess colonies, without asking if, for them as for ourselves, colonies do not cost more than they are worth. Have they race-horses and hunters? We also have a desire for race-horses and hunters, without considering that those pastimes which may be followed by an aristocracy fond of hunting and of | is beyond the reach of a democracy, whose divided land is little -

hunting, even on foot. We see, in short, the population of England quitting the rural districts, and burying itself in mines, congregating in manufacturing towns, and reducing itself to mere machines in factories : and our legislators, without regard to the situation, the fitness, or the genius of our fellow-citizens, by means of the privileges of which they, in fact, bear all the expense, sets about attracting them towards mines, numerous factories, and manufacturing towns."

He goes on to show that France is eminently adapted for agriculture; while England, by her geographical position, her system of railways, her rivers, her abundant supply of iron and coal, the patient, orderly, mechanical genius of her workmen, and the maritime habits which ensue from her insular situation, is as eminently fitted to fulfil, to her own profit, and for the advantage of the whole world, the two grand functions of industry,—the manufacture and the transport of her various productions.

"Now, I ask," he continues, "do the soil, the climate, the sun of France, her geographical position, the constitution of her government, the genius of her people—do these justify coercive measures in order to thrust her population from agricultural labors to manufacturing occupations—from the field to the workshop? If manufactures were more profitable, there would have been no need of coercive measures. Profit, of itself, would have possessed sufficient attraction. But, in displacing capital and labour, in doing violence to the physical and intellectual nature of man, the only result is the impoverishment of the nation."

We cannot follow the author through his arguments, which are applicable to the protective system of every country; but, after a glowing picture of the effects of an opposite policy in France, he thus concludes :—

"It may, perhaps, be objected, that, in this case, the French nation would have been purely agricultural. I do not believe it, any more than I suppose that the English nation would have become exclusively manufacturing. With the one, the full development of manufactures would have been favourable to agriculture; with the other, the prosperity of agriculture would have encouraged manufactures: for, notwithstanding the most perfect freedom in the relations of people, there are always raw materials which are advantageously prepared for use on the spot where they occur. It is even possible, and, for my own part, I see nothing strange in the supposition, that France should send a great part of her raw materials to be manufactured in England; and that there would still be enough left for her own manufactures, even if they should increase beyond their present amount."

From the record of free-trade proceedings, we learn that the third public meeting of the Association was held at Paris, on the 24th of November last; the Duc d' Harcourt in the chair. This meeting was attended by upwards of 2,000 persons.

The chairman opened the proceedings by a speech, in which he enumerated the reproaches cast upon the Association, answering each objection with much tact and spirit. He concluded as follows :—

"What we demand is, that labour should be free; that no description of industry should be compelled to confer premiums and privileges upon others.

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"What is our situation? What do we want? We ask but one thing, namely—that the working classes may have food and clothing at the greatest possible advantage. What do our opponents say to this? They have but one reply; they say we shall lower the wages. They are free to proceed in their own way; but we, who are the apostles of freedom, do not wish to rob any one. It would be strange if, in our position, we should be the opponents of the working classes, and these gentlemen their exclusive patrons, their tutelary divinities. You see that we are not so black as we are represented, and what proves this still better than words, is the support of the most distinguished manufacturers in the kingdom, whom we have just referred to. I have the greatest hope, that with their concurrence and their support, our national industry will one day throw off the shackles under which egotism and private interest would have it continue to languish, (prolonged cheers)."

The president was followed by M. Léon Faucher, who commenced by informing the audience of the line of conduct followed by the Protectionist Association, in order to oppose the proposal of M. Say to the Council-General. The Association demanded that he should await the results of an inquiry which had been proposed; as if this inquiry, carried on in secret, and conducted by the interested parties themselves, would have more weight than that of 1834, which was but an echo of the privileged. He afterwards read and commented upon many passages of a letter written by the Odier committee to the council of ministers, to demand the dismissal of the professors of political economy, to intimidate the minister, and to compel him to make an unconstitutional declaration against the Association for the freedom of trade. The speaker denounced this step in very severe terms; and after exposing the perplexed metaphysics of protection, he alluded to the conduct of the wine-merchants of Reims, who had consented to sacrifice their interests to the protective system; and concluded in these words.

"You know our aim; we march forward to liberty. But it is such liberty as is best adapted to human society. As to the means, gentlemen, we are disposed to accept anything that can render our progress dignified and certain. We can afford to be moderate, for we have reason on our side; and, after all, it is truth which governs the world."

M. Peupin protested against the existing protective system, as affecting the working classes. He declared it to be tyrannical, unjust, and immoral; tyrannical, because it compels the workman to purchase of certain parties rather than of others; unjust, because it levies an impost in favor of a class; and immoral, because this impost weighs upon articles of primary necessity to the poor.

The last speaker was followed by Professor Ortolan, Member of the Council-General of Commerce. This speaker treated the question in a new manner; he, at least, furnished an historical demonstration of a proposition frequently stated in discussions on the Customs, namely, that the protective system is nothing but the feudal system of industry.

"Gentlemen—In studying the system of our ancient social organization, and that of our existing industrial organization, there is a similarity which has struck me much. What feudality was to the first of these organizations, the protective system is to the other. The more I have examined the details, the more clearly has this truth been shown; so much so, that I here proclaim, with



all confidence, that the protective system is no other than the feudality of industry. Examine it with me for a moment, and you will be convinced that this is the case.

"In the history of all human societies there is an old word, namely, *liberty*; but there is also a new word, namely, *equality*. The ancients, and especially the ancient republics, talked freely about liberty; but they had slaves and unequal classes of men among them. The middle ages had many agitations, many insurrections, many wars in the name of liberty; still the liberties of the middle ages were but a long, an inextricable, tissue of inequalities; and this system endured till our revolution in 1789. And this is the same state in which we now are with regard to commerce and industry. We have the principle of the liberty of commerce, of the liberty of industry, so that every one may freely open a shop, build a factory, apply himself to some manufacture or some production of art, but the protective system is there; that is to say, the conditions of prosperity for each of these modes of industry form a long and inextricable tissue of inequalities.

"The inventive genius of feudality, in the inequalities which it has planned, has been prodigiously fertile. Laying aside all those which belong to political order, or which are purely personal, and taking only those which belong to financial interests, and even of those choosing only the principal ones, how numerous and how varied do we find them! Manorial rights, tolls, services, fines on alienation, offerings, statute-work, land-tax, poll-tax, tithes of wool, of blood, of flesh-time, customed or unaccustomed privileges, exemptions and immunities of all kinds; none of these being levied for the general interest of the public treasury, but belonging to a multitude of particular and contradictory interests; all these, exercised and supported by every class, by every city, by every corporation, by every abbey, by every community, by every lord, by every citizen; all these resolve themselves, on an ultimate analysis, into one single and final purpose—that of taking the substance of those who are liable to the poll-tax, statute-work, tithes, or other imposts."

After enumerating many forms and features of protection, the speaker continues:—

"Let it not be supposed, from these words, that we ever have the intention to quarrel with their good fortune! God forbid such a thought! We speak of the protective system, of its forced consequences, and in nowise of persons. As to our productive classes, as to our industrial *personnel*, we know them, we esteem them, we love them, we know the services they render their country, and that they would render more; we know, in short, that these premiums of 30, 50, or 100 per cent. which they derive from every bargain, is no benefit to themselves; we know that they are lost at once, both for him who receives and him who pays them: and it is precisely this knowledge which leads to our conviction, and which forms the basis and the force of our doctrines.

"Gentlemen, feudality, in the midst of this number and variety of inequalities which it has created, has had its particular character, which must be mentioned. The special character of social feudality has been a complication, an entanglement, a superposition, an incessant conflict of privileges, one against another. If it were possible that a privilege could profit him who enjoys it, without injuring any one else, then, nothing would be better; confer it, by all means; establish it for all the world! But a privilege, considered solely as a privilege, cannot gratify one without injuring another. All the inequalities of feudal society were beneficial to certain parties, but injurious, oppressive, and burthensome to all others. This inextricable complication, this collision of inequalities, produces in society that deplorable state of things to which, with all our power, we call the public attention, because it consti-

tutes, and, from day to day, places in an increasing antagonism, and the most flagrant hostility, all classes of interests existing among us.

"If the nation, at the time of the feudal state of society, was divided into three classes; if the clergy were exempt from imposts; if the nobility also, under many relations, were also exempt, it follows that all these charges would fall upon the general mass of the people—upon the third estate; and if the *curé*, in each village, for his local support, had a right to the tithes; the primitive *curé*, a convent, an abbey, a rich benefice, persons exempt from tithes, the archbishop, with his right of first fruits or of *spohum*, the lord, with his right of patronage, would all agree in falling upon their prey, and lessening its amount by taking the benefit of it altogether or in part. It was the same with the nobility, in following the feudal scale, and tracing the chain of lords successively depending upon each other; and the same with the third estate, for each city, each community, each corporation; all was either aggression or defence—oppression or exemption—that is to say, the general system may be expressed in two words:—inequality, and hostility."

The speaker then proceeded to show, that, "unfortunately, the same effects are the results of the protective system in commercial and social affairs." This position he illustrates by examples derived from the operation of the duties upon coals, iron, flax, wool, cotton, and silk, and upon cattle; and affirms, that "under the protective system, every step, in a commercial and industrial sense, is either aggressive or defensive—an oppression or an exemption; that is to say, the general system may be summed up in two words:—inequality, and hostility."

"Privileges," he continues, "have the fatal property of creating each other. It is precisely because there exists a privilege which injures and wrongs me, that I, in my turn, ask for another, which may enable me to defend myself, or, at least, to have my revenge on some one else. This was evidently the effect of the ancient feudal organisation of society, and is still more evidently so in the progressive multiplication of the number of our protective duties. Privileges are mutually antagonistic, and, at the same time, they are mutually creative."

The fourth meeting of the Association was held on the 29th of December; M. Charles Dunoyer, President of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, in the chair.

The speech of the chairman is given in full. It raises a question of the greatest importance in social philosophy, namely—What is the amount of concurrence which governments ought to grant to a new opinion—supposing that opinion to be just and reasonable—which either would not, or could not obtain in its favour the concurrence of the majority of public suffrages?

The chairman was followed by M. Blanqui and M. Michael Chevalier. The last-named gentleman controverted the two strongest assertions of the protectionists, namely, that it is the aim of the free traders to deliver the national market, the producer and the consumer, even France herself, into the hands of foreigners; and, secondly, that the partizans of commercial freedom labour against the interests of the working classes.

M. Gustave Molinari began his speech by showing the analogy

existing between slavery and that protection which imposes an excess of expense, that is to say, an excess of labour, on the consumer. The chief difference consisting in the fact that the slavery of protection is indirect and latent, and consequently that there is more difficulty in getting rid of it.

M. Horace Say was the last speaker ; but the late hour did not allow of his doing more than simply to protest against a system which is not adapted to our times, which leads to domiciliary visits and the seizure of goods, and which has no other result than the production of fraud, and violation of the laws.

The December number contains also reports of proceedings at free-trade meetings, at Havre and at Reims ; and of the counter-agitation of the Protectionists at Paris, Troyes, Mulhouse, Valenciennes, Amiens, Limoges, &c.

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*Patria. La France Ancienne et Moderne, Morale, et Matérielle ; ou Collection Encyclopédique et Statistique de tous les Faits Relatifs à l'Histoire Physique et Intellectuelle de la France et de ses Colonies. Première Partie. Paris : Dubochet, Lechevalier et Cie. Rue Richelieu, No 60. 1847.*

A WORK containing an immense mass of information relating to France and her Colonies, as a matter of course very much condensed, but clearly expressed, and illustrated by maps, wood-cuts, and numerous statistical tables. In addition to the vast amount of previously published material, collected from all accessible sources, the editors have given many interesting documents, which appear in the pages of this book for the first time ; the whole being arranged in such a manner as to be easily referred to by means of a four-fold index, which is to accompany the second portion. The book is altogether one which we think must be welcome in this country as well as in France, and has our warm commendation.

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## CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

1. A CANOE VOYAGE UP THE MINNAY SOTOR ; with an Account of the Lead and Copper Deposits in Wisconsin ; of the Gold Region in the Cherokee Country ; and Sketches of Popular Manners, &c. By G. W. Featherstonhaugh, F.R.S., F.G.S., Author of 'Excursion through the Slave States.' In two volumes. London : Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. 1847.

FROM various parts of the present volumes, as well as of his preceding work on the Slave States, it is evident that Mr. Featherstonhaugh entertains no very exalted opinion of the honour or morals of the "sovereign people" of the United States. With the greatest candour he acknowledges the kind attention which he almost invariably received from officers in the American army, and other members of what may be deemed the *aristocracy* of that country ; but the average specimens of *the many*, with whom it was his fate to come in contact, were certainly ill-calculated to impress a stranger with a favorable idea of their character, however strongly disposed he might feel to view passing events through a bright medium ; and the numerous disgusting scenes of intemperance and licentiousness witnessed by our author, would naturally lead him to doubt the wisdom of entrusting the destinies of a mighty empire to the representatives who might be supposed the best calculated to carry out the wishes of such constituents.

Recent events, have, indeed, in some measure justified the author's anticipations of the inevitable tendencies of "universal suffrage, and the government of an uncontrolled democracy," as expressed in the introduction to his former work on the Slave States ; and in the preface to the present volume the same subject is thus continued.

"For some time past the attention of the world has been turned to the tendencies of the Republican Government of the United States : no one, indeed, who has observed them, and who associates those tendencies with the possible misapplication of the immense resources which another generation or two will place at its command, can shut his eyes upon the future. The English traveler, above all, who has advanced to the distant confines of that government—who has trod over many thousand miles of its unrivalled fertility—who has traversed its coal-fields, occupying an area larger than Great Britain—who has seen its inexhaustible supply of iron and copper ores, its productive lead district, extending at least 800 miles, its gold regions nearly equally long—and who foresees what a prodigious population will hereafter be assembled amidst these elements of power, cannot but be deeply impressed with the fact, that every popular election in Republican America exposes all these immense resources to fall under the control of men little disposed to honor the principles that alone bind nations to the maintenance of the peace of mankind ; men who, within another generation, may attempt upon the British North American provinces as lawless an invasion as that which they have set on foot against their presumed feeble sister republic of Mexico !"—p. xii.

This subject is more fully developed in Chapter xx. of the present work ; in which the author enters on the consideration of the security of our provinces from American aggression ; especially recommending such “a continuation of internal improvements along our North American southern frontier, as would secure to our provinces the greatest amount of commercial advantages, and which would furnish, at the same time, an efficient and rapid communication through them for the purposes of their military defence ;” justly observing, “that the notoriety of the fact of our being perfectly prepared, would greatly tend to preserve the peace.”

But we must pay a little attention to the main object of our author's tour. That tract of elevated land in the United States, called the *Côteau du Prairie*, in which are situated the sources of the Minnay Sotor, or St. Peter's River, were visited by Carver, in 1778, the faithfulness of whose narrative, in many particulars, is vindicated by our author. Col. Long subsequently made a hurried survey of the country adjacent to that river ; but no satisfactory account of the capabilities of the district, as a settlement, had been published. With the view, therefore, of gaining positive information on many points connected with the district, the author started from Washington on his tour to the sources of the Minnay Sotor, in July, 1835, intending, in this journey of about 2000 miles, as well as on his return, to visit the various extensive coal-fields, the almost inexhaustible deposits of iron, copper, and lead, and the rich gold regions, which lay near his rout, together with others of the peculiar physical features of that part of the American Continent, of which, at the period of his visit, no authentic accounts existed.

Another material part of his plan consisted in the making himself personally acquainted with the manners, customs, and language of the various Indian tribes he might encounter in his route : the following extract, referring more especially to the Sioux, or *Nahcotahts*, will apply equally to all :—

“The reflections which I had before made on the condition of the Indians again occurred to me. Indeed, at every step a traveller makes in this country, he sees more distinctly the ruin that is impending over them. Before the white man invaded them they possessed all the country, could command all the game in it for their subsistence, and use their skins to clothe themselves with. The Indian could conceive of no wealth beyond this, for there was the certainty of animals being always plentiful, the population, from causes inherent to the condition of the aborigines, not increasing after the rate of that of an agricultural people ; but white men have taught them to abandon the use of furs, and to substitute blankets for them ; they have now acquired wants formerly unknown, such as whisky, tobacco, arms, and powder. To acquire these, the Indian must make long journeys, must kill all the animals he meets with, not to subsist upon, for the flesh for the greater part is left to rot on the ground, but to carry the skins to the trader to discharge his debts, knowing well at this time that an unpunctual Indian gets no more credit. Already game is becoming scarce ; by and by there will be no skins to be obtained in these regions ; the trader will abandon them ; and thus the Indians will discover that there is no one to supply their wants, and that their dependence upon the traders has

led to their ruin. This state of things would cause their immediate extinction, but for the policy of the American government, which, before the extreme point of want overtakes the Indian, seizes, under the form of treaty-bargain, all his land, and drives him to a more distant region."—Vol. i. p. 284.

This is illustrated by the case of the Cherokees, who, at the time of the author's visit, were in a distressing position; having been deprived of the greater portion of their former territory by the Georgians. Much interesting information relating to these oppressed people will be found in the volumes before us; the author seems to have paid considerable attention to their case, and was present at the grand meeting of the nation with the United States' delegates.

At Lac qui Parle the author visited the missionary, whose coadjutor was "an out-and-out Yankee," rejoicing in the euphonious cognomen of Huggins. This worthy was very assiduous in his endeavours to convert the Indians, whom he was "as sartin as death" could be no other than "the old Philistines of the Scriptures:" and why our author should go a-haunting after such *complete Philistines*, puzzled Huggins not a little, and did, as he said, "beat all creation." Among other characters at the Lac was a clerk, a lively, mercurial, little Canadian Frenchman, who had found his way into this part of the world by the way of Lake Winnipeg, and Red River, and had got into the employment of Renville, the agent to the Fur Company. The following is Huggins's account of the clerk and his Indian wife:—

"'That ar crittur,' said Huggins, 'is eternally on the jump arter everybody's business but his own. If he lived in one of our large towns in the States, he'd undertake to do everything for everybody, and keep school, and take in washing besides.' But there was a circumstance in the domestic arrangements of this vivacious man of universal business, which almost threw Jonathan into a rage when he spoke of it. 'The crittur,' said he, 'has actilly *jyned* with one of these female Jizzabels, and keeps her to hum as his wife; he won't let her do the least thing in the world; he's made her as fat as a ball of grease, and passes half the day sitting on the bed with her, painting her cheeks three times as big as a dollar, till she's as almighty a harlot as the Pope of Rome; and there she lies a larfin and carrying-on, and he won't let her get up, bekase he's afeard the paint'll come off.' No doubt the little man was very uxorious; for, when I asked him one day if he loved her very much, he answered, 'Ah, Monsieur, elle est *terrible bon enfant*.'"—Vol. i. p. 358.

On his return to the station at Lac qui Parle, from the Côteau du Prairie, some curious information was gained on the subject of Indian marriages:—

"Whilst we were at table [at the agent's], I was surprised to hear some one groaning out some canticles to an air that was evidently meant for our national anthem, 'God save the King,' a tune which has been adopted at the old French missions. This proceeded from a sort of kitchen belonging to the house; but, as it is not etiquette to appear curious about the domestic manners of Indians when you are amongst them, I made no observation. After the meal, however, on going to the outside of the fort, I heard a most appalling and lamentable howling issuing from the woods on the border of the lake; and, calling to Milof, he informed me that the distressing sounds came from a squaw whose

daughter was going to be married, and that it was usual upon such occasions for the mother to express her sorrow for the loss of her child. I never heard a more woeful lamentation; it seemed to arise from the very inmost soul of the woman, and the effect was surprisingly increased by its proceeding from a wood in the darkness of the night. Ariosto could not have wished for a finer bass note to compose one of his vivid cantos upon.

"Milor further informed me, that the daughter thus lamented was at that moment in Renville's house, and that the happy bridegroom was Renville's stupid, heavy son, who had bargained with the mother for her daughter to live with him as one of his wives. This egregious dolt of a fellow had already one wife, a good-looking young woman, who had brought him several children. To be sure, a jumble of this kind could only be met with in such a state of society: a savage, brought up by French missionaries, singing canticles in the 96° of W. longitude, in North America, to the tune of 'God save the King,' as a religious preparation for a bigamy; and a mother, after screwing all she could get out of him for her daughter, going to the woods to scream in the dark as if her heart was broken."—Vol. i. p. 405.

Some miles from Fredericton, the author visited a remarkable mountain, composed of iron ore, named "The Pilot Knob," from the description of which we make an extract.

"This Pilot Knob is a well-wooded cone, about 650 feet in height from the base, and may be estimated to contain, from the base to the summit, a circumferential area of 500 acres of land. But what makes it so rare and curious a phenomenon is, that it entirely consists of a micaceous iron ore, which yields from 50 to 65 per cent. of pure iron. It is, in fact, a mountain of iron, and how far the metal extends beneath the base, must be of course unknown. The skirts of the base are covered for a considerable distance with ponderous masses and pebbles of this ore, and the ascent to the top is everywhere strewn with broken fragments of the same, some of them exceedingly sharp. About half-way up on the S. W. side, is a depression or ravine, both sides of which are piled up with enormous masses of iron-stone, as though a fissure or crater had once existed here; bands of siliceous stone are found alternating with the oxide of iron, but in such instances the ore always appears to be very heavy."—Vol. ii. p. 144.

The Pilot Knob is about twenty miles from a similar extensive deposit of iron, visited by the author in 1834, called the Iron Mountain, and which also covers an area of 500 acres: but the locality seems ill adapted for a settlement, as there is no water, and other physical impediments exist to the profitable establishment of works.

The French village of St. Geneviève offers a charming picture of primitive simplicity.

"How different the tranquil existence of this primitive French village from the busy excitement of a populous city! At nine, P.M., there was not a soul to be met in the streets; here and there the chords of a guitar, accompanied by a French voice, agreeably interrupted the general silence, whilst the only tread that was audible was that of cows slowly moving up and down the streets. Returning to the house, I sat upon the steps until a late hour, hoping that a breeze would arise, or that I should become sleepy. There was no door to the house; but, in its place, was a large piece of striped calico, which served as a curtain, and which reminded me of those exhibitions I had seen in my youth, where an Irish giant, or a lady cutting watch-papers with her toes, was sure to be placed, to the high gratification of my juvenile appetite for wonders.

Here at least in the house where I was, there was no door to be locked—a fact that spoke volumes for the habits of the lower classes of French and mixed negroes, who, indeed, living in the midst of abundance, are not under the necessity or temptation of stealing.”—Vol. ii. p. 157.

After mentioning some of the high-sounding names given to so-called *cities*, which figure on the map, but have scarcely an existence in reality, the author says—

“I once asked a magniloquent young fellow why they called a lone house which we saw, *Palmyra*? when he answered, ‘Stranger, I don’t know no more than you; but I expect it likely that Jackson gave the British a most complete whipping there.’ This singular mixture of ignorance, impudence, and bombast, drawn in genuine draughts from the school of ‘Ancient Pistol,’ is unknown in any other part of the world; and certainly it is exceedingly amusing to hear some of these fellows ‘let their steam off.’ Equally certain is it that these wholesale whippers of men are very easily whipped themselves; for, upon more than one occasion, I have found that they relied upon big words, and gave it up when they would not do.”—Vol. ii. p. 182.

The few extracts we are able to give will afford some idea of the varied and interesting nature of the contents of these volumes. Indeed, while steadily keeping in view the primary scientific object of his journey, the author neglected no opportunity of transferring to his note-book everything of interest on other subjects which fell under his observation: so that, instead of being a mere dry detail of mining operations and geological deposits, interesting and valuable to the geologist and the mineralogist, but to them only, Mr. Featherstonhaugh has produced a book which cannot fail to be acceptable to every reader.

## 2. LIVES OF SIMON LORD LOVAT, AND DUNCAN FORBES, OF CULLODEN.

From original sources. By John Hill Burton, Advocate, author of the ‘*Life of David Hume*.’ London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. 1847.

WELL written and exceedingly interesting biographical sketches of two very remarkable men; who, though closely connected in the most memorable incidents of their career, yet exhibited the most opposite features of character and conduct that can possibly be conceived. In the words of their biographer—

“Closely as external circumstances brought them together, the contrast was not entirely innate, but represented differences in the moral soil out of which they respectively grew, and the moral atmosphere which each of them inhaled. If Lovat’s history be a type of the old reign of fraud and force, rendered the more conspicuous by protruding into an era of transition, Forbes is a character as strongly marked in its solitary anticipation of an age still further advanced in integrity and humanity. These two characters thus bring into one focus the extremities of distant ages, and show, side by side, distinct periods in the history of civilization. Judge Jeffreys and Sir Samuel Romilly, separated from each other by nearly a century and a half, are not a greater contrast in all that seems to mark the moral influence of different ages of society, than these two men, who breathed the same mountain air, fought side by side in the same battles, and sat at the same board.”—p. vi.



The memoir of Lord Lovat exhibits a state of affairs of the most anomalous description, which we should scarcely hesitate to pronounce most improbable, did we meet with them in a work professedly fictitious. The chequered career of the old Highland Lord has hardly a parallel in the adventures of any of the heroes of romance. It is thus briefly, but forcibly, summed up by Mr. Burton; who says that Lovat was—

“At one time a mountain brigand, hunted from cave to cave—at another a laced courtier, welcomed by the first circle in Europe. In summer a powerful baron, with nearly half a kingdom at his back—in winter, dragged ignominiously to the block. By turns a soldier, a statesman, a Highland chief, a judge administering the law of the land, and, if tradition speak truth, a Jesuit and a parish priest. Uniting the loyal Presbyterian Whig with the Catholic Jacobite, and supporting both characters with equal success.”—p. v.

Mr. Burton's researches have revealed many sources of information, the existence of which seems scarcely to have been suspected by former biographers of this strange man. These have thrown new light upon many portions of Fraser's eventful life, though none of them seem to go so far as to free him from the imputation of numerous foul deeds, committed in the exercise of a prerogative which he stretched to a greater extent than perhaps any other Highland chieftain of the last century. “The Highland clans,” says Fraser himself, “did not consider themselves as bound by the letter of the law, like the inhabitants of the low country, but, to a man, would regard it as their honour and their boast to cut the throat, or to blow out the brains of any one, be he who he would, who should dare to disturb the repose of their laird.” And we find this devotion on the part of the vassals, and, in his own case, the readiness of their lord to call it into action, curiously and strikingly illustrated in the capture of Lord Saltoun and his party by the Frasers, headed by Simon himself; as well as by the subsequent proceedings connected with the seizure of Castle Dounie, and the resident dowager lady; namely, the forcible marriage with that lady, and the extreme violence offered to her. With reference to this flagrant act, we are told that Fraser “treated the forced ceremony as a youthful frolic, and the victim of it lived to see him twice married, and rising to the pinnacle of fortune, as one who could override the laws of both God and man.” The relations subsisting between a Highland chief and his people are still further illustrated in a chapter wherein Mr. Burton discusses the subject of clanship at considerable length.

There are many curious notices of the state of Scotland given throughout the volume; and those relating to the stirring events of the period in which both Lord Lovat and Duncan Forbes took an active part, are very interesting. We also acquire an insight into the domestic manners of the aristocracy of the last century, which were anything but refined, according to more modern notions. The “potations pottle deep,” at Culloden House, and the reckless profusion and waste at one time, contrasted with the want of necessaries at

another, at Castle Dounie, are types of a state of things now almost forgotten.

"At the long table at Castle Dounie," says Mr. Burton, "the guests and the viands had a corresponding progression downwards. At the head of the table, where there were neighbouring chiefs or distinguished strangers, claret and French cookery graced the board. The next department was occupied by the Duihne wassels, who enjoyed beef and mutton, with a glass of some humbler wine. The sturdy commoners of the clan would occupy the next range, feeding on sheeps' heads, and drinking whiskey or ale. In further progress the fare degenerated with the feeders; and, clustering on the castle green in sunshine, or cowering in the outhouses in foul weather, were congregated the ragamuffins of the clan, to gnaw the bones, and devour the other offal. It was a rule of the house, that the day's provender, whatever it might be, should be consumed; and if the deer-stalker, or the salmon-spearer, had been more fortunate than usual, the rumour would spread fast enough to bring an immediate demand for the supply. This practice gave much temptation to the troop of servants who attended the table, to snatch away unfinished dishes; and many amusing instances have been recorded, of the necessity of the guest at Castle Dounie preserving a ceaseless watch over his plate, and of the certainty of its instantaneously disappearing during any moment of negligence. When the chief's distinguished clerical relative, Dr. Cumming, of Relugas, arrived at Castle Dounie one night, tired and hungry, after crossing the mountains, there was not a morsel of food to be found; not an egg, or a crust of bread; but a plentiful provision for the day's consumption was brought in next morning."—p. 173.

The above statements are corroborated by parties who had been guests at Lovat's table, one of whom, in his 'Letters from the North,' states that he did not find the cookery much to his taste. The same individual also gives an account of the convivial practices at Culloden House, during the life of John Forbes, Duncan's brother. Mr. Burton continues:—

"The types of true hospitality in a Scottish farmer's house of old, were said to be an anker of whiskey always on the spiggot, a boiler with perpetual hot water, and a cask of sugar with a spade in it. Culloden's hospitalities were of a more aristocratic order, and the custom of the house was, to prize off the top of each successive cask of claret, and place it in the corner of the hall, to be emptied in pailfuls. The massive hall table, which bore so many carouses, is still preserved as a venerated relic; and the deep saturation it has received from old libations of claret, prevent one from distinguishing the description of wood of which it was constructed."—p. 297.

Mr. Burton states that he found, among some old papers, several charges for claret purchased in dozens by Duncan Forbes, on his own account, at 16s. and 18s. per dozen, to the amount of £40 in the course of a month. Even the ladies seem to have been able to take their share, "without losing either caste or character;" for

"It was particularly remembered, not many years ago, by old people in Edinburgh, that a band of damsels, connected with a great northern house, walking clamorously up the High Street, in a beautiful moonlight night, stopped suddenly where the shadow of the Tron Church steeple crossed the street, and, under the hallucination that they had reached the edge of one of their

mountain streams, were observed to divest themselves of their shoes and stockings, to wade across."—p. 299.

The rebellion of 1745 brought with it consequences of the most disastrous description, both to Lord Lovat and the Lord President Forbes. The former, after seeing his favourite Castle Donnie, "the centre of all his power and ambition, burned by Cumberland's soldiers, and illuminating the darkness with its blaze," was hunted up and down the country like a wild beast, and, finally, forfeited his head for his adhesion to the cause of the Pretender; while the latter, to whose suggestions and personal exertions it is more than probable the speedy crushing of the rebellion is to be attributed, "returned to find the home of his fathers—of old the abode of honest hospitality, of studious seclusion, and of the higher studies of statesmanship—converted into the shambles of the great butcher of the age." Not only was he unrewarded for his great exertions in the cause of the government, but allowed to be a loser by them, and eventually, according to the then prevailing opinion in Scotland, died of "heart-break" at the miseries of his country and the neglect and contumely with which he was treated. In the service of the government Duncan Forbes not only expended all the money he could make available, but borrowed considerable sums on his own personal security; and the termination of his great services was to leave his family impoverished. For that he was not repaid the whole of his advances is certain, since his estates passed "to his son, much attenuated," and we learn that—

"The application of the savings of the many years which John Forbes [the son] spent in obscure retirement in England, are attested by the title of a huge heap of documents at Culloden House, which the worthy heir of the old man's high spirit, as well as of his fortunes, had marked 'bonds of my father's retired.' 'My boy,' he says in a letter to Sir Andrew Mitchell, while he was thus occupied, 'is doing extremely well at school, and is every way as promising as anything of that age can be. I hope to see him, at least, free and happy.'" —p. 385.

By the way, there seem good grounds for believing that this same John Forbes, Duncan's son, and his tutor, the Rev. Patrick Murdoch, are the originals of two of the characters immortalised by Thomson in his 'Castle of Indolence,' the one as—

"A joyous youth, who took us at first sight,"

and the divine as—

"A little, fat, round, oily, man of God."

For we are informed that John—

"Was a cause, for some time, of much anxiety, but afterwards of comfort and satisfaction. He showed in early life the convivial spirit of his race, without their energy and perseverance. He was the boon companion of Thomson, Armstrong, and a wide circle of choice spirits, who seem to have loved and appreciated him after the fashion expressed in the following short but eloquent epistle by the author of the 'Seasons.'—

"Richmond, April the 25, 1736.

"DEAR JOCK,—I am willing to inform you, before you leave France, that

your salmon are very salt, and that we often drink your health with more than devotion—with love. Had I time, I have many things to say to you, but must defer them till another opportunity. Here are some, and Peter among the rest, who are heartily, heartily yours. ‘J. THOMSON.’”—p. 342.

In conclusion, we must beg to thank Mr. Burton for his very entertaining volume, which, though widely differing, in many respects, from his ‘Life of Hume,’ is equally confirmatory of his ability as a biographer.

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3. ACCOUNT OF THE ELEVEN THOUSAND SCHOOLS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. Being a Letter to Sir William Hamilton, Bart., Edinburgh, by Archibald Russell, New York.

THE author of this pamphlet, being a native of Britain, and a resident in New York, and personally acquainted with, as well as deeply interested in, the Educational Institutions on both sides of the Atlantic, is desirous to make known in his mother country the schemes and operations of public instruction carried on in his adopted land. He has accordingly drawn up a very careful and complete digest of the school-organisation of the State of New York; prefixing, in a historical sketch, a notice of the various legislative enactments and public resolutions that have brought the entire system to its present situation. His own expression of his object is, “to exhibit the working and the efficiency of the machinery by which a system of common-school education is maintained in this country, believing that in many respects it is worthy of being imitated in England.”

The State of New York is divided into seventy *counties*, and each county into an average of thirteen *towns*, or townships (like our land parishes, and not implying a *city* in each), and each town-district is divided into three *school districts*: and the Educational organisation tallies with this political subdivision. Education is entirely in the hands of the State, in the same sense that any other thing in America is a matter of State; that is to say, it is managed by the general body of the electors, who appoint special trustees, whose proceedings are controlled by some central authority.

In each *school-district*, or third part of a town-district, the electors appoint three trustees to manage the school or schools in the district; these trustees hold and manage the school property,—appoint and pay the teacher, partly by allotting him a share of the public endowment, and partly by assessing the heads of all the school-going families in the district—purchase books for the library,—and make all the general regulations, subject to the superior authorities.

In each *township* a public meeting of the electors appoints a town-superintendent of schools, who is a qualified and *paid* official (that is, he gets five shillings and sixpence a-day during the time he is engaged in his duties,) who inspects the schools at least quarterly, examines and licences teachers, and revokes licences if he sees fit, reporting, of course, to the superior authorities.

In each *county* there is a county-superintendent, appointed not by a county meeting of the electors, but by the Board of Supervisors, who does, in a still more commanding way, the duties of inspection and regulation performed by the town-superintendents. He sees to the books, discipline, methods of teaching, school-houses, &c., and is enjoined, in broad terms, to do everything in his power to promote the efficiency of all the schools in the county.

There is also a *state*-superintendent with supreme authority, who is the organ of the State Government, and hears and decides appeals from the county-superintendents. He acts, therefore, upon *seventy* county-superintendents; these upon *nine hundred* town-superintendents, and these last on *thirty-three thousand* district trustees. No constitution-builder of the Abbe Sièyes school could desire a more perfect mechanism.

The state had also instituted normal seminaries. The teachers themselves have established county conventions for their mutual sympathy and enlightenment. The average wages of a male teacher, are about £3 a month; of a female teacher, £1 10s. exclusive of an allowance for board.

Mr. Russell exhibits the general statistics for the entire state; but, to bring the reader face to face with the living aspect of the system, he subjoins in full the Report of one of the counties for 1844. This Report is exceedingly interesting in itself, from its minute details on all the exciting matters of the schools; and it also makes the general statistics interesting. It records the good and the bad of the school-houses, from the wretched hovels that excite disgust, to the fragrant flower gardens which elevate the style into poetry—the additions to the libraries, and the crowning instances of book-devouring scholars—the diminution of corporal punishments—the school examinations and celebrations, which the whole district, in holiday clothes, flocked to see—the general spirit of revival among the teachers, shown in frequent migrating meetings, where thrilling speeches and edifying experience made glad the hearts of all present, and, in general, the true American style of urging a good cause.

The schools of the City of New York are not included in the general organization of the State; and in other respects they are peculiar. They are, however, well worthy of being studied; and Mr. Russell gives, in the conclusion of his pamphlet, an account of their condition. They exemplify, among other things, the occurrence of the fatal obstacle of sectarian differences; which in their case, did not appear at the threshold, to nullify the first establishment of general schools, but arose in the middle of their career, and involved them in an overwhelming catastrophe.

We cannot help strongly recommending a perusal of the pamphlet to all those that are interesting themselves in our English educational movement. A well-told example from another country is sure to suggest many useful ideas, either by coincidence, or by contrast with what we find at home. And those that are fond of looking at the

characteristic physiognomy of nations, as shown in their ways and doings, will find that, in the present instance, the peculiar expression of Americanism is not dissipated among the dry universals of tables and statistics.

4. PROPOSAL FOR RE-ESTABLISHING THE BRITISH SOUTHERN WHALE FISHERY, through the medium of a Chartered Company, and in combination with the Colonization of the Auckland Islands, as the Site of the Company's Whaling Station. By Charles Enderby, Esq., F.R.S. London: Effingham Wilson, 14, Royal Exchange. 1847.

THIS able pamphlet, on a most important subject, is the reply of Mr. Enderby to an application for the expression of his sentiments, "as to the best practical means of obtaining an object at once so desirable and important," as "the re-establishment of the British trade, upon a new, enlarged, and solid basis." The long practical experience of the Messrs. Enderby, father and sons, of all that concerns the business of the fishery, renders the opinions of the author entitled to the highest consideration. He gives minutely the historical and statistical data connected with the question; and shows that, from the year 1775, when the Southern Whale Fishery, as conducted direct from England, was established by his late father, up to 1844, the number of ships fitted out from this country was 861, which made 2,153 voyages, and that the aggregate capital invested in the fishery was £13,348,600. From various causes there are now but 36 ships employed, being a decrease of 825, and a withdrawal of capital of £6,600,000. This decrease is strongly marked by a comparison of the years 1821 and 1844, respectively:—

"In the former year," says Mr. Enderby, "the British Northern and Southern Whale Fisheries gave employment to 322 ships, and 12,788 men: in the latter year, the number of ships had diminished to 80, and that of men to less than 3,000. Hence, in the course of these twenty years, there was a decrease of 242 ships, and upwards of 9,700 men."—p. 12.

As a contrast to the above extraordinary decline, Mr. Enderby states, that—

"It is worthy of remark, that the number of American ships actually employed in the whale fishery generally, is nearly nine-tenths of the entire number of British ships which have been employed in the Southern Fishery, from first to last."—*Id.*

Mr. Enderby attributes this decay to six principal causes:—

"1. The reduction of the duties on foreign vegetable oils and oil seeds, whereby the importation of these articles has very largely increased.

"2. The withdrawal of the Government bounties on ships employed in the fishery.

"3. The non-repeal of the duties on the materials used in the construction and equipment of a ship, as well as those on its provisions, simultaneously with the withdrawal of bounties, and with the reduction of duties on vegetable oils, &c.

"4. The privilege granted to the Colonies, of carrying on a fishery free from duties of the nature of those which formed a charge, directly or indirectly, upon the British shipowner.

"5. The competition of the Americans, the number of whose whaling ships has increased within the last few years, even more largely and rapidly than that of our own has diminished; for between the years 1834 and 1845, the increase amounted to no less than 300 vessels, the progress having been from 430 to 730.

"6. The withdrawal of ships, and consequently of capital, by the retirement of parties unwilling or unable to continue in the trade; and the want of inducement for others to succeed them."—p. 12.

The above causes are fully considered, and under each are given some highly curious statistical details. In stating his views as to the best means of restoring the fishery, Mr. Enderby is of opinion that, although it would be most surely effected by individual enterprise, various causes concur to prevent this from being entered upon to the extent required to meet the evil. Such being the case, combination would be the next best step, and Mr. Enderby continues :—

"By means of an association, possessed of a sufficient capital and fleet of ships to compensate all the risks and contingencies of the trade, the success of which depends, as before observed, less upon single adventures than upon an extended average of transactions; of a special station in the Pacific, whence the vessels should be despatched, and whither they should periodically return for the purpose of *depositing* their cargoes, to be taken home in other vessels; and of a responsible local agency, such only as a public company of ample resources could afford to maintain, it seems to me, beyond a question, that all existing difficulties would be surmounted, all interests be reconciled, and, in a word, the wish of the parties whom you represent, to see the trade re-established upon 'a new, enlarged, and solid basis,' be speedily and effectually accomplished."—p. 26.

After considering the various requisites for such a station, Mr. Enderby arrives at the conclusion that they are completely fulfilled by the Auckland Islands, situated in lat. 51 deg. south, long. 166 deg. east. The exclusive possession of these islands having been granted by Government to the Messrs. Enderby, in consideration of their endeavours to promote geographical knowledge; the author's proposal is, that "a Southern Whale Fishery Company should be established in this country, under the sanction of a charter from the Crown, with a sufficient capital and fleet of ships for the effectual prosecution of that fishery at and from the Auckland Islands." He is prepared to co-operate in the formation of such a Company, as well as to invest a large capital in the undertaking; both his brothers and himself being willing to assign their rights in the grant made to them upon equitable conditions.

The pamphlet is worthy the attentive consideration of all who feel an interest in this important branch of British trade and enterprise.

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5. **FREE THOUGHTS ON PROTESTANT MATTERS.** In one volume. By the Rev. T. D. Gregg, M.A., Chaplain of St. Nicholas Within, Dublin. Second Edition. Dublin: W. Curry, Junr., & Co., and S. B. Oldham. London: Groombridge & Sons. 1847.

THE author of this curious book is one of the best hands at vituperation and name-calling that we have met with since the days of Cobbett. The free exercise of these questionable qualifications generally, however, raises a doubt as to the soundness of the arguments brought forward by the party indulging in the use of them; and we must be excused, if we venture to express an opinion, that the cause advocated by the reverend author would eventually be much more effectually served by the soft answer that turneth away wrath, than by the heaping of such epithets as "dastard, truce-breaking, cowardly, truckling, gold-worshipping, earth-worm," upon those who happen to think differently from himself, although, probably, as conscientiously acting up to their own convictions as the very man who, under the plea of his love for plain-speaking, forsooth, and forgetful of the kindness and long suffering of charity, can suppose that the true interests of Protestantism will thus be furthered.

We have spoken of this as a *curious* book: a few of its curiosities we shall have occasion to exhibit in the course of our notice. And, first, it is curious from an unmeasured display of egotism. The author, on the strength of his triumph (real or imaginary) over Father Maguire—"Father Tom," as he rather irreverently calls him—in a once celebrated discussion on Popery, imagines himself to be *the* man set apart and consecrated to effect the eradication of Popery from these realms, but especially from Ireland; and the consequent gathering-in of the deluded Papists to the fold of the author's only true Church—to wit, that of England, as by law established. He says:—

"At the head of all false religions stands Popery. I show how to eradicate it.

"The instrumentality for eradicating Popery is the Reformed Church. I show how to heal its divisions: to make it 'terrible as an army with banners.'"  
—p. 16.

The above are from the "Preface to the First Edition;" but as this Preface stands at the head of the Second also, it may be presumed to belong to it as well as to the first, and thus to do double duty. How the above desirable measures are to be carried out we find explained towards the conclusion of the book, where the present apathetic state of public opinion regarding Popery, Tractarianism, *et id genus omne*, is thus elegantly depicted:—

"Frogs! frogs! this is the age of frogs. Land and water; neither one thing nor the other; the eyes up to heaven, and the bellies swagging on the ground—croak, croak—and jump, jump, by fits and by starts, a slimy, filthy, disgusting, cowardly generation, and a great toad at their head, always retreating from the face of something feared. Let us eschew frogs and 'Conservatives'; men who are neither one thing nor the other; neither Protestant nor Papist; neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring!"—p. 399.



The above passage is one of the curiosities of the book, though what connexion it has with the conversion of the Papists we are at a loss to discover, and but for the context we might imagine it had inadvertently slipped in from some other source. The author continues :—

“In sum, what is wanted is a powerful Christian agitation—an agitation which shall contemplate the spread of truth, and point out the mode of its effectuation; and this, under a deep conviction that nothing but the spread of truth can recover Great Britain, regenerate Ireland, and save the empire from ruin.

“It will be understood that anything in the shape of religious penalty or coercion exerted by the State is utterly out of the question. While its origin is Popish, it is utterly abhorrent to the Protestant character. We require measures to influence, not to coerce. What the character of those measures should be I will reserve for another chapter.”—p. 399.

And accordingly, in the next chapter, we have the proposed “Measures of Reform,” in the shape of six distinct propositions or demands ;—the fourth of these says,—

“Let us have a Board of Commissioners, called ‘Her Majesty’s Board of Commissioners for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and the discouragement of wickedness and vice.’”—p. 404.

And under this we find one of the greatest curiosities in the whole volume, to which we shall come anon. In a former chapter the author advocates open-air preaching, as one means whereby the manifold evils of the church may be removed, and the realm converted from the errors of its way ; in the present chapter the same measure is again advocated, and as “a great idea,” gleaned from Popish practices, still more strongly urged. After quoting from the ‘Morning Herald’ the account of that grand open-air celebration of high mass at Top-litz, at which were present the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, empresses, princes, princesses, knights, generals, &c., &c., he rather abruptly applies the “great idea” in a small way to England. We say abruptly ; for after defining the duties of the Commissioners recommended under the fourth proposition, given above, which seem to have nothing to do with open-air preaching ; he says, without a word of introduction,—

“Only conceive—

“‘REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—It is my wish that you should preach, on Sunday se’nnight, in the open air, in Trafalgar-square. If it be consistent with your arrangements so to do, give notice to the ‘Board of Commissioners for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge,’ to whom I have notified the wish, and they will take care that the necessary announcement and preparation shall be made.

“‘I remain, Reverend and Dear Sir,

“‘Your faithful servant,

“‘To the Rev. ————

“‘C. J. LONDON.’

“The reply of the gifted man addressed—and recollect, the employment of any but a gifted man, a man of mind, a man of power, such men as God fits—peculiarly fits for great purposes, and whom, if the church were not to a great extent wrapt in a deep slumber, she would, even as things are at

present constituted, seek out and honour—would be utterly vain in such a service. If the spirit of nepotism, or partiality, or a disposition to flatter rank, led to the attempt in the case which I suppose, to inflict some humdrum personage upon the public, the public scorn which would meet the attempt would be a proper punishment. But the gifted of the church—those whom the fiat of public opinion has stamped with the mark of public approbation—being discovered and employed, to suppose that the effect would not be immense, would be perfectly absurd; Dr. Croly, Hugh M'Neil, Hugh Stowell, Baptist Noel, an excellent man, and of great power, warped, however, in some respects, by the bent of the times—Henry Melville, if he kept clear of the nonsense of Tractarianism—Tractarianism is just emaculated Popery, the stare and the glare of Popery without its power, the miry clay without the strengthening admixture of the iron: we must have no Popery in any shape—Robert Montgomery, Thomas Mortimer, and some others, would be admirable persons for the work: but it must not be forgotten that the views which I have laid down in this work being carried out, the spirit of division would depart from amongst us, and it would be soon found that the Richard Winter Hamiltons, the Joseph Parsons, the Robert Newtons, the Jabez Buntings, would be in fact identified with the church, and the power with which they are gifted, be available in the most efficient possible manner, for the glory of God and the service of society; however, an answer in the affirmative having been received from the clergyman addressed, a servant in purple livery is forthwith seen conveying a letter to the Lord Mayor of London, conceived in something of the following terms:—

“MY LORD MAYOR,—I beg leave to inform your Lordship, that the Rev.———will preach in Trafalgar square, on Sunday se’nnight, and I should feel obliged by the attendance of your Lordship, with your *cortège*.

“I remain, my Lord Mayor,

“Your faithful servant,

“To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

“C. J. LONDON.”

“Similar letters would no doubt be sent to the Sheriffs, and other suitable persons. Everything that could be conceived capable of giving weight to the powerful appeal that would be made would be provided. For the benefit of those who could not hear, that appeal in a printed form would be circulated on the occasion. No doubt it would be reprinted in every daily paper on Monday, and tell with powerful effect upon high and low, upon rich and poor. Truth and virtue would be wafted with lightning speed to the most remote borders of the kingdom, and operate their healing influences upon every heart. Where would Tractarianism then be? Licentiousness would flee like the shades of night before the beams of the rising sun. An enlarged charity would bless the community. Every enemy of England would tremble, and Popery would sink like a millstone in the sea. O blessed times! O happy reform! Where is the man that will not lend his best influence to bring it about! I trust, however, that my readers will remember that I am only giving hints. I attempt not the thing in detail. The attempt would be absurd. I borrow my hints, however, from the Word of God, and from unquestionable precedents in English history.”—p. 405.

Our readers will agree with us that the “great idea” borrowed from Popery is here grandly carried out, and looks magnificently on paper. “Only conceive!” The peripatetic pulpit is fixed, say, at the base of the Nelson column, facing the National Gallery; on it stands “the gifted man,” in “slate-coloured kids,” with “jaunty air” and

"fashionable manners;" on his right, we will suppose is the carriage of "C. J. London," of course, containing his Lordship; with the servants in "purple liveries;" on his left is the city state coach, containing the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, with his sword-bearer, mace-bearer, chaplain, &c., the servants, of course, in their state liveries, and all in full fig; then the sheriffs' carriages must stand, say one on each side—servants also in state liveries; ranged around must be the Lord Mayor's *cortège*, his men in armour, brass and steel, his bands and banners, aldermen, and so forth, a regular Lord Mayor's show—and then—but we are lost in the magnificence of the *coup-d'œil*, and must pause: putting, however, one question—Was the above written in sober seriousness, as it professes to have been, or is it intended as a burlesque upon the Toplitz demonstration? There are other portions of the book which sometimes raise a doubt whether they were written in jest or earnest; one of which is the fulsome, fawning, dedication to "Benjamin Disraeli, Esq., M.P."

6. OUTLINES OF STRUCTURAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL BOTANY. By Arthur Henfrey, F.L.S., &c., Lecturer on Botany at St. George's and the Middlesex Hospitals; late Botanist to the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom. With numerous Illustrations. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1847.

THE best books on any subject are those which make us *think*; and such a book is Mr. Henfrey's. The chief merit claimed by the author is that of giving "a concise view of the actual state of our knowledge at the present time, to the exclusion of all hypotheses hazarded without sufficient grounds, or negatived by experience;" but he is entitled to far higher praise than this. He has evidently diligently studied the works of the highest authorities in botanical science, both at home and abroad; their views he has tested by the results of his own researches; and whenever these have led him to adopt opinions at variance with those of his predecessors, such opinions are candidly stated, and the reasons for their adoption modestly explained. As might be expected from the circumstances leading to its production, the work has a sound practical character: the various divisions of the subject are treated as they rise progressively in complexity; and by constant reference to first principles, the dependence of every fresh step upon antecedent data is steadily kept in view; so that in following the order of treatment, and successively mastering the various stages of the subject, the student who uses this book as his manual of study, and who, following the author's plan, takes nothing for granted, but investigates every point for himself, can scarcely fail to acquire a store of sound elementary knowledge, which, in his subsequent career, he will have no difficulty in applying to the solution of any question in botanical science which may arise.

It is difficult to find passages in a purely scientific work, like the present, which shall interest the general reader. The following ex-

tracts will, however, exhibit the manner in which one of the most important doctrines of Botany is treated, and is perfectly intelligible by every reader. The total number of species of plants known to botanists is upwards of 82,000. Each of these species is distinguished from the others by certain peculiarities of form or structure, depending upon almost endless variations of organisation, whereby they are adapted to perform the functions and to occupy the stations assigned to them in the economy of nature. Now, whatever may be the structure or function of these numerous types of organisation, they may all be ultimately resolved into one single fundamental organ—the simple cell—in its normal and independent form a spherical membranous vesicle, from the numerous modifications and combinations of which arise all the beautiful and infinitely varied types of vegetation with which the earth is clothed, and of which it has been truly said, that “the forms of seas, lakes, and rivers, islands and peninsulas, hills, valleys, plains, and mountains, are not so infinitely diversified as that of the vegetation which adorns them.”\*

Such being the important part played by the cell in the vegetable economy, the attention of modern botanists has naturally been directed to the elucidation of its origin and mode of action. The second and third chapters of Mr. Henfrey's outlines are accordingly directed to the consideration of Elementary Structures and their Physiology, in which the functions of the cell as an individual, and of cells in connection, are very fully treated on, and some novel views respecting their development are propounded. In the fourth chapter, which relates to the Individual Plant, these introductory considerations on the cell are thus referred to:—

“In a former chapter it was stated that certain plants consist of a simple cell, and that all plants make their first appearance under that form; it is only at the extreme lower limit of the vegetable kingdom, however, that they remain in such a simple condition. The primary cell divides, but as an evidence of an advance in the scale of organisation, these cells do not become independent of each other; on the contrary, remaining attached, they subdivide again and again, till we find individual plants composed of an innumerable mass of such cells. The plant thus begins to acquire parts or organs destined to perform functions distinct from each other, and subservient to the general nutrition and propagation of the whole.

“Looking at vegetables in their generality, we may say that a plant consists of three parts, the leaf, the stem, and the root; although in the lower classes it is often the case that one, or even two of these, may be wanting. Advancing again, as in the case of the cell, we find that a plant may be composed of one of these individuals, or phytons, as they have been called, producing its like, the progeny immediately obtaining an independent existence; or the new individuals may remain attached almost to an unlimited extent, constituting highly compound plants, the different organs or phyttons of which undergo very various modifications of form, and acquire very different functions. Thus, in a flowering plant, or, as a stronger example, in a forest tree, every leaf is to

\* Lindley's ‘Vegetable Kingdom,’ perhaps the most valuable work on Botany lately published in this country.

be considered as essentially a distinct individual, but as a member of a compound body, working for the general benefit of the whole. In obedience to the requirements of this, they undergo modifications to fit them to execute distinct offices in the economy of the plant: some are destined to the nutritive functions, others to the reproductive; and among these latter we find them still further losing their individuality, and becoming blended in all their parts with their fellows, until almost all trace of their real origin is lost.

"This is the substance of the doctrine of Morphology, the most important generalisation in the whole science of Botany, as affording a clear and systematic view of the vegetable kingdom as a whole (in addition to the important relations it establishes with zoology); this general statement is as much as can be indicated at the present stage of the subject, the proofs and elucidations of the theory being those very facts to which the greater portion of the following pages will be devoted."—p. 47.

The doctrine of Morphology referred to in the last-quoted paragraph is that division of Botany which treats of the gradual transmutation of leaves into the various organs of a plant. It seems to have originated with Linnæus, though afterwards warmly entered upon by Goëthe; so that in no other sense can we be said to be indebted to the celebrated poet for this doctrine, than in the light of a revival of a most important subject.

"The morphological doctrines, for the origin of which we are indebted to the 'many-sided' mind of Goëthe, have had more influence perhaps than any other theory ever propounded in phytological science, in consolidating and simplifying our notions of vegetable structures. The conception of the transformation of an ideal leaf as a type (for it must not be understood that the organs are *actually leaves* altered) into all the varied forms of stamens, carpels, &c., gives us a clue which guides us through the most complicated assemblages of organs, and enables us to detail analogies under the most dissimilar appearances, while it offers a ready explanation of the frequent and otherwise unaccountable irregularities and diversities in the complete organs which give their peculiarities to many tribes of plants, and bring them into relation with the universal laws of development."—Introduction, 5.

We must not conclude without mentioning the eighteen plates filled with neatly engraved illustrative figures. The work is highly creditable to the author, and must be considered a valuable addition to every botanical library.

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7. FLORENTINE HISTORY, FROM THE EARLIEST AUTHENTIC RECORDS TO THE ACCESSION OF FERDINAND THE THIRD, GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY. By Captain H. E. Napier, R.N., F.R.S. In six volumes. Vols. 3 and 4. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1847.

THE two last-published volumes of this admirable contribution to historical literature, bring down Florentine affairs to the year 1532, the period of the extinction of the republic, and the establishment of despotism, under Alexander de Medici, reputed son of Pope Clement VII.

"On the 1st of May, 1532," says the author, "the last gonfalonier and priors of the Florentine state, after two centuries and a-half of vigorous, if

not glorious rule, retired from the scene. \* \* \* This state revolution was then publicly proclaimed, and received with cold and measured acclamation; it was at first graced with some slight relaxation of the exiles' condition, and then all was silent, the Florentine republic had disappeared for ever!"

Dark indeed were the prospects of Florence, at the period of Duke Alexander's accession; and well is her situation painted in the following extract.

"A melancholy, sullen discontent pervaded Florence, for besides this national degradation, Alexander became her lord at a period of intense suffering, and brought no rays of sunshine to cheer the general gloom; the plebeians, most of the populace, the artisans, all who lived by manual labour, were sad and complaining; food was incredibly dear, work scarce, and masters impoverished; plague, war, and famine, had withered the very roots of industry, and the last had not even yet ceased its inflictions: every trade languished; some, such as the building and silk trades, required the support of government, for silk-weavers were no longer to be found in Florence; wherefore a decree issued for permitting this manufacture throughout the provinces, and also its return, free of duty, to the capital. The citizens had lost their cattle, their harvests, their farm-houses, and their villas; their farms were devastated, their labourers dead or dispersed; no trade, during eleven months of siege, had enlivened Florence; no tillage had broken up its lands; but instead thereof, tax after tax, in rapid and unmitigated order, drew the people's life-blood from their hearts. Thus downcast, with here a father, there a brother, and again, a son, in exile, fetters, or perhaps a proclaimed rebel, and every moment in terror of more burdens,—for everything is mortal but taxation,—their houses and workshops were desolate, they dared not speak; and so far from opening new sources of trade, or restoring the old, even those which had still lingered through accumulated misfortunes, were now discontinued, and ruined villas, and churches, and convents, received the once opulent Florentines. Many citizens, as is said, and it gives a more vivid picture of the time; purposely assumed this garb of poverty, and even of utter destitution; thus choosing rather to suffer present hardships, and live on other people's charity, than be legally rified by the government. Nor were the Palleschi much more satisfied; believing they were to have a companion, they had given themselves a master, and now saw their error: they fancied that Alexander, satisfied with their acknowledgment of his superior title and dignity, would leave them essentially free; but they were mistaken. The prince, young as he was, had a clear understanding and excellent parts; and being instructed by the wily Clement, and counselled by Capua, looked keenly into everything, and had everything referred to himself alone. Another cause of sorrow, was to see the ancient palace of the republic deserted, and the seat of government transferred to that of the Medici; the latter, too, was ever thronged with citizens, suitors, magistrates, and all the dread machinery of power, but especially by a strong body-guard of foreign horsemen, an unwonted sight in Florence, and the more formidable from their carrying a novel sort of lance or partisan, with a broad, steel, sharp-cutting head, of nearly four feet in length, which scared the peaceable inhabitants.

"This terror was not diminished by the insolent conduct of a foreign garrison, which, under Alexander Vitelli, outraged the citizens' families by their unbridled licentiousness and unnatural debauchery. Vitelli had been carefully selected from amongst all the Italian colonels, because the Pope believed that an insatiate feeling of vengeance for his father Paulo's death would sharpen his hatred towards the citizens. And such was the spirit with which Clement VII. resolved to establish a Mediccan dynasty on the ruins of Florentine liberty!

"Thus perished the Florentine republic, after a duration of more than four centuries from the death of Matilda. With much crime and many virtues, we see a perpetual stream of mental force and energy pervading all, and marking its character so sharply as to leave deep traces in the succeeding monarchy, which required all the tyranny of an able and unscrupulous monarch to efface. Its turbulence, vindictiveness, and ambition, occasionally relieved with high flashes of virtue and honesty, are conspicuous, because the bold, the able, the aspiring, and the reckless, commonly lead and convulse republics, and absorb the voice of history; but the mass of virtue and mediocrity, which through the press now make themselves heard, were mute in the annals of ancient commonwealths. Yet there are numerous traces in Florentine story that lead to the belief of this class having had great influence in the community; like ballast, lowly placed, and seldom noticed, it kept the vessel steady when her sails and rigging and all her upperworks were riven and reeling to the storm. But now, fixed in an iron grasp, the thousand energies of her former vitality crumbled into nothingness, yet not at once or without a struggle: all native force and originality of character gradually gave way; the nation became royal property, and finally took the rank, character, and complexion of its sovereigns, who, nominally independent, were mere vassals to more powerful states. The first monarch outraged and corrupted it by extreme licentiousness; the second crushed it under a long, stern, and unmitigated despotism; the third trampled upon it with all the confidence of hereditary power, and being thus fully prepared, one weak infatuated tyrant melted their remnant of character in the crucible of an aspiring hypocritical and all-pervading priesthood."—Vol. iv. p. 533.

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8. SELECT WRITINGS OF ROBERT CHAMBERS. Vols. 1 & 2.—Essays, Familiar and Humorous. London: W. S. Orr, & Co. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1847.

IN noticing these volumes, we feel it to be quite unnecessary to do more than express our gratification at the course adopted by the author; being persuaded that the intrinsic value of the Essays themselves, and the permanent character of their interest, will be sufficient to secure, if possible, a still larger measure of public favour in their present elegant and accessible form, than was awarded on their first appearance in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Journal.' Nor will the readers to whom they have long been familiar welcome them less cordially in their new dress, than those who may now make acquaintance with them for the first time.

We must, however, quote Mr. R. Chambers's characteristic Preface to the first volume.

"The time when an author of twenty-five years' service makes a collection of his works, is obviously such a crisis, that the public can have no reasonable hope of escaping some remarks from himself on the occasion. I have no fear but that it will bear mine with its wonted equanimity—and yet it is hard to know what ought, and what ought not to be said.

"My earliest aspirations were towards literature. Books, not playthings, filled my hands in childhood. At twelve I was deep, not only in poetry and fiction, but in histories and encyclopædias. By day and night I read, and duties required by parents were grudged if they separated me from study. Even my choice of an occupation for needful bread was determined by this passion, for I broke from home control at sixteen, preferring the poorest life amongst books

to all ordinary courses of industry. It was but a proper sequel to such a beginning, that I should have scarcely reached manhood, when I had become an author.

"Having been like one pursuing a blind instinct all the time, I can form no sort of estimate of results. Neither can I well say how it has come about that I now have a place at the head of one of the great organizations of industry in this country, whereby more paper is blacked in a week, than in many other printing-offices in a twelvemonth. Another may judge, but it is more than I can do; for, never once could I convince myself that I wrote well or successfully, and from no external quarter have I obtained any information on the subject, beyond the fact, by no means so clear in its meaning as some may imagine, that most of my writings have been extensively purchased and read. It is quite possible, therefore, that I have been writing in wisdom's despite for a quarter of a century, and that my present step is an unsanctioned one. Be it so. All I can make sure of is, that the usual impulse bids me take the benefit of the doubt.

"One portion of these writings is of an antiquarian character. This was the result of an early bent of mind towards the world of the past—an undoubted portion of the materials of poetry, as the works of Scott have abundantly testified. I loved the old tales and legends of my native country with the most passionate ardour, and delighted to gather up every little trait of by-gone times. Hence the collections called, '*Traditions of Edinburgh*' and '*Popular Rhymes of Scotland*.' Several historical works, prepared for Constable's Miscellany, were mainly of the same character, their chief aim being a reproduction of the tangibilities of the periods referred to. These works were an effluence of mental youth, analogous to a green phase of the studious mind of England at the present day, which shows itself in a love of patristic reading, and of Gothic architecture. The mind in progressive men passes out of such affections at thirty, and the national mind will pass out of them when the time comes for its exercising its higher faculties.

"Another portion of the collection comprehends the labours of a maturer period. It was in middle life that I was induced to become an essayist, for the benefit of a well-known periodical work, established by my elder brother. During fifteen years I have laboured in this field, alternately gay, grave, sentimental, philosophical, until not much fewer than four hundred separate papers have proceeded from my pen. These papers were written under some difficulties, particularly those of a provincial situation, and a life too studious and reclusive to afford much opportunity for the observation of social characteristics. Yet, perhaps, these restraints have had some good effect on the other hand, in making the treatment of subjects less local, and less liable to the accidents of fashion than it might otherwise have been. One ruling aim of the author must be taken into account: it was my design from the first to be the essayist of the middle class—that in which I was born, and to which I continued to belong. I therefore do not treat their manners and habits as one looking *de haut en bas*, which is the usual style of essayists, but as one looking round among the firesides of my friends. For their use I shape and sharpen my apophthegms; to their comprehension I modify any philosophical disquisitions on which I have entered. Everywhere I have sought less to attain elegance, or observe refinement, than to avoid that last of literary sins—dulness. I have endeavoured to be brief—direct; and I know I have been earnest. As to the sentiment and philosophy, I am not aware that any particular remark is called for. The only principles on which I have been guided, are, as far as I am aware, these—whatever seems to me just, or true, or useful, or rational, or beautiful, I love and honor;—wherever human woe can be lessened, or happiness increased, I would work to that end;—wherever intelligence and



virtue can be promoted, I would promote them. These dispositions will, I trust, be traced in my writings. Some persons now-a-days have got into a way of speaking of such things as utilitarianism. Well, let us not quarrel about words; but when I was a young person—at which time the world was not very much less sagacious than it is now—such things were thought passably lovely, and of good report. Perhaps, as they held a tolerable character so long, they may get into fashion again by and by.

“I must now leave the whole matter to those who can judge of it. The mind’s morn and noon are here. If it is to have an afternoon and evening, there may be something more to say a few years hence. Meanwhile, PEACE AND GOOD-WILL TO ALL.”

9. THE WORKS OF GEORGE SAND. Translated by Matilda M. Hays. Vol. I. E. Churton.

THE literary reputation of Madame Dudevant, or George Sand, is European, but the publishers of our fashionable novels having always felt doubtful of the reception of her works in this country, an English edition of them has hitherto remained a desideratum. A translation is at last to be given; and the task has been undertaken by a kindred spirit, the author of ‘Helen Stanley.’ It will dispel many illusions which prevail on this side the channel, upon the object and tendency of Madame Dudevant’s writings, which have been less read than talked about by the British public.

We must regret, however, that ‘The Last Aldini’ and ‘Simon’ have been selected for the first volume of the series. Neither of these tales can be classed among the happiest or the worthiest of the author’s efforts. Both fail in constructive skill, whether as required for dramatic effect, or a moral lesson. In ‘The Last Aldini’ principle is made to triumph over passion, but, under circumstances which tempt the reader to regard it as Quixotism. *Nello*, the gondolier, loving and beloved, refuses to marry a beautiful woman of rank, lest he should injure the idol of his affection by lowering her position in society. This would be well if the idol were one to merit worship; but the first pages of the novel introduce us to the lady in question,—Bianca, as a person by no means careful of the world’s opinion; and so weak, and frail, and fickle, that when *Nello* breaks off the connexion, we commend his prudence rather than his virtue. The self-sacrifice intended to be portrayed assumes almost the form of self-interest. In ‘Simon’ the reader is presented with a play of cross purposes, very tantalizing and very aimless. Simon loves Mademoiselle Fougères, and Mademoiselle Fougères loves Simon. Their rank in life is unequal; but as both despise aristocratic prejudices, and are, in other respects, persons of very independent characters, why Mademoiselle will not marry Simon till she has nearly turned his brain with the misery of hope deferred, appears an inexplicable enigma; and its solution in the last chapter, by the most improbable and painful reminiscences (not after all very clear or intelligible) does not amount to a reasonable justification of apparent caprice.

George Sand has written many better tales than ‘The Last Aldini,’

and 'Simon';—and we should have preferred, for the first volume, one of those which might have best served as an exposition of the social views of the writer. George Sand is a Communist; that is, one who would promote an equal distribution of wealth, by a system of mutual co-operation. She holds similar opinions with Robert Owen upon the inexpediency of indissoluble marriage contracts, and is the eloquent apologist of the world's outcasts. The philosophy of this school always breaks down when the question becomes one of practical adaptation to existing circumstances; but its bearings should be understood by all who would devote themselves with earnestness to the improvement of their species.

Upon the benefit to be derived from studying society in the experience of George Sand, moralists will differ; but we coincide, if not wholly, yet to a great extent, with the sentiment expressed in the preface of the translator to the present edition.

"To those who would follow our gifted author through her many and various works with the calm and almost solemn attention genius claims for its own, and never more so than when applied to the wants and sufferings of human nature, we can promise, that if at times they rise saddened by the perusal, it will be to carry from it enlarged and more tender care for the evil that may be abated, and the pain that may be lessened; greater desire for ascertained good, and a strengthening of all that is generous within them. To the light and frivolous, who may be led to these pages because they have heard them condemned, there is little but such warning to be given as should deter a child too weak to hold the loaded gun of a patriot father, from running the risk of mischief which the weapon only brings to ignorant or wicked hands. But even to such no greater danger awaits than that with which they are already threatened. The poison is within, and it is to be questioned if the deep earnest thought so abounding in these very tales will not be found the best antidote."

10. THE HISTORY OF THE SIKHS; containing the Lives of the Gooroos; the History of the Independent Sirdars, or Missuls, and the Life of the great Founder of the Sikh monarchy, Maharajah Runjeet Singh. By W. L. M'Gregor, M.D., Surgeon 1st. E. B. Fusileers, late 1st. E. L. Infantry. In two volumes. London: James Madden, 8, Leadenhall-street. 1846.

THIS work appears to be a trustworthy summary of the history, civil and political, of a people to whom public attention has of late been particularly directed; the second volume especially, which contains a detailed account of the various events preceding and accompanying the wars in the Punjaub, commencing with the death of Runjeet Singh, and terminating with the consequences of the battle of Sobraon. Throughout this campaign the author was present in his professional capacity; we may consequently accept his narrative as in a great measure that of an eye-witness, who has corrected his own first impressions by comparison with authentic documents from other sources. The history is for the most part well executed, though many portions would have been materially improved by condensation. Of this the

author himself is, indeed, fully sensible, for after mentioning that the information given was "prepared either in the country described, or in its immediate vicinity;" and that "the major part of the contents of the second volume was actually collected in the very midst of the battle of one of the most memorable campaigns on record;" he goes on to state that it was his purpose "to have given to all his materials the condensed form peculiar to political history," had it not been expedient to publish at once, while public interest was unabated.

The first volume contains a minute history of the Punjaub, including an account of the physical features of the country, and some short notices of its people and natural productions. The historical portion commences with the subjugation of the country by Alexander the Great, in the fourth century before the Christian era; from which period, down to the year 997, no authentic records relating to the Punjaub seem to be in existence. About this period the country was in part subjugated by the Mussulmans; and the history, with its mixture of truth and fable in the earlier periods, is thence brought down in a tolerably unbroken narrative to our day.

It is gratifying to read the following testimonial to the kindness of the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief towards the wounded. Sir Henry reminds us of Nelson under similar circumstances.

"Sir Henry Hardinge visited all the wounded men and officers, and had a cheerful word for all. If a poor man had lost an arm, the Governor-General consoled him by pointing to his own sleeve, and assuring him he would soon be all right. The men were delighted at the urbanity and kindness shown towards them by the Governor-General of India, and for a time forgot their own sufferings in the admiration which his kindness elicited. Nothing is at any time more gratifying to the wounded than attention from the humblest individual, but when the Governor-General thus deigned to comfort and address them, their hearts were filled with gratitude and esteem. The Commander-in-Chief, whose arduous military duties did not allow him to visit the wounded at Ferozepore for some days later, did everything in his power to cheer the men. He praised their undaunted bravery in one of the hardest battles ever fought in India; and though the casualties in killed and wounded had been heavy, he was grateful that Providence had enabled him to conquer a proud and fierce foe, and thus sustain the honour and courage of the British soldier. He spoke to all and listened to all, their every want and wish found in him a chief eager and willing to remove the one and gratify the other."

11. TRAVELS IN PERU, DURING THE YEARS 1838-1842, ON THE COAST, IN THE SIERRA, ACROSS THE CORDILLERAS AND THE ANDES, INTO THE PRIMEVAL FORESTS. By Dr. J. J. Von Tschudi. Translated from the German by Thomasina Ross. London: David Bogue, 86, Fleet Street. 1847.

DR. TSCHUDI'S very interesting book was noticed at some length in the October number of this Review; and we now feel great pleasure in announcing the appearance of an able translation, bearing the above title, which cannot fail to be acceptable even to those who have an opportunity of consulting the original. The notice above alluded to

enters so fully into the rare merits of the work, that any further commendation in this place is unnecessary: we must not, however, neglect to say, that Miss Ross has performed her task in a highly satisfactory manner; and that in her version, Tschudi's peculiarly happy descriptive power is very faithfully rendered.

At the present period, when a general scarcity of food is the prevailing topic, everything that is likely to prove useful as an article of consumption, either in addition to, or as a substitute for, the vegetable products already in use, ought to command attention. The introduction of the plant spoken of in the following extract, as an object of cultivation in this country, has, we believe, been recommended in some of the public journals.

"Maize is the species of grain most extensively cultivated in the Sierra; it is of excellent quality, though smaller than that grown on the coast. Wheat, though it thrives well, is cultivated only in a very limited quantity, and the bread made from it is exceedingly bad. The other species of European grain, barley excepted, are unknown to the Serranos. To compensate for the want of them, they have the quinoa (*Chenopodium Quinoa*, L.) which is at once a nutritious, wholesome, and pleasant article of food. The leaves of this plant, before it attains full maturity, are eaten like spinach; but it is the seeds which are most generally used as food. They are prepared in a variety of ways, but most frequently boiled in milk, or in broth, and sometimes cooked with cheese and Spanish pepper. The dried stems of the quinoa are used as fuel. Experiments in the cultivation of this plant have been tried in some parts of Germany, and with considerable success. It would appear, however, that its flavour is not much liked; a circumstance rather surprising to the traveller who has tasted it in Peru, where it is regarded in the light of a delicacy. It were to be wished that the general cultivation of the quinoa could be introduced throughout Europe; for, during the prevalence of the potato-disease, this plant would be found of the greatest utility. It is a well-known fact, that potatoes and tea, two articles now in such universal use, were not liked on their first introduction into Europe. The quinoa plant, which yields a wholesome article of food, would thrive perfectly in our hemisphere, and, though in its hitherto limited trial it has not found favour, there is no reason to conclude that it may not at a future time become an object of general consumption."—p. 367.

12. THE NIEBELUNGEN TREASURE: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By Ernest Raupach. Translated from the German, with Introductory Remarks. London: Williams and Norgate, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. 1847.

THE introductory remarks contain an outline of the singular poem on which this drama is founded. The 'Niebelungen Lied' is perhaps the most ancient of the Teutonic romances which have reached us in anything like a perfect state, and exhibits a curious picture of the manners of the turbulent age in which it was most probably written. Its antiquity is indicated by the fierce and unchivalric spirit of the characters depicted; these may well be supposed to have belonged to "that iron race, who, between the fourth and the tenth centuries, overran the greater part of Europe with their warlike hordes." All that is recorded of the 'Niebelungen' and their treasures, seems to be com-

pressed into the following paragraphs of the 'Introduction:' the first of which contains Hagen's relation to the king, Gûrther, of the hero Siegfried's adventure with these imaginary beings.

" 'There was a mighty king called Niebelung, who had amassed vast treasures, and hoarded them in the caverns of a hollow rock. At his death, his sons, Schildung and Niebelung, quarrelled about the distribution of the treasure, and Siegfried chancing to pass that way on some adventure, agreed, at their united request, to become arbiter betwixt them, and received in return their father's sword, Balmung. Unfortunately, however, he failed in satisfying the contending parties. A quarrel arose; the brethren attacked Siegfried; but, with the sword just presented to him, he slew not only the giants themselves, but likewise twelve of their giants, and eight hundred of their men! a tolerable number for one individual! Albrich, the dwarf, their vassal, would fain have revenged his master, but Siegfried soon subdued him too, and acquired possession of the *Tarn cap*, by means of which he obtained superhuman strength, and the power of rendering himself invisible whenever he pleased.' "

The translator continues:—

"This is all we are told about the Niebelungen, and this is certainly far from satisfactory. Various and contradictory have been the opinions as to whom they really were. According to the Lay, however, it is tolerably clear that they were giants, served by captive dwarfs, and that their dwelling-places were the caverns of dark and hollow rocks. This would seem to indicate beings of unearthly mould, creatures of night; and, indeed, the name appears to confirm this supposition, as Niebelung is a word compounded of 'Nebel' mist, and 'Junge' youth, signifying 'sons of the mist.' In the drama, they are represented as dwarfs, groaning under the sway of the giant Hindmar, who had made them his tributaries, and delivered from bondage by the gallant Siegfried, when he rescues Chriemhild from the fierce dragon, which is no other than one of the sons of the giant, who, having murdered his father, and attempted to assassinate his brother, has been changed into a loathsome monster, as a punishment for his crimes. "

Without abating anything of the wild beauty and originality of character of the Lay, the dramatist has considerably modified its various events, and divested his drama of much of the barbarism of the romance: the action, too, is very much condensed; so that those transactions which, in the Lay, occupy thirty years, are, in the drama, supposed to follow each other in the short space of little more than two. The drama is written with great power, and contains numerous highly beautiful passages. As the exponent of a remarkable production, but little known in the country, the best thanks of the English reader are due to the fair translator, for her faithful and elegant version of 'The Niebelungen Treasure,' in which so much of the spirit of the original has been preserved.

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13. IVO. A VILLAGE TALE, FROM THE BLACK FOREST. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated from the German, by Meta Taylor. With four illustrations by John Absolon. London: David Bogue, 86, Fleet Street. 1847.

THIS charming little story completes the volume of Auerbach's 'Village Tales,' the first portion of which we have already introduced

to the notice of our readers. The present tale is the longest in the volume, and, from the greater number and variety of characters introduced, it is also, perhaps, the most interesting. Ivo, the hero, is the youngest son of Valentine, the carpenter in the village of Nordstettén; and, from witnessing the *Primitie*, or the first mass and sermon of a young ecclesiastic, the son of one of his father's neighbours, he also conceives a desire to become a priest. In this wish he is encouraged by his parents; and when of proper age, he proceeds first to the Latin school, at Horb, afterwards to the cloister at Ehingen, and eventually, to the university at Tübingen. Here his mind becomes harassed by numerous doubts and difficulties, which result in a determination to quit the university, and to follow any other vocation than that of the priesthood, even at the risk of incurring his father's lasting displeasure. This determination he puts in practice, and wanders on he cares not whither: a lucky chance conducts him to the farm of an old servant of his father's, named Nazi, to whom he had been warmly attached from childhood, and who now receives him with open arms, and the tale thus concludes:—

“Ivo remained with Nazi, who treated him like his own brother; and being one of the wealthiest peasants, he was able to provide for him. Nazi went himself to Nordstetten, on purpose to bring about a match between Ivo and Emmerenz; the poor girl did not know what to do for joy. The folks in the village, and even Ivo's parents, were soon reconciled to his change in life; for when a man is prosperous, people easily overlook objections which would otherwise appear insuperable.

“Nazi made his friend a present of the saw-mill, and Ivo, assisted by his Emmerenz, now works there indefatigably and with real delight. Often in an evening does he sit under the walnut-tree, and play upon his horn, whose sounds are heard far and wide: while at the gate of many a farm-yard in the country round about, may be seen the lads and lasses standing in the peaceful moonlight, and listening to the distant music. Emmerenz once remarked this to Ivo, who replied, ‘In music, you see, we have a picture of a man's life as it ought to be; I play, for instance, on my horn for our own amusement alone; but when I think that the sounds are heard afar off, and give pleasure to others likewise, I enjoy them all the more myself. So, when a man does his own duty, he at the same time helps others too, and gives them pleasure: I have not been unselfish enough,’ he added, smilingly, ‘to play only for other folks, but like to join in a dance myself.’

“‘Well,’ said Emmerenz, ‘you are a learned man, and yet I understand you: when I have heard the boys, as they were gathering fir-apples in the wood, singing and shouting so joyously, I have sometimes thought, Ay they're only singing for their own sport, but at the same time it gives me pleasure too, and to every one who has his ears open; and the birds likewise sing for themselves, and yet men are glad to listen to their songs; and when every one in church sings from his heart for himself alone, all joins in well together, and it is all beautiful.’ Ivo embraced his Emmerenz.”

The illustrations by Absolon are exceedingly pretty and appropriate, and the volume must, we think, become a general favorite with young and old. We sincerely hope soon to see a second volume from the same quarter.

14. FAUST, A TRAGEDY. By J. W. von Goethe. Translated by Captain Knox, author of 'The Rittmeister's Budget,' &c., &c. London : John Ollivier, 59, Pall-Mall. 1847.

FAUST, by common consent, seems to be the established *pièce de résistance* for all who would display their ability to render German into English. Failure in the attempt to do complete justice to one of the most puzzling productions in the whole range of German literature can scarcely be deemed a disgrace ; for the attempt itself, though somewhat ambitious, argues a laudable desire to conquer difficulties of no common kind : while such an exercise of the mental powers cannot fail to prove beneficial to the enterprising student ; even should the public fail to appreciate the result of his labors at so high a rate as the translator himself might feel inclined to set upon them.

But we would by no means insinuate that the gallant captain has failed in his endeavour "to convey the sense of each passage as closely, as tersely, and as clearly as possible ;" the sense of the original we believe to be faithfully rendered ; and if not so *poetical* a version as some others, the present, from being more literal than many, will be found exceedingly useful as a help to the better understanding of the original. The numerous notes, including parallel passages from other poets and writers of eminence, give an additional value to the book. We must quote one specimen. Faust is arrested in his purpose of self-destruction by the sound of bells proclaiming the dawn of Easter.

"What a deep murmur on the night air swells,  
 What a clear tone draws irresistibly  
 The goblet from my mouth. Ye hollow bells,  
 Proclaim ye Easter's dawn is drawing nigh ?  
 The words of hope in that sweet music ringing,  
 That once, when o'er his sepulchre did close,  
 The shades of night, from angel lips arose,  
 Assurance of a covenant renew'd to mortals bringing.

\* \* \* \*

What, in your mighty sweetness, do ye seek,  
 Ye tones of Heaven, with me that dwell in dust ?  
 Seek elsewhere mortals flexible and weak.  
 I hear the message, but I cannot trust ;  
 Faith's chosen child is the miraculous.  
 I dare not strive those distant spheres to gain,  
 From whence these holy tidings came to us ;  
 And yet it seems that long-remembered strain,  
 In youth, recalls me back to life again.  
 The kiss of heavenly love upon me fell,  
 In the deep stillness of the Sabbath calm,  
 The heartfelt fulness of the Sabbath bell,  
 A prayer to my glad soul sufficient balm,  
 Beyond conception sweet, a holy longing,  
 Drove me to wander forth through wood and mead,  
 And in the thousand tear-drops warmly thronging,  
 I felt a world grow up, mine own indeed.

The joyous sports of youth those tones revealing,  
Of the spring feast once more the joy unfolds,  
And recollection, fraught with childish feeling,  
Me from the last dread step of all withholds.  
Oh, sound, sound on, thou sweet celestial strain,  
The tears well forth, the earth hath me again."

As a parallel passage to the above are given Cowper's beautiful lines on the influence of sounds upon the mind : to which might have been added Moore's exquisite lay, beginning,—

"When through life unblest we rove," &c.

15. **THE AFRICAN WANDERERS : OR THE ADVENTURES OF CARLOS AND ANTONIO :** embracing Interesting Descriptions of the Manners and Customs of the Western Tribes, and the Natural Productions of the Country. By Mrs. R. Lee, (formerly Mrs. T. Edward Bowditch), Author of 'Memoirs of Cuvier,' &c. London : Grant and Griffith, Successors to J. Harris, St. Paul's Church Yard. 1846.

Mrs. LEE, a lady already well known as the author of many able contributions to natural history, has, in these pages, embodied a general description of the western portion of the African continent, its people, and its natural productions. The supposed adventures of two seamen, abandoned on an uninhabited island, on the western coast of Africa, are made the "vehicle for carrying the reader into scenes which have hitherto been but faintly described." With the exception of some of the events detailed in the opening chapters, we are informed that "every production, every character is true ; and most of the circumstances, are drawn from the personal experience of the author, or her friends ;" and we must say, that the book reads more like the veritable 'Robinson Crusoe' than any recent publication of a similar character with which we are acquainted. Mrs. Lee was well qualified, from her personal acquaintance with the country, and her scientific acquirements, to undertake such a task, and worthily has she performed it. The affecting circumstances of her own bereavement are alluded to in the following paragraph, wherein she states her views in writing the book.

" 'Where we have suffered much we love much,' is a saying verified by the undying interest which the author of the following story takes in the western coast of Africa. To call the attention of the wise and good to a part of the continent (the river Gaboon) but little known to Englishmen, has been one of the chief objects of her present undertaking. \* \* One kindly impulse, one mite added to the exertions made in behalf of this magnificent land, will indemnify the author for her labor, and the anxiety which necessarily attends publication."



16. 1. THE BOY'S SUMMER BOOK. 2. THE BOY'S AUTUMN BOOK. 3. THE BOY'S WINTER BOOK. Descriptive of the Seasons, Scenery, Rural Life, and Country Amusements. By Thomas Miller, author of 'Beauties of the Country,' &c. Chapman and Hall. 1847.

THESE three little works for boys, or indeed for girls, are wondrously cheap ; and so excellent that they must succeed. Thomas Miller is just the man to write for boys. He knows their tastes, enjoys their sports, and writes with a hearty relish of his subject that is quite exhilarating. He also knows the country well ; and has studied its capabilities for amusement. It was a happy idea to describe the seasons, and all their peculiarities, in an entertaining form, so that the boy, while devouring his story-book, should accumulate a large fund of useful information, which is not given—mark that !—as information. Those who remember that delightful book—the '*Swiss Family Robinson*,'—will understand what we mean by information ingeniously conveyed, so that the learner has not the sense of "learning lessons." In these volumes, the boy is taken out into the open fields, and there the beauties of nature, as the seasons bring them forth, are delicately presented to his mind's eye, interspersed with nice bits of natural history—with stories—with recipes—with accounts of swimming, angling, skating, and all sorts of pleasant sports ; or else he is led in doors to see what fun can be made out of winter days and winter nights. The volumes are profusely illustrated with wood-cuts. The boy who is not fascinated by them had better at once take to geometry and the differential calculus ; for he must evidently be far too "wise" a boy to read any books not written for professors.

17. THE SINGING BOOK. By James Turle and Edward Taylor. Bogue, Fleet Street. 1847.

THE design of the above is to teach the art of singing at sight. There is nothing new in the object ; but the progressive exercises of this work are the best that have lately appeared, and a great improvement upon the Hullah or Wilhem methods. The aim of every teacher should be to simplify the study of music, not to add to its complexity ; but the system of finger notation introduced by Wilhem, useless for elucidation, is an additional difficulty thrown in the way of the pupil, where the obstacles to progress were already sufficiently numerous. The authors of this work start with the confession, that there is no "short cut" to sight singing, and that the art can only be attained by practice ; but they judiciously observe, that the practice should be rendered as agreeable as possible, and that all gratuitous impediments to a clear comprehension of the science, or to its pleasurable exercise, should be carefully removed. Among these they place the various Solfeggio systems ; and we are glad to find the high authority of Mr. Turle and Professor Taylor in favour of our own opinion, that the assumed necessity for Italian syllables in singing the gamut, belongs to the pedantry of the art—that they are, in fact, mere spells to conjure with—which every judicious teacher who would seek to instruct, and not to mystify, would do well to discard. In sight singing it is of

comparatively little importance whether a note be called *Do* or *Sol*; but it is essential to understand whether it be the key-note, the third, or fifth, or any other interval of the scale; and this is best attained by habituating the pupil to name and sing the notes by their numerical denomination as intervals—that is, as 1, 3, 5, &c.,—the plan adopted in this work, but originally suggested in a prior publication, ‘The Singing Master’ for children, by Mr. Hickson.

18. THE POLYCHROMATIC ORNAMENT OF ITALY. By Edward Adams. London: Nickisson. 1847.

MR. ADAMS has here executed the first part of a most laudable undertaking, and in beautiful style. The subject of Decorative Mural Painting has of late occupied considerable attention, especially since the labours of Mr. Hay of Edinburgh. And as we must always turn our eyes to the land of beauty whenever art is in question, Mr. Adams deserves our warmest thanks for having, in this splendid work, given us specimens of what the school of Raphael accomplished as house painters. It is indeed an important publication, if only as a means of opening the eyes of our decorators to the union of form and colour; the grace of many of these designs being inexpressibly beautiful, while the arrangement of colour is such as only great painters could have devised. One doubts, indeed, whether such colouring could be successfully introduced into our climate, with any prospect of its standing; but, at all events, if we are to introduce colour at all, let it be done upon fixed principles.

Mr. Adams proposes to give a connected illustrated history of decorative art in Italy, from the Roman period, which we recognise in the present remains of mural decoration in the Baths of Titus, down to the middle of the sixteenth century. The present volume illustrates the state of art in the early part of that century, after the school formed by Raphael upon the models of ancient art.

The first plate represents one side of a coved ceiling in a room in the Farnese gardens at Rome. It is fanciful and brilliant, with graceful flowing lines, and splendid colour; but it is too crowded for our taste, too varied and scattered; we miss any unity of impression beyond that of colour; the eye wanders from figure to figure, and reposes nowhere.

Plate 2 is very beautiful. It represents a perspective view of the first floor of Loggiats of the cortile of the Vatican. It was executed from the designs of Raphael himself.

Having given us this charming *coup d'œil*, Mr. Adams, in Plates 3 to 9 inclusive, gives larger views of the separate portions, enabling us to examine and admire in detail. Plates 10 and 11 are ornaments from the counter pilasters of the Upper Loggia, and if the handsomest are not here selected, these pilasters must be wondrously beautiful.

The essay, or sketch of the Raphaellesque style of decoration, is brief yet full; but it might be longer with advantage. We should be glad to have the opinion of Mr. Adams, as an architect and man of

fine taste, on the practicability of decorating our public buildings in a similar style, and especially upon the necessary modifications required.

We wish we could transfer some of the beauties in this book to our own pages ; but pictures do not admit of quotation, nor can any description convey an adequate idea. Our purpose is simply to direct public attention to remarkable works,—and we direct it to the magnificent work on *Polychromatic Ornament*.

19. **HEIDELBERG. A Romance.** By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of the 'Smuggler,' the 'Step-mother,' &c. In Three Volumes. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1846.

**THE CASTLE OF EHRENSTEIN ; ITS LORDS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL ; ITS INHABITANTS EARTHLY AND UNEARTHLY.** By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of 'Heidelberg,' &c. In Three Volumes. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1847.

**N**ETHER of these, the latest productions of Mr. James's prolific pen, can be said to equal some of his earlier productions, though both are decidedly superior to many which have immediately preceded them; and of the two, 'The Castle of Ehrenstein' is by far the best. It is a spirited production, of the Radcliffe school of romance; full of mysterious sights and sounds, yawning caverns, gloomy vaults, spectres, skeletons, and suits of armour, which fall down and startle the guests of the baron from their propriety, and all the usual adjuncts of a novel of this class. There are some capital pictures of the old baronial life of Germany given throughout the volumes; and as to the love passages between the hero and heroine, we suspect they will be much more to the taste of Mr. James's fair readers, than the very tame affair in Heidelberg. 'Tis true, the hero of the latter novel had left a wife behind him, to whom he had been married when both were mere children, and whom he had not seen since; a sense of honour therefore restrained those passionate outbursts in which heroes of romance are expected to indulge. The best portions of this book are those which relate to the siege of Heidelberg, and the different military operations connected with the fate of the elector and his princess, the unfortunate Elizabeth of Bohemia, daughter of our James I., whose character is well drawn. The great Oyer case of Poisoning seems to have furnished the materials for the portrait of the hero, who travels under the assumed name of Algernon Grey; and the events recorded in the true narrative of this strange business are closely followed in the closing scenes of the novel. After all, an occasional falling off in the powers of of an author who has been so long before the public as Mr. James, is of comparatively little importance; since, whatever may be the merits or demerits of a new book from the pen of an established favorite, it is sure to be as eagerly enquired after, and to be read with as much avidity, as if there were no such thing as a failure to be expected. These new novels are not failures, in the usual acceptance of the word; on the contrary, they seem to indicate a promise of a return to something like pristine vigour on the part of their author.

**BOHN'S STANDARD LIBRARY:** a series of the best English and Foreign Authors. London: H. G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

THIS excellent series progresses in the most satisfactory manner. Among the recently published works, are the first volume of Roscoe's translation of Lanzi's 'History of Painting' (with a fine portrait of Raffael), to be completed in three volumes; Roscoe's translation of the 'Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini,' (with the portrait of the author, after Vasari); one of the most romantic pieces of autobiography ever penned; the first volume of Coxe's 'History of the House of Austria,' to be completed in three; 'Memoirs of the Life of Col. Hutchinson,' by his widow, with an 'Account of the Siege of Latham House,' and the completion of Schiller's works; comprising the 'History of the Revolt of the Netherlands,' with the dramas of 'Wallenstein,' and 'William Tell.'

**THE TRAVELLER'S MISCELLANY AND MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINMENT.**  
No. 1, March, 1847. London: W. J. Adams, Bradshaw's Railway Publication Office, 59, Fleet Street.

A NEW candidate for public favour; and this, we feel persuaded, it will soon obtain. Its literary contents are interesting and well selected, while the greatest care seems to have been taken to render correct those portions which have a more immediate reference to the requirements of the traveller. The visitor to the metropolis will find the guides to the London exhibitions, excursions, public buildings, and places of amusement, of great utility; as are the lists of fares, steamers, railways, and other adjuncts of locomotion—in fact, nothing has been omitted which can render 'The Traveller's Miscellany' a useful and agreeable "companion for the road, the rail, and the steamboat," both to "the tourist for pleasure and the man of business."

**FEUDAL TIMES; OR, THE COURT OF JAMES THE THIRD.** A Scottish Historical Play. By the author of 'The Earl of Gowrie,' 'The King of the Commons,' &c.; first represented at the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells. London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. 1847.

WITH a very meagre plot, the author has produced a drama of great interest; its merits are well attested by its popularity, and by the almost unanimous decision of the public press in its favour during its successful career at Sadler's Wells. The action is simple and straightforward, the characters well drawn, the language elegant, and often highly poetical. So long as an author can be found to produce, and crowded and discriminating audiences to appreciate, such plays as 'Feudal Times,' there seems no valid reason to complain of the decline of the drama.

**THE NATIONAL CYCLOPÆDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.** Parts and 2.  
London: Charles Knight, Ludgate Street. 1847.

THIS valuable undertaking will contain all the information of the original 'Penny Cyclopædia' up to the present time, so condensed as to be comprised within the moderate compass of twelve octavo volumes. The two parts already published contain together 256 closely printed pages, in columns; the articles are very carefully executed, and extend from A to Alluvium; though condensed, they are by no means meagre, but are very perspicuous and comprehensive; and, besides putting the inquirer in immediate possession of a considerable amount of information, they have the additional merit of directing him to larger works of authority, where his researches may be further prosecuted.

cuted. Altogether, the 'National Cyclopædia' is the cheapest book that has lately been published, whether we consider the quantity and quality of the matter, or the manner in which it is printed. We wish it every success.

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**ROWLAND BRADSHAW; OR, THE WAY TO FAME.** By the author of 'Raby Rattler.' Illustrated by S. P. Fletcher. Parts 1 to 5. London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row. 1847.

'RABY RATTLER,' a previous work by the same author, is a clever book, and, judging from the five parts now before us, 'Rowland Bradshaw' bids fair to rival his predecessor. Its spirited delineations of character, and well-wrought humorous sketches of the practical jokes and somewhat boisterous manners of the *élite* of a provincial town not far from Manchester, are well conceived and well executed. Rowland, the hero, is the only son of a widowed mother, apprenticed to a country painter and glazier, whose opinion of his own abilities is anything but modest. Rowland is possessed of intelligence, talent, and a considerable share of humour. By a chain of curious circumstances, he unwittingly becomes the depository of the secrets of all the people in the town, without betraying his own. Some very droll scenes are depicted in these five parts; and if carried on as begun, 'Rowland Bradshaw' will deserve the popularity we doubt not he will speedily attain.

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**THE TOPOGRAPHY OF ROME AND ITS VICINITY.** By Sir William Gell, M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A., Author of 'Pompeiana,' &c. A new Edition, Revised and Enlarged. By Edward Herbert Bunbury, Esq., F.C.S. London: H. G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden. 1846.

IN this new edition of an important and valuable work, the editor has judiciously preserved, intact, the original text; and has given his own corrections and additions as foot notes, in brackets, besides appending his initials, so as to distinguish them even from the author's notes. The editorial notes, for the most part, consist of such emendations as are rendered necessary by the additional light thrown upon the topography of the district by recent researches; but they also contain corrections of dates and distances, and other errors, inadvertently committed by Sir W. Gell, in consequence, perhaps, of insufficient materials, or from other causes. In its present form, the work is worthy of all consideration by the student, the traveller, and the classical scholar.

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**THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.** With Memoir. By James M'Conechy, Esq. Second Edition, Enlarged. Glasgow: Robertson. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. London: Longmans. Dublin: M'Glashan. 1847.

OF the first (and only previous British) edition of Motherwell's poems, published about fourteen years ago, Professor Wilson gave a highly favorable notice in Blackwood. The professor's estimate of the *poet* is certainly well borne out by the character of his works, which, in their present elegant and extended form, will, we are persuaded, be a welcome addition to many a library where they were previously unknown. Beautiful and expressive as are most of the pieces in the volume, we must confess that we are inclined to place in the first rank, the exquisite ballad—"Jeanie Morrison"—composed by the poet in his fourteenth year: this ballad, in its touching tenderness of sentiment, strongly reminds one of some of Burns' shorter pieces, especially that exquisite address "To Mary in Heaven," beginning—

"Thou lingering star with lessening ray," &c.

**THE YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART;** exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements of the Past Year, in Mechanics and the Useful Arts; Natural Philosophy; Electricity; Chemistry, Zoology and Botany; Geology and Geography; Meteorology and Astronomy. By John Timbs. Illustrated with Engravings. London: D. Bogue, Fleet-street. 1847.

THE extensive sale of the eight previous volumes of Mr. Timbs's annual volume, sufficiently testify the public estimation in which it is held, and render it unnecessary for us to say more of the volume for 1847, than that it has been prepared with as much care as its predecessors, while its varied contents are, if possible, rendered still more interesting by valuable notices of the scientific novelties by which the past year was distinguished. The important discoveries of the new planet, of the central sun, of gun-cotton, and the new application of ether, are all noticed at length, besides a host of other contributions to science under the different heads indicated in the title. A portrait of Le Verrier forms the frontispiece to the volume. The authority is almost invariably appended to each article, affording the means of testing the accuracy of the reports.

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**THE HISTORY OF ROME; FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE CLOSE OF THE EMPIRE.** Adapted for Youth, Schools, and Families. By Miss Corner. London; Thomas Dean and Co., Threadneedle Street. 1847.

MISS CORNER'S 'History of Rome' will assuredly, ere long, supersede all the Roman histories at present used in our schools. It is very well written; and the historical facts, elicited by the learned labours of Niebuhr and Arnold, are made to take the place of the fabulous accounts which have hitherto passed current as authentic history. At the same time,

"The popular legends that adorn the early annals of the Roman state, although mostly shown to have no foundation in truth, are not omitted, because every one ought to be acquainted with them; but great care has been taken in relating such stories to point out their doubtful nature, that the learner may not be in danger of mistaking for real history anything that is fabulous."—*Preface.*

The authorities are judiciously given as foot-notes; and each division of the history has a set of questions for examination.

**THE HORATII: A TRAGEDY.** London: Smith, Elder and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1846.

A DRAMA, as the title implies, founded upon "Livy's narrative of the combat between the Horatii and the Curiatii, in the reign of Tullus Hostilius." The author's aim has been to illustrate "the lamentable nature and tendency of human principles and human practice, when left to their own workings;" for this purpose, he wishes his drama to be "perused by the light of a scriptural acquaintance with christian affections, christian principles, christian morals, and christian ends." Tried by this standard, this drama certainly well illustrates the author's position; and as a work of art, though occasionally betraying the short-comings of inexperience, it would not suffer by comparison with many others both acted and unacted. The author seems to possess some good ideas of what is required for stage effect; his language, though somewhat rugged and unpolished, has a degree of vigour which befits the subject; and the very deficiencies of style may perhaps be considered an advantage when the characters and the period represented are taken into consideration.

**LAUREL AND FLOWERS. OCCASIONAL VERSES.** By M. E. J. S. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. Brighton: Folthrop and Co., North Street. 1846.

A VOLUME of graceful little pieces, which, though of unequal merit, are on the whole very creditable productions. Some of them have previously appeared in periodicals, others now make their appearance in print for the first time, and, strange to say, there is not a word about their being printed "at the urgent request of friends."

**POEMS.** By Ralph Waldo Emerson. London: Chapman, Brothers, 121, Newgate Street. 1846.

AN elegant edition of the poetical works of one who, as an Essayist, has obtained considerable celebrity both in America and in this country. It is natural that those who have awarded an author the reward of merit in one department of literature, should feel a degree of curiosity when his appearance in another character is announced; from this cause, Mr. Emerson's poems will doubtless be widely circulated in England, though we question whether, as a whole, they are calculated to increase the fame acquired from his essays. There is, however, much beauty in some of the poems; and the publishers deserve our thanks for introducing them to English readers.

**THE COUNTRY HOUSE AND OTHER POEMS.** By James Prior, F.S.A., M.R.I.A. &c., &c., Author of the 'Life of Burke,' 'Life of Goldsmith,' &c. London: Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand. 1846.

THE production of a gentleman not unknown to fame as a prose writer, who now, in another line of literature, evinces considerable powers, such as we think will entitle him to some regard from the public, notwithstanding that "sermons, poetry, and plays, are little in demand." The principal poem consists of a series of Crabbe-like pictures of country scenes and country pursuits; and the shorter pieces exhibit considerable facility in versification. We doubt not this little volume will be duly appreciated beyond the immediate circle of the Author's friends and acquaintance.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Camberwell, Jan. 31, 1847.

SIR,—In the admirable compendium on the progress of Astronomical science, contained in your last number, you have stated, that "the area or space included between any two contiguous orbits, is twice as large as the area included in the next planetary interval, proceeding inwards,—and half as large as the next interval, proceeding outwards." Now, as the radius vector of each planet is in about a duplicate proportion to the next interior planet,—and the areas of circles are as the squares of their diameters,—it follows that the "area or space" included between any two contiguous orbits, is in a *three-fold* proportion to that of the next interior, and equal to  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the next interval, proceeding outwards.

$$\begin{array}{rcl} 10^2 & = & 100 \quad 20^2 = 400 \\ 400 - 300 & = & 100 \\ 400 - 100 & = & 300 \end{array}$$

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,  
J. W.

## POSTSCRIPT.

*The Factory Bill ; Irish Labour Rate Act ; Laws of Value ;  
Railway Legislation ; Educational Measures.*

RECENT events have tended more than anything that has occurred during the last twenty years, to lessen our faith in the progress of opinion, and to shake our confidence in the improvement of human institutions. The world moves, as was said by Galileo, but it moves in a circle. In the physical sciences a steady advance appears to be maintained ; but, in the moral, we alternately advance and recede. Like the course of the earth as a planet, our path is in a prescribed orbit, which we never leave, and in which we are perpetually returning upon the same track.

Twelve months ago and the principles of political economy had achieved a signal triumph. Free Trade, as affecting industry and food, was adopted as a government measure, and appeared to be understood. The delusion has vanished ; the victory was that of Richard Cobden, carrying with him the sympathies, but not the understanding of the nation. Protection and interference have arisen in a new form, in some respects more disastrous than before, and the nation looks on approvingly, unconscious of the inconsistency of its aims.

We take up our pen with the feeling that to attempt to counteract prevailing hallucinations by a few words of plain sense, is to "lift up a voice in the wilderness" which no man regardeth. From the apparent hopelessness of the task our observations will be brief, and they must necessarily be desultory.

Upon a measure of minor importance, but one which, as offering an indication not to be mistaken of the shallowness of popular views of administrative duties, which might make even an optimist despair of politics and politicians, it may not be too late to enter our protest, before the legislature stands finally committed to the principle it has adopted.

*The new Factory Bill.*—Freedom of industry has become a question between freedom for eleven hours and freedom for ten. Old notions of the liberty of the subject and the rights of labour have given way to the extravagance of trade unions ; and labour, by the authority of parliament, is to be regulated by conventional rules, not by the voluntary compact of the employer and the employed.



Let us note the sophism upon which the argument of the supporters of the present measure is founded. The State has judiciously interfered for the protection of children—why not for adults? The why not, we will explain. Observe the distinction.

Adults are free agents—children are not. A parish apprentice has no choice of masters; the hours of labour must be regulated for him by somebody, and the choice is only between the State, and the employers or guardians to whom accident may consign him. The moral and industrial training of children is the first of parental duties; but when it ceases to be adequately discharged, from poverty or destitution, the brutalizing influence of intemperance, or the death of parents, the duty devolves upon the State. Society must supply the place of proper natural guardians, if only in self-defence. The interests of all are endangered when the juvenile vagrants of our streets, or the infant trappists of our mines, are sold and sacrificed to drunkenness, and suffered to grow up reckless, abandoned outcasts.

Adults are not only free agents, but so free to work when it pleases them, or to abstain from working, that we hesitate not to say the State *cannot* restrain their choice if it would. Our objection to the new Factory Bill for the regulation of adult labour\* is based upon this simple but broad foundation—the bill aims at the *impossible*. The legislature cannot confine the hours of labour to ten hours of any class of operatives, however earnestly it may make the attempt. Any law to promote such an object, for the assumed benefit of working men, or of working women, must cease to be enforced the moment it is their interest to break it, and that it is and will be their interest to break it is shown by the fact, that they have themselves frustrated all the efforts of their leaders to attain the same object by combination.

We doubt not that the legislature, with the assistance of a policeman, may stop a steam-engine at a given hour; but when the restriction of the power-loom brings the hand-loom into renewed activity, what will hinder the factory weaver working at the hand-loom every hour of the twenty-four, during which the mill may be closed, or his wife and daughters filling up their over time with some of the numerous subsidiary employments in the nature of private manufacture, by which in the Manchester trade money may be earned?

This question is generally argued upon the supposition, that

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\* The bill, in its direct operation, applies only to women, and young persons under eighteen, but indirectly it is intended to affect all employed in a factory.

a reduction of the hours of labour will or will not reduce wages; but the impotency of the legislature may be placed in a more striking light by considering the effect of the proposed enactments in the event of wages rising by an improved demand for labour.

Suppose the case of a manufacturer calling his hands together, and addressing them thus: "I have received to day large orders from China, which must be executed by a given day. I can only deliver the goods within the time required by your agreeing to work, for the next month, fifteen hours instead of ten; if you will do so, it will be worth my while to double your wages during this period, rather than lose the order." We ask what respect for a ten hours bill would factory operatives retain, after weighing its provisions against such a proposition? and whether even a policeman stationed in the engine-room to detect forbidden strokes of the piston, would feel it quite safe or prudent, in the circumstances described, to act the part of informer?

It is sometimes amusing, though too often saddening, to watch the inconsistencies of party advocacy. There is no factory operative whose labour is equal to the drudgery of an editor of a daily newspaper; the constant strain upon mental energies, day and night, is far more severe in its effects than any corresponding amount of merely physical and mechanical exertion. At three o'clock in the morning, an editor is often in the gallery of the House of Commons, listening to the close of a debate upon which a leading article must be prepared for the paper of the same day; at four he is at his desk, with the printers' devil waiting for copy,—at five he has completed his task; perhaps a philippic upon the inhumanity of millowners; and at the hour when the mill population are beginning to arouse themselves from sleep, he is stealing home to his bed, pale and haggard, to seek a short interval of repose, by closing his curtains upon the bright daylight. There is no factory operative, who, apart from the question of remuneration, measuring only toil for toil, would change places with a London daily editor. The compensation for the greater endurance is only the difference between £500 per annum and £1 per week.

"Unhappy factory operatives," writes the editor,—"it is infamous that your services should be required after six in the evening;" and the very type in which this commiseration is expressed is composed by men who work *through the whole night*; while many thousand printers would be only too glad to get upon an establishment like the 'Times' or 'Herald,' where such night work is to be obtained.

The ten hours agitation would have been well met by a bill,

not to restrict the hours of labour, but to define the meaning of the word *day*, as applied to the customary engagements of workmen with their employers. It has been remarked to us by a manufacturer of great observation and practical experience, that it would be a real benefit to the working classes, if, in the absence of written contracts, a day's labour, which now varies with different trades, and in different districts, were defined by statute to consist of a certain number of hours; so that, without any formal stipulation, the person employed might know when he had and when he had not a claim to payment for extra time. In this sense there would be no objection to a ten hours bill, but, on the contrary, it would put an end to much petty oppression; affecting perhaps linendrapers' and dressmakers' assistants more than any other class. To legislate that any one operation of human industry shall not be carried on for a continuous period of more than ten or eleven hours is a palpable mistake, and would, if it could be carried into effect, be a grievous injustice. Upon the principle of such a bill not a harvest could be gathered in. A reaper paid by the 'grip,' or piece work, will labour from four in the morning till nine in the evening. His wife will follow his steps, gleanings, during the same period; and as upon a farm, so in every branch of trade, there are busy seasons which can only be met by extra exertions. It is idle for the legislature to say that the labourer shall not work over-time,—but it is within its province to describe in what over-time consists, and to recognise a legal claim for over-time payment.

The prospective evils of factory legislation, neutralized as they will be by the impracticability of the measure before parliament, are utterly insignificant in comparison with the consequences, past and future, of the most fearful calamity by which any country has yet been visited,—the *Irish Labour Rate Act of last session*.

Before these pages meet the eye of the reader, a National Fast will have been held to propitiate the wrath of that Providence to which, or to the inscrutable decrees of Divine Wisdom, the present misery of Ireland, and its re-action upon England and the neighbouring states of Europe, has been ascribed. Well will it be for the generation which will follow us to our graves, if, on that day of humiliation and self-abasement, the nation shall have discovered that it has *itself* and not Providence to blame for Irish destitution,—that scarcity may be converted into dearth by a misdirection of public resources, and that the famine and pestilence of the winter from which we are now escaping, have *not* been the immediate act of a beneficent Creator, but have had a human and an artificial origin.

With more confidence in the bounty of nature and its compensatory laws than those who put their trust in legislative foresight, we did not believe, in August last, when the alarm of a potato failure was first raised by the press, that it was necessarily the precursor of a famine; and now that famine and pestilence have both been realized, we can distinctly trace them to other causes than the potato failure, fully adequate to the effect.

It has been of late the fashion to decry the truths of political economy as the creed of inhumanity. The inhumanity is with those who would substitute the weakness of the heart for the soundest axioms of experience. We throw back the charge of cruelty upon the pseudo-philanthropists of the day. *You* who from the benevolent impulse of the moment have yielded yourselves, blindfolded, to the guidance of blind leaders:—*You* who to consult only your feelings have shut your eyes to the facts of history, upon *you* rests largely the responsibility of those high prices of food which have caused the poor to perish,—of that famine-fever which has desolated villages,—and of that disorganization of society and shock to public credit which have paralysed the industry of the three kingdoms.

He “who sendeth sun and sendeth shower,” and caused, by the East Indian summer of 1846, the partial destruction of the potato plant, had first provided a compensation for the loss of one crop by the greater abundance of another. The year was remarkable for the finest pasture season for cattle, and the heaviest crops of hay and clover ever known, a fact to which even the present state of the stack-yards bears testimony. The wheat, if somewhat light in the ear, was well secured. The fine weather in harvest was of unusually long duration, and the most slovenly farmers, in highlands and lowlands, housed their corn in good condition. The produce of the fisheries on all the British coasts had been nearly unexampled. It has fallen constantly under our own observation, during the winter, to witness waggon loads of fish thrown upon the land for manure on farms adjoining the river. Fish have supplied the place of bread to the poor of Spitalfields during the last six months. Abroad, the deficiency in France and Belgium was more than counterbalanced by an excessive surplus above the average in the crops of America\* and Russia, for the delivery of which in Europe we

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\* *Extract from a letter dated “London, Canada West, Feb. 15th, 1847.*

“We hear bad accounts of the famine in Ireland and Scotland, and the news received yesterday is improving the price of wheat a little; but we have had the most wretched prices for produce all winter, with no demand and great abundance. I must give you the prices and you will pity the farmer—wheat 3 to 4 shillings York per bushel, (8s. York=1 dollar, about 4s. 2d. English) but now rising, (but the merchants were so bitten last year that they

had but to wait till the Spring. There was no indication of bread becoming dear till the appearance of government agents in the grain markets, and an extravagant expenditure upon public works began to tell upon prices.

Ministers take credit for the fact, that in the first instance they interfered as little as they could help with the business of buying and selling, but it is unaccountable that they should not have perceived that the effect upon prices, of wages paid out of the public taxes, must be infinitely more mischievous than any direct interference of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as a large purchaser, even if he were to attend personally in Mark Lane for the object.

Prices in a time of scarcity are obviously more influenced by a multitude of transactions, however small, than by any one transaction, of large amount. The effect of a purchase of corn for charitable purposes, to the amount say of £100,000, at one time, is of course to enhance price in proportion to the deficiency thereby created; but the same sum spent in the form of relief wages, has a tendency to raise prices *indefinitely*. It brings at least 200,000 buyers into rural markets, who create a demand apparently unlimited, and this gives rise to an universal spirit of speculation, especially among the smaller class of dealers, which lasts till there is an absolute plethora in the supply. So far therefore from being astonished, that after an importation of 5,000,000 quarters of corn, wheat rose to 75*s.* per quarter, we only marvel that under the system pursued the price has not risen to 100*s.* per quarter. And that such a result has not yet been produced,—that an expenditure in relief wages, of £1,000,000 per month,\* in addition to the food purchases of government,

do not believe the stories about the famine yet)—pork, the very best, 2 to 2½ dollars per 100lbs.—potatoes, 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* York—oats, 1*s.* York (per bushel)—hay, 4 dollars per ton. We much require a railroad to carry off our surplus, and a line from Detroit to Buffalo through London would be the best route in North America; but, it seems, some fatality attends those who have it in hand, while such schemes as the line from Goderich to Toronto, and that from Quebec to Halifax, (which look very fine on the map, but which are through an endless wilderness covered with six feet of snow half the year) are likely to meet with support.

\* It is undoubtedly true that these advances have been very great; and I will now state what has been the number of persons employed, and the amount expended up to the end of February. The persons employed were, in the

Week ending the 6th. of February..	..	..	..	615,055
— 13th —	..	..	..	605,715
— 20th —	..	..	..	668,749
— 27th —	..	..	..	708,228

The expenditure on the relief works during the month of February is stated to have been £944,141, which is entirely independent of the expenses incurred

and charitable societies, for relief *depôts*, has not raised bread to 1s. 6d. per loaf—we consider an evidence of the fact, that the crops of 1846 were, on the whole, *not* deficient, but of average abundance; and that the real dearth which prevailed before the Government measures extended it, by factitious influences and waste, was confined to isolated districts. To posterity it will appear incredible, that a rate of expenditure upon unproductive works, *equal to the whole rental of Ireland*, was commenced without any consideration or calculation of the enormous influence of such an impulse to corn jobbing, in aggravating the evil it was intended to cure.

We ask the serious and earnest attention of economists and statesmen,—of every one who, by writing or speaking, has the power of influencing public opinion—of all who have looked on with indifference to the relaxed system of Poor Law administration daily gaining ground in the English Unions, and those especially who are now contending for a new Poor Law for Ireland,—to the argument we are urging.

The principle of relief wages has, or has not, a tendency to raise prices, during a crisis, by factitious dealings, and to place food out of the reach of classes who would not otherwise have required the aid of charity. The question is one of solemn moment. The consequences of a mistake here may be appalling. *They have been appalling*; and if a new Poor Law bill is to be in a disguised form an act for a new labour rate, the end will be a convulsion in which all property will go to wreck.\*

We have seen with much disappointment the debates upon the Irish Poor Law turn upon a point of very secondary import-

through the Commissariat and other public departments for the same general object. The sums expended on the relief works during each of the preceding months from the 1st of September were as follows:—

September and October	..	..	..	..	..	£ 54,878
November	..	..	..	..	..	298,799
December	..	..	..	..	..	545,054
January	..	..	..	..	..	736,125

—Speech of Lord John Russell—‘*Times*’ of March 13.

\* It is true that speculation produces a reaction; but when the object is immediate relief, the reaction comes too late. It appears probable that, from the high prices of winter, the markets will be drugged in the summer with cheap provisions; but it was not for summer that the relief was required.

A government should guard against extreme fluctuations in trade, not seek to produce them. It is not the interest of a country that enterprise should first be stimulated and then ruined. The approaching reaction may not be the last. The *waste*, under the present system, has been fearful. Wheat will not keep in granary as in the stack; and nearly every wheat-stack in England has been threshed out to meet a demand in the permanency of which no farmer believed. Another winter may bring another scarcity.

ance,—whether the property of Ireland should, or should not, support the poor of Ireland? Let Irish landlords be made to discharge their duty, but we have no desire to see them involved in utter ruin. Ireland has suffered enough already by confiscation. Nor would England ultimately benefit by allowing the sister kingdom to become ten times the nursery of pauperism it is at present. We object not to out-door relief, but tell us first how you will administer it? Is it nothing, with the facts before our eyes of a total national disorganization by one mode of out-door relief, to inquire by what other mode you propose to relieve misfortune, and yet encourage industry?

Are boards of guardians to be instructed to restrain mendicancy, or promote it? Surely we have not yet to learn that the salvation of a country does not depend upon either a workhouse test, or the absence of it, but upon the securities taken for a sound local administration;—and upon what regulations will you base it?

It is most lamentable to see, that in the eagerness of impulse to apply the principle of relief, there has been and continues to be a total disregard of the mode. Pestilence has followed in the footsteps of benevolence, and yet death itself has awakened no suspicion of error in the aid we have given to its fearful devastations. We are told of a mortality in Irish workhouses, at the rate of 70,000 per annum, but can it be pretended, with even the appearance of plausibility, that this mortality is the result of destitution? Are not the inmates of workhouses at least fed, and warmed, and clothed? Is there a member of the Health of Towns Association who could not tell the government that this heavy rate of mortality can only be the consequence of over-crowding and defective ventilation? And is such over-crowding and defective ventilation to continue under a new Poor Law in the name of charity, and not to be denounced as the agency of slaughter?

Let us note here a fact stated in the reports of Mr. Twisleton, that as late as the 17th of October twenty-nine only of the workhouses in Ireland, out of 130, were full, or nearly full, and that in the remaining 101 there was still accommodation for 34,000 inmates more than had been received. It was not till the government expenditure upon public works had created a gigantic army of 500,000 men to swallow up all the resources of the country, that the continued rise in the price of provisions and the desertion of families by the able-bodied, drove the feebler portion of the whole population to the workhouses, as a last refuge. A last refuge indeed;—there to sicken with fever, and die.

And let us note again the corresponding manner in which out-of-door pestilence followed out-of-door relief injudiciously

administered. A noble Lord, reading in the papers frightful tales of deaths by "starvation," of which he is at first incredulous, rushes from Oxford to Skibbereen, to learn the real facts by personal observation. He is taken to a cabin containing thirty inmates, all dead or dying. He sees the death-cart, and dead bodies thrown into it by callous assistants with indecent haste. He does not inquire whether plague in a hovel could by possibility have arisen from other causes than want. He does not see in Skibbereen a town of the better class, well situate, comparatively prosperous, but become a great centre for relief works, a focus for English charity, and therefore suddenly overwhelmed by an influx of pauperism from the surrounding districts, swarming into every kennel available for nightly shelter. He heeds nothing of the evidence of sanatory reports, nor even of the old and familiar history of the black hole of Calcutta. He reflects not that to extend the system may be to deepen the abyss of misery it has opened. He demands no modification of eleemosynary aid, but only more of that which has been afforded, and struck with horror at what he has witnessed, he hastens back to England,—to augment the horrors.

We shall be accused of scepticism, and we at once retort the accusation upon our opponents. The practical atheism of religious distrust, combined with the credulity of the wildest fanaticism, never were more strongly exhibited than in the assumption of Irish members, that in the nineteenth century, amidst the vast resources of the British empire, in a time of profound peace, and after an average harvest, with no deficiency but of potatoes, it was necessary to take out of the hands of God and nature the feeding of 708,000 adult labourers,\* who we are told would otherwise have died of starvation.

Try the same experiment in any agricultural country of Europe, or of the world, in any winter of ordinary severity, when the usual operations of labour are necessarily suspended, and whether the preceding harvest have been deficient or abundant, a similar pauper army can always be raised by the same means. This very winter Devonshire alone would have supplied 50,000 candidates for employment upon government relief works, had it been offered upon the same terms as in Ireland. Consider what those terms have been,—double wages for nominal work.

The third report of the Irish Poor-Law Commissioners of Inquiry for 1836, states that:—

"Agricultural wages vary from 6*d.* to 1*s.* per day, the average of

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\* Since risen to 800,000.



the country in general is about 8½*d.*, and the earnings of the labourer come, on an average of the whole class, to from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* a-week, or thereabouts, for the year round."

During the recent debates, it has frequently been observed by Ministers, that relief wages have been so regulated as to enable a labourer, by task-work, to earn 1*s.* 2*d.* per day, or 7*s.* per week : that is to say, 4*s.* 6*d.* more than the usual average for the year round, and 4*d.* per day more than is allowed by English parishes for breaking stones upon the road. Subsequently, it appears, from the Report of the Board of Works for February, that task-work has not been always insisted upon, and that "the wages of manual work have been gradually increased, to enable the increasing numbers of unhappy, ill-fed, or unwilling labourers still to earn from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* per day." The object being relief, a distinction was to be made between the strong and weak. "This," says Lord John Russell, "has led to every kind of irregularity :—

"A great many who are capable of working object to the performance of their task, though perfectly fair ; and with regard to many others, they take advantage of this laxity of the task-work to come at late hours, 10 or 11 o'clock in the day, and require, nevertheless, that they should be paid as if they had worked for the regular number of hours."\*

The noble Lord further observes, on the authority of the Board of Works, that "employment from the farmer is at present offered in vain." Of course it is ; for what farmer would pay 1*s.* 6*d.* for a day's labour, to begin and end with the office-hours of a Treasury Lord? What marvel, indeed, that the farmers, deprived of the assistance of their labourers, and idle against their will, should themselves join in the scramble for a share of the public money squandered around them? That they have done so to some extent we had believed ; but the late Treasury minute, which betrays a doubt whether the number of farmers receiving public money might not possibly amount to 140,000, or a fifth of the whole number employed, is the most startling document that ever issued from a Government board.

"Persons holding ten acres of land and upwards are to be discharged from the 20th of March even if they should exceed the proportion of twenty per cent."

Farmers of ten acres and upwards are not the con-acre potato growers for whose relief the labour-rate was designed ; nor are they men wholly without capital, or any resources to fall back

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\* *Times*, of March 13th.

upon in a time of need. They are either the holders of grass lands, the produce of which was double that of ordinary seasons, or growers of oats, which, if not abundant, realised a price more than compensatory for a light crop.

Another official document shows the absorbing evils of the system. Captain Gilbert, an Inspector of Public Works, issues a notice from Sligo, dated March 10th, from which the following is an extract :—

“ Farmers requiring horses to assist in ploughing their land may apply to the carmen employed on the public works, offering them fair wages. In case the carmen refuse the use of their horses, they will be immediately discharged from the works.”

We wonder what farmer in Ireland, knowing practically the nature of agrarian disturbances, and valuing his life more than the use of a horse, would risk the consequences of so obnoxious an act as that of causing the discharge of carmen from Government employment. Better, far, sell off all, and with whatever capital the state of the country may allow to be realised, emigrate to a distant land, as thousands are doing at the present moment. But what are we to say to the irresolution which prolongs through seed-time the operation of such a system, or to that misdirection of public sympathies by the press, which continues to clamour for more relief, more charity, more indiscriminate alms-giving, instead of demanding the instant cessation of existing abuses, and a searching investigation into their origin.

The evidence of the Irish Commissioners of Inquiry, respecting the average rate of wages, requires some explanation. The document from which our quotation is given, has this year been re-printed by the House of Commons—an honour which it did not deserve. It was in the same Report that the statement appeared which has been commented upon by every journal in Europe, and which, ten years ago, filled the public mind with such extravagant notions of Irish destitution, that, for the time, it put an end to all sober consideration of the subject—that in Ireland there were always 585,000 labourers out of work and in distress 30 weeks in the year, which, with the 1,800,000 persons depending upon them, make in the whole, 2,385,000. Their report was very properly set aside by a much more able document,—the report of Mr. George Nichols,—upon which the existing Irish Poor Law was founded; and we need not employ many words to show, that there must have been some precipitancy in the conclusion that 2,385,000 persons were accustomed to live, for eight months in the year, *upon nothing* except the wages of the remaining four, and charity. It is

true, however, that money-wages are low, and continuous hiring much more rare in Ireland than in England; but in all purely agricultural districts money-wages are low, often merely nominal; and their amount, in many countries, offers no certain indication of the state of a people, as regards either comfort or destitution.

The agricultural system—in the proportion that cultivation is carried on at a distance from manufacturing or commercial towns—invariably partakes of the nature of *truck*. In newly-settled, as well as in old countries (as, for instance, in Canada and Poland), the labourer is often well fed, clothed, and lodged, without receiving in coin the value of a single shilling from the beginning of one year to the end of another. In Ireland, as in India, the small farmers work for one another, and balance their accounts upon the principle of a day's labour for a day's labour in return, or a corresponding share of the crop. The Irish peasantry frequently receive their wages in land; that is, they take land of a farmer for potatoes (the con-acre), and work out the rent. Sometimes they give a certain quantity of labour for the privilege of cutting as much turf as they require for fuel. Money-wages in the south and west of Ireland are the exception, rather than the rule, till harvest time; and then the labourer has the benefit of two harvests instead of one. From the difference in the seasons, a reaper from Connaught, after cutting corn in England during July and August, is enabled to return in sufficient time to gather in the crops of his own province. In such circumstances it is a conceivable fact, which we have had personal opportunities of verifying, that a peasant may often enjoy a larger share of the common necessaries of life than a Spitalfields' weaver, and yet never hear or dream of an opportunity of earning at home an average of more than eight-pence half-penny per day in money-wages, especially during the winter season.

English charity, descending in a shower of gold, has necessarily revolutionized the expectations and habits of the whole people. The very announcement of the Labour Rate Bill in August last, stopped entirely the annual migration of Irish reapers, hop-pickers, and railway labourers. It was, of course, more pleasant to have work brought to their own doors than to seek it at a distance. The fact, that the pressure of the distress appears all along to have been chiefly confined to two counties, County Mayo and County Cork, did not hinder the whole of Ireland from clamoring for presentment works; and the unfortunate delusion, that the more English money is spent in Ireland—no matter in what way—the better it must be for the

country, engaged the whole Irish press in a competition which journal should make out the strongest case for the greatest expenditure in its own neighbourhood.

The distress of the cottier was sufficiently serious to justify and call for the interference of Government; but the case would have been adequately met by a short bill to authorize the occasional application of out-door relief; and loans of comparatively small amount, advanced to the Unions, would have supplied the necessary funds, without the creation of new and expensive, and less trust-worthy machinery. The existing guardians and their officers, knowing the real circumstances of the population in each district, were the proper and the only parties to protect the funds from imposition; and the relief might have been in the accustomed food of the peasantry; next to the potato—the salted herring,\* and oatmeal cake; or a substitute for the latter in Indian-corn meal and biscuits. These delivered weekly at the homes of the peasantry, by a light cart, would have sufficed, at a cheap rate, to have saved them at least from starving; and if such steps had been adopted, we should have heard nothing of that *famine-pestilence* which, without the sanatory precautions of fever hospitals, invariably arises out of all modes of relief,—including soup kitchens,—tending to *concentrate destitution*. Soup kitchens, and all processes for supplying cooked food, as recommended by the Lord Lieutenant, supply, it is true, a test of want, when any is needed, but involve the blockading of streets by mobs of the wretched; each individual waiting his turn to be served, and waiting often for hours in all weathers, when cold and wet to an enfeebled constitution may be more fatal than hunger. But think only of the apparatus involved in such a mission as that of M. Soyer—buildings, stoves, boilers, fuel, basins, spoons; besides meat and vegetables, cooks, and superintendents; and these for a million or two of souls!

A correct history of the mistake we have committed, and its consequences, would form an important page of human records. Were we to write it, we should go back to the time when the Melbourne Cabinet, by refusing to abolish the existing newspaper stamp duty, which was reduced only when the former rate could not be collected, gave a renewed practical monopoly in the direction of opinion, to a few high-priced journals,† which

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\* The present price is 11s. the barrel of  $\frac{1}{4}$  cwt., or about 1½d. per lb., a pound is the weight of from eight to sixteen herrings.

† By limiting the market to the comparatively small class able to afford a subscription of £6 10s. 5d. per annum for a daily newspaper. Subscribers to a few journal can, of course, only be obtained by a reduction of price. The 'Daily News,' with all the business talent with which it has been conducted, is an evidence that a competition with the 'Times' cannot be successfully

the "unstamped," until put down by a strong hand, had threatened to destroy. We should show how, by means of that monopoly, one man wielding the most powerful moral lever the world has seen,—the 'Times' newspaper,—was enabled to direct an agitation for twelve years against the provisions of the Poor Law Amendment Bill, in which he finally succeeded—not in establishing any better system of his own, for the 'Times' has no system—but in unsettling all men's convictions of the principles which ought, or ought not, to be enforced in the proper administration of public charity. We should show how that unceasing effort, taken up and sustained by popularity-seeking editors, and candidates for parliamentary honours, and acting upon the strongest judgment like the perpetual dropping of water upon a stone, warped the proceedings of Poor Law Commissioners and Home Secretaries; led to all kinds of compromising expedients, as an escape from clamour; produced in the minds of Ministers a gradual distrust of, and estrangement from, all their original advisers, who had ever read or thought upon an economical question,—a total oblivion of the mass of evidence accumulated in 1834 upon the subject of out-door pauper employment,—and at last, the extraordinary resolution to put aside the whole staff of the Irish Poor Law; to discountenance and practically to annul the influence of 130 Boards of Guardians; to conjure up in their room a crowd of engineers and surveyors; and to throw the country for safety, in a time of grave emergency, when the sober counsels of experience could alone save it, into the hands of an army commissariat!\*

We confess to feelings akin to despair when we think of the possibility of any rational administration of a New Irish Poor Law, after the precedent which has been established. The millions that we have so liberally squandered will be clamored for again; and what Board of Guardians will be willing to stand between the government and an enraged and disappointed multitude? What government will have the firmness to resist a storm that may let loose against property all the elements of confusion, and by which more than one cabinet may be overthrown?

We see little hope for Ireland in any of the measures before Parliament now proposed for her relief, but in one of the bills introduced by Lord John Russell—the bill for facilitating the

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maintained by a new paper, while the penny stamp remains a fixed burden of £1 6s. 1d. per annum—a duty of 33 per cent. upon its present publishing price. The 'Daily News' has raised its price from 2½d. to 3d., and must raise it again unless it sink into an evening paper, or the stamp be abolished.

\* See, in reference to the mischiefs of a divided responsibility, the 'Three Lectures' of Professor Hancock, upon the principles of Political Economy, as applicable to Irish relief.—An excellent pamphlet [Fellowes: London].

sale of encumbered estates; and it will be something new if that bill be not rendered worthless by lawyer craft, as in the case of nearly all previous attempts to improve the laws which affect the transfer of real property.

We have lost all patience with the theorists who tell us that the Irish are poor because they are Catholics, or because they are Celts, or because of potatoes and potato patches, and small farms. Catholic England, in the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, was not deficient in energy; and the happiest agricultural class in the United Kingdom is that of the Celtic small farm population of Guernsey and Jersey. The causes of the misery of Ireland lie upon the surface. Agrarian outrages point to bad or defective agrarian laws; and the history of these may be read in confiscations, and primogeniture.

The law of entail may be considered under two aspects; one of which at first captivates the imagination; and certain economists have written in its favour. An English nobleman, living upon his estate, surrounded with parks, pleasure grounds, and large farms; assisting his tenants with capital; creating by his own expenditure a market for their produce; and diffusing around him the atmosphere of plenty in which he moves, is a beautiful subject for contemplation. But there is a reverse side to the picture;—the ruined estate, confiscated, in the middle ages, to a distant proprietor, and its ruin perpetuated from generation to generation by entails and a continued drain upon its resources.

The tendency of primogeniture is to feed the heart of a kingdom, and impoverish its extremities. The wealthy flock to a common centre, and there attract a crowd of dependents. To this and the disbursement of public taxes we owe all large towns, which, like Liverpool and Manchester, have not been created by manufactures and commerce. Primogeniture, and two or three ducal establishments in Edinburgh and London, have sufficed to depopulate the Scotch Highlands. A pauper tenantry alone remained on the cessation of the expenditure at home of the old Scottish Chiefs, and the paupers were got rid of by extensive clearings. In Ireland the same process is at work. Cultivation cannot improve where capital cannot accumulate—where nothing is left in a country after the harvesting of the crop but the wages of labour. Like the Scotch Highlands, the west of Ireland will soon become a sheep-walk. The people have no choice between extermination and a cellar in Liverpool or Manchester. The remedy is not in a new Poor Law. The paupers it finds, a new Poor Law may fix to the spot, and there maintain, but it will not raise their condition. The remedy, we submit, is the abolition of entail. Facilitate the transfer of estates. Remove costs

and formalities, so that the land may change hands again and again till it finds a right owner in the best cultivator. Leave the size of farms to regulate itself; but create a new class of proprietors; not wealthy enough to reside abroad, but rich at home.

The financial embarrassment and monetary crisis through which we have passed, and which have appeared immediately to result from the Irish measures of Government, may in part be traced to the currency delusions, upon which we commented in a former paper—delusions still popular with the editors of city articles, although of late exposed by some of the ablest thinkers of the day. We allude chiefly to the doctrine, both of the bullionists and the Birmingham philosophers, that commercial transactions, and the prices of commodities, are governed by the *quantity* of money in circulation, as represented by gold and paper. The text of the alarmists is now the drain of gold:—"Gold is being exported to pay for corn; more gold will be exported; \* money will be scarce; all kinds of property will fall in value; prepare for ruin."

The time will come when the prevailing notion that the prosperity of nations depends upon the question, whether a ton weight of gold shall lie buried in a vault in Hamburgh or a vault in London, will be classed with the chimeras of the nursery. That such an idea should still be cherished will hereafter appear the more strange, since to all men the fact is palpable, that the use of gold or notes has long been practically superseded by accounts and cheques; that what is called the currency of the country is, in fact, only the small change of society, and an element absolutely insignificant in the vast transactions of a commercial people. The balances adjusted in the London clearing-house of £3,000,000 per day, afford an indication that we should be quite within the mark in asserting that £100,000,000 per day would often inadequately represent the property actually transferred from one to another, or the real daily business done in buying and selling by the whole population of the British empire. In but few comparatively of these transactions is the actual passing of either gold or notes from hand to hand required. The great majority are effected by figures, placed on the debtor or credit side of an account. A metallic currency belongs to a state of

\* The anticipation of a continued drain of gold will, perhaps, be somewhat modified by the information, derived from official sources, and communicated to the public by Mr. Frederick Scheer, that the Siberian gold mines are annually increasing in productiveness. The produce, in the year 1846, was 1,722 poods, 29 liv., 87 zol., surpassing, by 336 poods, 28 liv., 46 zol., the produce of 1845. A pood is equal to 36 lbs.

society (one of semi-civilization), which is passing away; and it is not true that notes have replaced it:—*the modern medium of exchange is a ledger.*

Yet we are told that a handful of gold, or Bank of England notes, disappearing from the circulation, has the power to affect, by an extreme depreciation, the whole property of the United Kingdom! What is certain is, that the realization of these prophecies generally follows the predictions; but it is most important the public should understand that they lead to their own fulfilment; a fact beginning to be suspected, and of easy demonstration.

Value is governed by supply and demand; but supply and demand are governed by opinion. Faith is necessary to the husbandman;—he must have confidence in the seed he is to put into the ground, or it will not be sown. Faith is necessary to the merchant;—he must have a reasonable prospect of a market, or no vessel will be sent by him to a distant port. All buying and selling not designed for immediate consumption is regulated by *belief*, that is, by the opinion of the buyer and seller that prices will rise, or that they will fall, or that they will remain stationary. All are buyers when there is a hope of profit; all are sellers when there is a prospect of loss: hence the fluctuations of the funds and of the share markets, which have literally nothing whatever to do with the permanent security for investment of any of the stocks quoted; and are certainly never affected, to any perceptible extent, by a difference in the quantity of money. The prices of share lists indicate nothing but the fears or confidence of holders. Create a belief that money will be scarce, and you produce the same effect as if money had suddenly vanished from the world by a miracle, and were really that indispensable medium of exchange in large commercial transactions which, as we have shown, it is not. With the cry of—"Gold is going out—money will be scarce," all prudent men begin at the same time to contract their obligations, to call in their debts, and to make reserves. Hence, and hence only, a pressure, for which the shipment of a box or two of bullion, and the withdrawal of a few bundles of bank notes from a banker's drawer, can never adequately account.

The loss arising from the failure of the potato crop is said to be £16,000,000. How much *per cent.* is that upon the fixed and floating capital of the British Empire, usually estimated at £5,000,000,000? *Less than 6s. 6d.* Why, then, if in consequence only of such an insignificant diminution of our exchangeable commodities, have we seen, within the last six months, a fall of £10 per cent. in the most solid securities in the kingdom—the funds, and the shares of the North Western Railway Company? Potatoes



were innocent of this extreme depreciation. The shipment of 8,000,000 of bullion could not have occasioned it;—want of confidence alone was the cause. Belief in a falling market *produces* a falling market; because all are sellers at the same moment, and no buyers. A few years back there was a belief in the minds of some hundreds of ignorant and credulous persons that London would be destroyed by an earthquake. There was no earthquake; but they had hastened to fly into the country.

We write under a strong conviction of the duty of government, and the duty of all public journalists, not to administer unnecessarily to popular apprehensions. In some quarters, the most groundless alarms have been sedulously propagated. By a series of events, and unfortunate mistakes, the nation has got itself plunged into a slough of despond; but it is not despondency that will extricate us from the mire. To uphold public credit is at least the duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer; and we think it was overlooked when he proposed a loan of £8,000,000, which might have been postponed, in the middle of winter, and at a time of the greatest depression.

A ceremonial Fast is a strange comment upon the injunctions of Christ, who expressly forbade his disciples to fast in public.—“Anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear *not* unto men to fast.” But regarding a public Fast only as a question of state policy, we cannot understand in what way the suspension of spring labour for a day, and gloomy pictures of famine, painted, from benevolent motives, in the darkest colors, and brought home to the imagination of the people in every parish-church throughout the kingdom, were to help to stimulate the operations of human industry, and promote a revival of trade.

The public have to thank government for its firmness, in not adding to the incubus of a loan of £8,000,000 another of £16,000,000, as proposed by Lord George Bentinck, for railways. But we lament that the line of policy adopted towards this class of undertakings, instead of upholding legitimate enterprise, tends more and more to favor that game of chance in which shareholders are but dice and puppets in the hands of engineers, surveyors, solicitors, parliamentary agents, and the jobbers of the Stock-Exchange. We looked to the New Railway Commission for a bill to diminish useless parliamentary expenses; to discourage parliamentary contests; to determine all questions of competition without reference to details independent of the principle—and we see a bill introduced to create new obstacles to that cheapness of execution which can alone ensure cheap rates of traffic; a bill to promote and legalize further waste. Surveys of lines that may never be required are to be made with a minute accuracy hitherto never observed. Every rood of

ground is to be described, not only upon paper, but to be marked out with stakes and trenches. The whole to be afterwards set aside if necessary by a new government survey, to be made at the expense of the Company promoting a line; and for landlord damages incurred, a deposit to be taken as security of £500 per mile, in addition to the deposit of 10 per cent. upon the capital required by standing orders.

We have space only to notice the general complexion of Mr. Strutt's bill, the defects of which appear to us wholly to overbalance any trifling benefit to be derived from some of its clauses, and we pass to a subject of still higher importance; one involving the highest moral considerations.

The appointments announced in one 'Gazette' of four clergymen of the Church of England, as inspectors of schools receiving aid from government grants, has probably led, more than any other cause, to the public anxiety now displayed upon the apparent tendency of the educational measures of government to favour clerical influence, and to that distrust of government interference which is beginning to be manifested, not only by dissenters, but by important sections of the reform interest. This uneasiness has not been removed, but, on the contrary, has been greatly increased by the result of the deputation from Leeds to the President of the Committee of Privy Council, reported in the 'Times' of Saturday, March 20th. We find it stated, that—

"His Lordship expressly declared that all bodies of dissenters should enjoy the same safeguards as the Church, and that no Inspector should be appointed unacceptable to the religious communion with which the schools were connected."

Advocates as we have always been, and remain, for a sound legislative organization of the machinery of popular instruction, it is yet impossible for us to deny that the principle of these "safeguards" is radically wrong. Debtors are not usually permitted to audit their own accounts, or to appoint their own auditors; and in this case it is the public generally, not the religious communions, for which securities are required;—securities that the money asked for in the name of education shall not be applied specially and exclusively to the service of the church, or to the objects of dissent.

The patronage of inspectors in schools in connexion with the establishment fell, practically, into the hands of the Church, upon the concession of the Committee of Privy Council that no inspector should be appointed without the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was a natural and inevitable consequence of such a step that the majority, at least, if not the

whole of the parties "approved of" should be clergymen. It is equally inevitable, if the heads of religious communities are to be consulted, and accept the "*veto*" offered them, that future inspectorship appointments, to British and other schools, shall be filled up with ministers of the various religious denominations; including Baptists, Independents, Unitarians, and Presbyterians: and probably, in the case of Roman Catholic schools, with Roman Catholic priests. Such appointments will of course be the only means of giving religious communions the same "safeguards" as the Church, or even the appearance of an adequate counterpoise to the influence of the clergy. But we doubt whether the public are yet prepared for this mode of taking all religions into the pay of the State, or, indeed, for any mode of giving exclusively to divines the practical direction of National Education.

This part of the scheme, which is obviously a compromise,—the price paid in buying off the opposition of the Bishop of London, will we fear imperil the whole of the provisions of the Government plan, the leading features of which are otherwise unexceptionable, and well adapted to the object. Great as is the influence of the clergy, both in the pulpit and private life, and deserved as that influence often is, we feel assured that there are but few congregations, either among dissenters or in the church, in which the vote of a majority could be obtained for placing the schoolmaster wholly under clerical tutelage and direction. Even among the teachers of a Sunday-school a spirit of insubordination is apt to arise, when their functions are interfered with by a neighbouring minister; in the tone of "one having authority." The suspicion that clerical authority over education was intended to be universally assumed, led to that storm of opposition which broke down the bill for factory education; and the same suspicion; again aroused, has given strength to the Baines agitation.

We notice this as the weak point in the Government case, without greatly sharing in the alarm of our liberal friends. It has escaped them, that in the very fact of what is called, by some, the "unconstitutional" character of the present plan, there is a guarantee against abuse. The annual grants of the Committee of Privy Council will require annual votes, and annual discussions; and these must be fatal to any system of patronage really hostile to public liberty, or at variance with the intelligence of the age. Better annual grants now than an Act of Parliament; for a permanent measure could not yet be matured and made a safe one, with a chance of success.

The merit of the present plan is, that it recognises the principle—in form, at least—of equal rights; and gives up the old notion of building new school-houses as the sole requisite of education.

Instead of promoting new building operations, it proposes to encourage efficient teachers. This is the true policy. School-rooms are not wanting. One half of those that exist are nearly empty. Every cottage can accommodate a class. Efficient instruction is what is called for, not an increased expenditure in bricks and mortar.

The 'Morning Chronicle' insists that the tendency of the proposed measures is to bolster up the Monitorial system, and strengthen the influence of the parent societies. After a full consideration of the arguments contained in the powerful articles it has put forth on this subject, we incline to the opposite opinion. The Dutch system of junior apprentice teachers (*quaakerlingen*) which the government proposes to introduce, and which school-committees will not be slow to adopt when they see its efficiency, will at once lessen the dependence of a master upon insufficient monitors, and render monitorial plans, which are useful in their place, subordinate to better. With regard to the supposed danger of giving new power to intolerance, as exhibited by the National School Society, we adhere to the maxim of political economy, which, in this paper, and in former instances, we have sought to enforce—*Dependence is weakness*. The more the National School Society receives from government the more aid it will require; and, when its impotency stands confessed, the formality of consulting it will be dispensed with.

Mr. Baines, and all who agree with him in preferring the charity schools of benevolent societies, to public schools constituted like those of Holland and Germany, are quite right as regards consistency, in repudiating the very principle of government aid. It is not a question of more or less. Looking at the ultimate issue of the assistance to be given—endangering the societies it may appear to protect—it should be all or none. The tendency of poor's rates is to discourage alms-giving. Such also is the tendency of school-rates and educational grants. It is because we prefer regulated relief to indiscriminate almsgiving, that we support a poor-law, soundly administered; and we support a law for the education of the poor on the same grounds. The object is one which it is not safe to neglect; and fifty years have proved the utter inefficiency of the charity-school system.

On this subject we regret to see our able contemporary, the 'Economist,' (which we have to thank for many valuable papers upon the Irish measures) led astray by a confusion of terms. The 'Economist' reasons like Mr. Baines upon the term "State Education," as if the people were not the State, and as if a national organization for a national object were necessarily incompatible with local and popular control. "The State," says the

'Economist,' "is a bad agriculturist, therefore it must be a bad educator." This is loose logic. Our argument rests upon a few simple elementary propositions.—The objects of society are sometimes attained by leaving individuals to act in their separate capacities, as in the cultivation of the ground, but sometimes only attained by a combined effort, as in the case of national defence. The question is, whether, by a combined effort, we might not secure a better organization for popular instruction than without it? We answer hopefully in the affirmative; although it is quite true that a combined effort may be misdirected, and fail. Laws may be good or bad. It is for Journals like the 'Economist,' to point out the distinction between a good poor-law and a bad poor-law, between a good law for education and a bad law for education,—not to set up a principle from which it would follow, if carried out, that there should be no law, and no government.

About ten years ago, a plan was laid before the heads of the Poor-Law Commission and the Marquis of Lansdowne, for removing the children brought up in workhouses (about 70,000) into industrial schools. Little reflection seemed to be required, to satisfy any reasonable mind that workhouse children could be better trained in separate establishments than in immediate contact with pauperism; but, up to the present moment, the object has been fiercely opposed. This it is now proposed shall be carried out by the Committee of Privy Council, and it is a part of the measures denounced as "State Education."

The State, it is obvious, must do something for the proper training of that large class of children filling our work-houses and prisons, or forming the juvenile vagrancy of our streets; and if what it attempts be well done, the class next above them may surely be permitted to share the benefit. Assuming it not to be well done,—assuming the truth of the remarks of the 'Economist,' that the plans of Educational Reformers "will not be carried out by them, but by average men,—will share all the vices of the Representative Government, which is always partial, jobbing, unfair, extravagant, and unjust;" it is not the less the duty of honest and earnest minds to aim at right ends by right means. The obligations of the Executive are like those of an individual. It is not released from them by abuse or neglect.

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THE  
WESTMINSTER  
AND  
FOREIGN QUARTERLY  
Review.

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ART. I.—*The Rose Garden of Persia.* By Louisa Stuart Costello. Longman and Co.

NO nation in the world, we believe, has ever produced so many poets as Persia. By far the greater portion of her literature is in verse; and the longest life could scarcely read through the never-ending series of manuscripts that contain it. But, happily for human patience, her writers are not all first-rate. Even more than the usual proportion are worthless; and a selection that would include the best, and a course of reading that would embrace their works, are by no means unattainable. Among the multitudes that “lisp in rhyme” she has produced many that it is impossible to read, but she has also produced some that would be an honour to any age or clime. The names of Hafiz, Firdusi, and Sadi, are well known in this country; and as usual, the public mind, in its strong, rough way, has managed by a kind of intuition to lay hold of the best. Time is just; and in the long run we can trust the “common sense of most” in everything. It has its whims sometimes, and occasionally runs wild after Eugène Sues, and such pretenders, just as it has railway manias and panics; but in the multitude of years there is wisdom, and Time (say what we will of him) seldom or never lets anything fall that is truly a gem. As an instance of this—in spite of the mad partiality of Sir W. Jones and others, to whom eastern literature was an El-Dorado of all that is beautiful—the public mind (without knowing much of their works) has fastened upon these names as being the great authors of Persia; and we must confess that, after toiling through many a manuscript, we can only add at least some two or three names to the list as being really *poets*. By poets of course we mean not those who can count syllables, or tessellate rhymes, but those, who, with poetic feeling, have also poetic (i.e. creative—ποιητικός) power.

Poetic feeling abounds in every age; but the power to mould it into fresh shapes, and make new creations out of the old earth and sky, is no common gift in any age or clime. A Persian poet (who was himself one of the dullest) has in two couplets happened to express the truth of the matter:—"There are two kinds of poets on earth, and the good and the bad in them are equally superlative; the good ones are like angels of heaven, but the bad ones are worse than dogs!"

In the following pages we shall give an account of Persia's *real* poets, and these only. It is easy to make a parade of learning, by quoting long strings of unknown names, taking care to spell them after an improved fashion of our own; but, thank heaven! enough has been said of guls and bulbuls, and it is high time to select those things that can really throw light on man and his development, under different circumstances to our own. Persian literature has said things that no other has said so well; Persia has been blessed with thinkers, as well as other nations under heaven; and it is time to listen to *these*, and hear what they have to tell us.

Persian literature is *national*; and without this all literatures are worthless. Unless poetry grows up from the heart, it is inevitably artificial and prosaic. If, instead of looking within and writing what we find there, we look outwards, and turn to foreign lands to aid us, our poetry is but at best a sickly exotic, with no innate vigour breathing through its leaves; as we see in the literature of Rome and Turkey. The Romans contented themselves with imitating the Greeks, and looked at nature only through their medium. That medium was strongly coloured, because the Greeks were altogether national; and of course the Roman copy bears the marks of its origin, and its own characteristics are lost. In vain amidst the odes of Horace, or the various works of Ovid or Virgil, do we look for anything that belongs essentially to the strong Roman spirit—the spirit that made a language of spondees to speak in, and a world of battles to dwell in—which is more embodied in huge imperturbable Sylla than in any other character of history. We look in vain for any trace of this. Instead of it we find sparkling wit in the thoughts, and a dancing lightness in the words, which had no relation to the stern spirit of Rome, but belonged entirely to light-hearted Athens, where men spent their time "in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Ennius and Lucretius are the only *Roman* poets, because they alone looked to their own country for inspiration. It is the same with Turkey: she has had poets of no mean abilities, but their energies have been frittered away in imitations of the Persians. Nationality alone constitutes

the worth of literature; it alone, in fact, makes originality possible. Attica was a tract of land about equal to Worcestershire, with half a million of population; and yet this little region was the nucleus of the civilization that changes the world. For Attica was a world to her people; and her history, therefore, as written by them, has become a symbol for mankind. Every nation should be thus a world to its inhabitants (*ἡ δικουμένη*, as the Greeks called it); and wherever this has been the case we may be sure of an original literature. We do find this in Persia; her literature, her legends, her history, are completely her own. She dwells apart in her tract of romance, uninfluenced by the Greek mind that has changed Europe. She knows nothing of Greece, or of Rome; Alexander and Cæsar are but names, round which she has hung traditions of her own; and, as Gibbon says, "the modern Persian knows nothing of the victories of Sapor—the most glorious event in his country's history."

To understand completely a literature of this kind we must first put on its nationality. The things that are names of romance to the Persian must be equally significant to us; we must learn to enter into his superstitions and feelings, and become familiar with the haunts where his imagination revels. We all feel this with regard to the poetry of Greece: Mount Ida and Mount Pelion are magic words to us, and awaken perhaps as many associations in our minds as in those of most of the ancient Greeks. But Persia has her names of romance as well. She sings of Mount Elburz, and Mount Kaf; and has her legends hanging round them both. Mazindaran, and the other provinces round the Caspian Sea, are the scenes of the most glorious achievements in her heroic traditions; and if we would understand her literature aright, these names must seem to us "trumpet-tongued." We must enter also into Persian superstitions and fancies. The love of the rose and the nightingale (however trifling it may seem to us) is no common-place allusion to the Persian; it is as full of beauty to him as ever the story of Philomela and Progne to the Greek. All nature to him is full of such tales. The moth and the taper are lovers, who are separated by the persecuting flame; and the water-lily and the sun have a similar myth hanging round them. These tales seem fanciful to our taste, but Persian poets continually use them as illustrations; and Firdusi, in one of his sweetest descriptions of a night scene, over a field of battle, says—

"The bright sun sank down into the ocean,  
And black night followed in haste;  
The stars came forth like flowers, and heaven was like a garden;  
The Pleiades were like a moth, and the moon was the lamp."



A Persian mind, imbued with these favourite superstitions, feels the full force of the allusion, and to him it is a symbol of beauty; and to appreciate Persian poetry aright it must seem so also in our eyes. Why is it not as good an illustration as Tennyson's "fire-flies tangled in a silver braid," as he describes the Pleiades, in 'Locksley Hall'? In some respects Firdusi's simile is better, because a swarm of fire-flies has no particular associations connected with it, while the Persian simile, to a Persian audience (and Firdusi wrote for no other), abounds with such associations, and recalls a hundred pleasing memories along with it. These poetical superstitions (if I may call them so) have even been used as allegories, like that of Cupid and Psyche, to express the relation of the soul to the deity. We continually meet with allusions to them in every poem; and unless we allow ourselves to put on a Persian nationality for the time, we cannot be fair judges in the matter.

Persian literature has spread its roots deep in the nation's heart; and we have too high an opinion of our common nature to suppose that anything worthless could have twined round the human heart under any clime, as we find this has done. Passages from the Shah-nameh, the Iliad of Persia, have been recited in the din of battle; and Togrul Ben Erslan, the last of the Siljukian dynasty, was heard repeating them in the charge where he lost his life. The songs of Hafiz, it is said, are sung even to the present day "*in collegiis et scholis, in palatiis et casis, in officinis et tabernis.*" Persian poets have been the companions of kings, and their talents have always commanded patronage; and the old saying is true in every land, that where there are Mæcenases there will be Virgils and Horaces.

Miss Costello, in the work before us, deserves much praise for undertaking the task of presenting extracts from the best poets to the English reader. The book is beautifully got up, and adorned with exquisite illustrations, like the best manuscripts; and she has shown a great deal of taste in her translations. But she has given us far too little; and too often that little has been presented to us times without number before. She might have found far better extracts if she had consulted the originals themselves; but her very slight acquaintance with the language (as she states in her preface) of course precluded this, and she was obliged to content herself with what she found ready to her hand in the works of Sir W. Jones, Chezy, and other orientalists. In the following sketch we shall give an account of the chief writers only; and shall endeavour to present our readers with such extracts as may enable them to form some idea of a literature which extends

over five or six centuries of a nation's history, and faithfully mirrors the developments of the human mind that were manifested in the nation during that time.

Previous to the invasion of the Mohammedans in the seventh century, Persia appears to have been possessed of a fine old ballad literature, full of glowing recollections of the prowess of its ancient heroes, with all the dangers that they had to encounter, magnified, in the mist of time, into enchanters and demons. The stern bigotry of the Caliphs and their generals effectually obliterated from the memory of the people all remnants of these commemorating ballads; and not a trace was left of the ancient literature. Persia continued degraded and barbarous till the ninth century, when the power of the Abbasides began to decline, and a number of independent princes sprang up in the various provinces, who soon began to patronise letters. But no great name occurs till the close of the tenth century, when Mahmoud of Ghuzni subdued that branch of the Bouyah family which reigned in eastern Persia. It is here that we meet with the great *Firdusi*, who stands alone amongst his country's poets, and is as much the father of her literature as Homer is of the literature of Greece.

His life itself was a tragedy, and reminds us much of Dante's. He had the same turbulent passions, backed by the same strong will, and his course on earth was full of the same disappointment and sorrow. A sketch may not prove uninteresting, especially as the lives of most poets have but little incident to recommend them. All oriental biography is vague and unsatisfactory, but the following are the leading events that are known to us.

He was born at Shadah, a village in the district of Tus, in Khorassan, about the year 940, A. D., some forty years after our brave Alfred had finished the work that was allotted to him, and had closed his eyes on a kingdom now beginning under his rule to manifest the various elements of future order and strength. Tradition reports that his father was a gardener, in the service of the governor of Tus. Both he and his brother worked for many years as husbandmen; and perhaps the poet might have continued there to his death, keeping his wild thoughts to himself as he toiled with his spade, had not the repeated insults of a neighbour, who had quarrelled with them, roused his latent spirit. After in vain urging his brother to accompany him in search of another home, Firdusi departed alone, in a gloomy mood of stern Dante-like decision, and bent his steps towards Ghuzni, where Mahmoud held his court. The Sultan was renowned as a patron of literature, and had gathered round him all the best poets of the land. An old chronicle, called the *Bastan-nameh* (something

similar to that mentioned in Esther vi. 1), had been lately discovered, which purported to give an account of the ancient history of Persia, previous to the invasion of the Mohammedans, as related in the lost national ballads; and Mahmoud was ambitious of leaving, as a monument of his taste and patronage of letters, a poem begun under his auspices, which should embrace all these legends, and be a standard national history. The best poets of his court had already been employed in various episodes, and one named Unsari had gained the palm. Firdusi beautifully describes how many a day of sorrowful longing he spent after his arrival at the city, vainly hoping that some opportunity for displaying his talents might present itself; till at length a friend obtained for him, after much trouble, a copy of the Bastan Nameh, and (as he says) "enlightened my darkened soul." He forthwith prepared some episodes from the chronicles, and such was his success that he was soon appointed by Mahmoud to undertake the great national work. A thousand gold pieces were promised for every thousand couplets, and accordingly he commenced his task with golden prospects of fame and wealth opening on every side. He completely gave himself up to the undertaking, and laboured at it unremittingly for thirty years. At length the work was completed; but during the thirty years that had been spent on it many changes had occurred. Old friends had died or grown cold, and the court swarmed with new faces, who looked scornfully on the old poet, grown gray and infirm in his study. He had also had the misfortune to incur the enmity of Aiyar, the sultan's favourite, who used all his influence to poison the royal mind against him, representing him as disaffected to the empire, and to the national faith, in consequence of some passages in his poem describing the ancient religion of Zoroaster. These efforts had not failed. Mahmoud, with all his excellences (and they were many), was proud and suspicious, and only too ready to give credit to the suggestions. He received the copy of the completed epic with studied coldness; and in vain Firdusi waited for the promised reward, with which he had fondly hoped for so many years to beautify his native city, Tus. After months of anxious expectation he sent an epigram to the Sultan, in which he compares his liberality to a *sea*, "and what though I have dived in it and found no pearls, it is the fault of my nature and not of the sea." But, as Sir W. Jones says, "where an epic had failed, what could be expected of an epigram?" Mahmoud resolved to add insult to neglect, and he sent the poet 60,000 *dirrhems* instead of the pieces of gold. Firdusi was in the bath when the money arrived, and his proud spirit, which no years could chill, fired at once, as it had done more than thirty years before at

**Tus.** He distributed the money among the attendants at the baths, and inveighed bitterly against the sultan's meanness. His words were repeated with exaggerations to Mahmoud, who, in an evil hour for his fame, gave way to his resentment, and ordered him to be trampled to death by an elephant! Firdusi, after many entreaties, obtained a remission of his sentence, but the labour of thirty years was lost, and all his hopes were blasted. He walked home alone from the court, and there, in the bitterness of his heart, wrote a withering satire against the sultan, heaping all the invectives that his injured spirit could devise, not forgetting the blot in Mahmoud's escutcheon, that he was the son of a slave. This he sent sealed to a courtier, desiring him to give it to his master whenever he was more than usually disturbed by state affairs. In the meantime he fled from Ghuzni, and sought shelter in Mazindaran. But Mahmoud's wrath knew no bounds, and his emissaries followed Firdusi everywhere. He next took refuge in Bagdad, where the caliph, Kader Billah, received him for a time; and he added in his praise a thousand lines to the Shah-nameh (as his great poem is called, *i. e.* King-Book); but the caliph was too weak to dispute Mahmoud's will, and a stern message from Ghuzni once more hurried Firdusi into exile. He was then more than seventy years of age, and for several years he wandered from place to place in constant dread of Mahmoud's vengeance. At length, wearied with poverty, sickness, age, and the ingratitude of his friends, he bent his steps, accompanied by his daughter, who was his only stay, towards his native Tus, in hopes to gladden his old eyes, ere he closed them for ever, with a sight of the haunts of his childhood. There, amidst the scenes of his early life, when he had been the poor gardener of Shadab, he died and was buried. Soon after his death, Mahmoud, touched perhaps with remorse at the sad fate of him who had once been the glory of his court, sent the long withheld 60,000 pieces of gold; but his daughter, with the true spirit of her father, nobly refused the gift, saying, "What have I to do now with the wealth of kings?"

Firdusi's great poem, or '*King-Book*,' which is the glory and shame of Mahmoud's reign, consists in round numbers of some 60,000 couplets; and embraces the legendary history of Persia, from the earliest times to the death of Yezdjird, A.D. 641, in the invasion of the Arabs. In it is contained all that Persia knows of her early history; all her legends are preserved there, and her heroes embalmed as in a mausoleum. It is, in fact, the great national epic; and however in other respects inferior to Homer, Firdusi has at any rate produced the *Iliad* of Persia.

As a work of history, however, its worth is but small. Firdusi

had to model his poem from the Bastan Nameh, which was, as we have said, a prose chronicle of the ancient ballads that had been handed down by tradition from the earliest times. Ælian says, in a remarkable passage (book xii. 48), that the kings of Persia had translated Homer; and doubtless these ballads, had they been preserved, would have borne evident marks of the influence of the rhapsodies of the Iliad that had been translated and sung at the Persian courts; but all this of course was filtered away in the prose Bastan Nameh. Firdusi, in collecting the *disjecta membra poetæ*, and restoring the legends to a poetic form, perhaps occasionally resuscitated the slumbering vestiges of Homeric imitation, for there are many passages in the Shah-nameh that resemble detached passages in the Iliad. Thus, for instance, Sohrab mounts the walls of a castle, and bids a captive point out the different chiefs in the hostile army, just as Helen points out the Greeks to Priam; and though the resemblance be only vague, and confined to occasional touches, this would be precisely the effect produced if it arose in the manner we have suggested. But in this reproduction historic truth sadly suffers. We see the same in the earliest books of Livy, and perhaps the stories of Sohrab and Barzu are hardly more fictitious than those of Romulus and Remus.

No one can read the Shah-nameh without discovering strange vestiges of truth amidst the mass of fiction. Occasional glimpses into the real events are given us, just like realities that mix with ideal creations in a dream. Thus Rustem, the great hero of the Persian army, and Afrasiab, the tyrant who claims the kingdom, are personages too *real* to be explained away as wholly fabulous. Criticism flies off from their solid reality; both have too individual a character, and this individuality and distinctness are the more remarkable from the vagueness that characterises the other chieftains. The other knights of Persia's "Round Table" are vague as faces in a dream, and melt and fade into one another, just as if the nation's memory had forgotten their lineaments, and only retained a faint impression of a few general features. But with Rustem and Afrasiab it is far different. These we find both *distinct*, with all the shades of their characters marked; they bear an impress of reality about them, in spite of the world of fiction in which they move; just as we see in Ancus Martius, in the early history of Rome.

Some of the incidents of Persian history, as we find it in the Greek authors, can be traced with some degree of distinctness amidst the mass of fiction running like golden threads through the narrative. Thus the story of Cyrus, as given by Herodotus, is without doubt to be found in the account of Ky Khosru, and

the leading events in the life of Alexander (Secander), are also preserved, such as his victory over Darab (Darius), his expedition into India, and defeat of Faur (Porus). And the sudden destruction of nearly all Ky Khosru's warriors by a *snow-storm* (so continually used in Persia to signify any unexpected calamity) clearly points to the destruction of the army of Cyrus by Tomyris, the queen of the Scythians.

But it is not as a work of history that the Shah-nameh claims our attention. It is Persia's greatest poem, and has formed her literature. What Persian poetry might have been, if Firdusi had continued unmolested as a gardener at Tus, it would be useless to inquire; but, certainly, in every author we find traces of the universal influence which his genius has exercised. Examples of the excellences of all her poets can be found continually in the Shah-nameh: Firdusi has songs as gay as Hafiz; his moral reflections are as powerful as Sadi's or Nizami's; his descriptions are as gorgeous as Jami's, and his philosophy (when he indulges in it) as deep as Jeleleddin's. Nor must we forget that he had only his own genius to work upon. Augustus said, that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; and Firdusi found his country almost without a literature, and has left her a poem that all her succeeding poets could only imitate, and never surpass; and which, indeed, can rival them all, even in their peculiar styles, and, perhaps, stands as alone in Asia as Homer's epics in Europe. His contemporaries loaded their verses with ornament, and tried to gain by affectation what simplicity and truth to nature alone can give. Firdusi, uncorrupted by their example, wrote in the purest Persian dialect, avoiding, as far as possible, all Arabic expressions, the abuse of which was then beginning to corrupt the language, and in a style, that, for a Persian, is marvellous for its simplicity. His versification is exquisitely melodious, and never interrupted by harsh forms of construction; and the poem runs on, from beginning to end, like a river, in an unbroken current of harmony. Verse after verse *ripples* on the ear and washes up its tribute of rhyme; and we stand, as it were, on the shore, and gaze with wonder into the world that lies buried beneath—a world of feeling, and thought, and action, that has passed away from earth's memory for ever, whilst its palaces and heroes are dimly seen mirrored below, as in the enchanted lake of Arabian story.

Firdusi has been frequently compared to Homer; and that there are great resemblances cannot be denied. Both belong to an early age of a nation's poetry; and the continual repetition of favorite lines and similes, the profusion of illustrations drawn from wild life, and, above all, the manners and habits of thought

which we find described, are striking points of similarity. In both poems we meet with the same fierce ideal of manly character, with its chivalry and ferocity in startling contrast, while side by side with this, in each, we find the most perfect appreciation of female excellence. Andromache and Helen glide like sunbeams through the darkness of human passion that overshadows the Iliad, and these are not more gentle or ladylike than the heroines who meet us in the stormy Shah-nameh. In both, too, we meet with female warriors, that are, as it were, the connecting link between the stern manly ideal of ferocity and honor, and the tender woman, with her domestic affections and loving weakness. We are inclined to believe that these resemblances might partially arise from the resuscitating the remnants of Homeric fire that smouldered in the "ashes" of the ballads as preserved in the Bastan Nameh. In reviving these ballads, Firdusi naturally revived the Homeric traces which they bore; just as Macaulay, in his *Lays*, revived the ancient ballads of Rome from their prose form, as they appear in Livy and Dionysius, or, rather, as they appeared to *them* in the dull annals of Cato and Pictor.

But the poem to which the Shah-nameh bears the greatest resemblance, is Ariosto's 'Orlando.' Both are formed on ancient chronicles (Ariosto on that of Archbishop Turpin), and both lead us away into a world of enchantment, with dragons, and hippogriffs, and magicians at every turn. Each has the same sunshiny view of human life, and the same love of pomp and royal show; and each has its "round table" of paladins, the glory of the land. But our limits forbid us to proceed further in our comparison; and we now proceed to give, as a specimen of Firdusi's lighter powers of fancy, the courtship of Zal and Rudabeh: this also will be a good sample of the episodes, with which the main action of his poem is continually interspersed.

Zal, at this period of the poem, is the champion (or campeador, as the Cid was called) of Persia. A neighbouring king, named Mihrab, has a daughter, Rudabeh, of peerless beauty, who, from hearing so much of Zal's fame, falls in love with him before she has ever seen him. She reveals her secret to her attendants, who rack their brains for some scheme to bring them together. It chanced that Zal had pitched his camp near the city; and the damsels forthwith commence their enterprise. We give a literal prose version of what follows; and, we doubt not, many of our readers will be astonished to find how simple and natural a Persian poet can be, after all that has been said of oriental extravagance and bombast.

" Her maidens rose from before her,  
 They turned their faces to aid her in her despair.  
 They decked themselves in robes of brocade,  
 And adorned their hair with roses ;  
 And they went all five down to the stream,\*  
 Full of colours and perfumes, like the glad spring.  
 'Twas the first month of summer and the prime of the year,  
 And by the banks of that stream were the tents of Zal.  
 Along the banks of the stream they roamed,  
 And they told each other tales, in the deception.  
 And they strolled, gathering roses from the banks,  
 With their cheeks like a rose-garden, and roses on their  
     bosoms.  
 They roamed on all sides, and gathered their flowers,  
 Till they came close to the tent of Zal.  
 Zal beheld them from his lofty throne,  
 And he asked, ' what rose-worshippers are these ?  
 Why do they gather roses from our garden ?  
 Are they not afraid of our commands ?'  
 And thus spoke a man to the champion:  
 ' From the palace of Mihrab of happy fortune  
 These are sent to thy garden,  
 By Rudabeh, the bright Moon of Cabul.'  
 And when Zal heard this, his heart was moved,  
 And he stayed not in his place for love.  
 He walked in haste, with an attendant,  
 And he strolled along the bank of the stream.  
 And when he beheld the maidens,  
 He called for his bow, and lifted up his arm,  
 He was on foot ready for the sport,  
 And he saw a wild bird in the stream.  
 The fair-cheeked page strung the bow  
 And put it into the world-champion's hands.  
 He raised a shout, and the bird rose from the water,  
 And he sent an arrow hasting after it.  
 In the midst of its flight it drooped its neck,  
 And fell, dropping blood, near the stream.  
 ' Haste,' said he, to his page, ' haste thee thither,  
 ' And bring me yonder fallen bird.'  
 The nimble lad ran along the grass,  
 And hastened near to those fair damsels."

A conversation ensues between the page and the maidens, and they inquire who the archer is ?—and on learning that it is Zal, they smile, and add, that they come from the Moon of Cabul ; and they give a long description of her charms. The page informs Zal on his return ; and an interview takes place, when matters are soon arranged.

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\* That ran by the city and Zal's camp.



Rudabeh is delighted at the success of their plans. But how are the lovers to meet? Her attendants soon devise a scheme, which is forthwith put in execution.

“ She had a retreat like the joyful spring,  
 All full of pictures of the mighty dead.  
 And they fitted it up with brocade from China,  
 And decked it with vessels of gold.  
 Cornelians and chrysolites were scattered on every side,  
 And wine, and musk, and amber.  
 Here grew the violet and rose and narcissus,  
 And there bloomed the jasmine and the hyacinth.  
 Their cups were all of gold and rubies,  
 And rose-water was the liquor that they contained.”

Here Rudabeh retired, and awaited Zal, while her maidens went to call him. On his arrival, the “rose-cheeked one” came upon the balcony, and a “Romeo and Juliet” kind of dialogue ensues between the two lovers. At last, with one of those extravagant fictions which we meet with even in the best Oriental writers, the poet describes Rudabeh as letting her hair loose, and it flows in its wild luxuriance down to the ground, at the warrior’s feet; and, after fastening the upper part to a ring, she bids him take hold of it, and mount up. Zal kisses the musky tresses, and ascends with a spring.

“ And when he had reached the balcony in safety,  
 The angel-faced damsel came and paid him homage.  
 She seized his hand in her hand,  
 And they roamed on intoxicated with love.  
 They went down from the lofty balcony,  
 Hand twined in hand, like the branches of a tree,  
 And they came into that pictured chamber,  
 And they sat down to a royal banquet.  
 A paradise of pleasure seemed lighted up,  
 And her attendants stood waiting before them :  
 Zal remained astonished at the scene,  
 At her face and her form and her hair,  
 At her bracelets and jewels and ear-rings,  
 And her silk and brocade, bright with all the colours of  
     spring,  
 Her cheeks like tulips in the garden,  
 And her tresses hanging ringlet in ringlet !  
 Zal himself too sat in royal pomp,  
 With a crown of red rubies on his head.  
 And Rudabeh could not rest from gazing on him,  
 And evil came upon her from the gaze.  
 She lighted her cheek at the brightness of his cheek,  
 And the more she gazed, the more her heart was fired.”

The lovers part with mutual assurances of fidelity, and both eagerly look forward to the period of their union; over the prospects of which, however, a cloud had gathered, because Mihrab, Rudabeh's father, was descended from Zohak, the old antagonist of the Persian dynasty. Zal, on his return to his camp, consults with the Mobeds on the alliance that he has resolved upon, and they advise him to send a letter to his father Sám, and leave him to break the subject to the king. The letter is accordingly despatched, and Sám on receiving it consults the astrologers whether the proposed marriage will be fortunate. They assure him that, if solemnised, the issue will be the greatest chieftain that Persia has ever seen; and they foretel the various conquests that he will achieve, and how he will subdue all the neighbouring kingdoms to the Persian crown. The old general is delighted at the announcement, and sends back a messenger to his son, assuring him that he approves of the union, but requesting it to be kept secret till he returns from an expedition in which he is engaged, and can consult with Minuchihr, the king.

"When Zal read the letter, his heart was overjoyed,  
And all that he spoke, was of Rudabeh."

He calls the emissary whom he used to employ to bear his messages to Rudabeh, and bids her bear the present joyful news.

"Go," said he to her, 'haste to Rudabeh.  
And say to her, 'Oh, thou moon of the heart,  
When sorrow and trouble fall upon us,  
The key that sets us free is never far distant.  
The messenger has come back from my father  
With a message of welcome that overjoys me;  
He has hesitated and doubted at first,  
But at length he has given us his full consent.'  
He gave the letter in haste to the woman,  
And she bore it in haste from his presence.  
She bore it in haste, like the wind, to Rudabeh,  
And gave her the message of joy and consent."

Rudabeh sends her back with a reply, and loads her with presents for Zal, amongst others with an exquisitely worked turban, decked with jewels and pearls.

"The messenger left the apartment and entered the hall,  
When Sindokht\* suddenly beheld her as she passed.  
Her heart was filled with trouble at the sight,  
And she cried aloud, 'From whence art thou come?'  
The messenger turned pale at the summons,  
And she trembled, and kissed the ground at her feet.

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\* Rudabeh's mother.

What means it?' cried Sindokht, 'thou treacherous woman, Listen to my words, and give me answer. From time to time I have seen thee pass by, Thou hast entered these chambers, and looked not upon me. My heart is filled with anger against thee, Tell me, therefore, for what purpose thou art come?' The messenger replied, 'I am poor and in need, And I earn my bread by my toil and exertions, I go to the mansions of the noble, And they buy of me jewels and raiment. Rudabeh, in yon chamber, desired a head-dress, She desired also rich jewels to adorn her; And I have brought her a crown of gold, And a casket full of royal jewels.' 'Show them to me,' cried Sindokht in her wrath, 'And the anger of my heart shall be appeased.' 'I have given them to Rudabeh,' the messenger replied; 'She has asked for more, and I shall bring them, as she desires.' 'Then show me the price she has paid,' said Sindokht, 'And it shall quench my anger like water.' 'She promised to give me the price on the morrow, Ask me not therefore to show it to-day.'"

These answers did not, however, satisfy Sindokht, and she retired to her own chamber in great wrath, and ordered her daughter to appear before her. On her coming she demanded an explanation, and bitterly lamented her attempts to deceive her. Rudabeh, "in shame, looked at the ground and her feet, and the tears of love fell from her eyes;" and at last, summoning up her courage, she openly professed her attachment to Zal, and declared that she had unalterably plighted her heart to him. In alarm at this unexpected intelligence, Sindokht left the room to acquaint her husband, Mihrab, and consult him in the matter. She knew too well that the jealous tyrant who sat on the Persian throne was the bitter foe to their family, and she dreaded his powerful resentment. Mihrab, in the first heat of passion, threatened to kill his daughter, and exclaimed that she would cause the ruin of his kingdom. His wife's entreaties, however, allay his resentment, and he summons Rudabeh before him. She comes in all her finery, with a smile in her countenance at the thought of her choice, and his anger bursts out into bitter reproaches, which Rudabeh receives in shame and silence, and at length retires with her mother to her own apartment.

In the meantime Minuchihir, the king of Persia, on hearing of the proposed marriage, fires at once with all the jealousy of an eastern despot, and vows to destroy the whole family of Mihrab. Mihrab, as we have said before, was descended from the here-

ditary foes of the royal house of Persia, and Minuchihr proposed to commence a war that should exterminate the hostile race, now that their presumption aimed at an alliance with so powerful a chieftain as Zal. He appointed Sám himself to the command of the army, and despatched him to Cabul. In vain Sám urges his long services, as a plea for the tyrant to relax in his severity. Minuchihr gloomily bids him proceed, and destroy Mihrab and his house with sword and fire. At this juncture, while the two lovers are in an agony of suspense, and Mihrab, in his confusion, sees no other way of appeasing his powerful enemy than by sacrificing his daughter to his resentment, Sindokht sets out, like Abigail, in the Bible, under similar circumstances, with most magnificent presents of horses and camels, and gold and silk, and meets Sám as he is marching with his army, and implores his pity on their despair. Sám at length sends a last deprecatory letter to the king, and Zal himself bears it to the court. Minuchihr hesitates for some time to forego the gratification of indulging the family feud; but at last he is prevailed upon to give his consent to the union: and the astrologers, whom he consults, loudly proclaim the advantages that will accrue therefrom to Persia. Zal returns, as may well be expected, in ecstasy to the army, and Sám and Sindokht return with him to Cabul, where the marriage is solemnised in the summer-house wherein the lovers had first met, with all the pomp and festivity that such an occasion demanded, now that the gloomy prospects of war had changed to the sunshine of peace; and from this marriage was born Rustem, the Cid of Persia.

This is but a brief summary of a very charming story in the original, and we can only give a very faint idea of the exquisite bits of poetry with which it is interspersed. Like the ‘Orlando Furioso,’ the Shah-nameh is a never-ending gallery of pictures; romance succeeds romance, *ὡς ἐν τῇ ἁρπῇ* (as Chrysostom says of the seasons), and the driest details or the wildest extravagance are redeemed by a sudden gleam of heartfelt poetry, that comes home to all ages and nations. The descriptions of natural scenery are often exquisite; how beautiful is the following, which is only one among many that meet us continually!

“In Mazindaran’s garden there are always roses,  
And on the mountains there are always tulips and hyacinths;  
Sweet is the air, and the ground covered with pictures,  
Neither cold nor heat, but a perpetual spring.\*

\* A favourite line with Firdusi to describe a beautiful climate is, “its warmth was not heat, and its cool was not cold,” which perhaps is as felicitous an expression as could have been devised.

The nightingales warble in every grove,  
 And the fawns gambol upon every hill.  
 Never can you rest from fresh objects of search;  
 All the year every spot is full of colours and perfumes.  
 You would say, it is rose-water that glides in the stream,  
 And the soul is delighted with the floating odours.  
 All the year the banks smile with flowers,  
 And in every spot there is sport for the hunter."

Or this, which Miss Costello has given us :—

"The tender silken grass invites the tread,  
 With musky odour breathes the fanning air ;  
 Pure waters glide along their perfumed bed,  
 As though the rose gave them her essence rare ;  
 The lily stalk bends with her fragrant flower,  
 The lustre of the rose glads every bower.  
 The pheasant walks with graceful pace along,  
 Soft doves and mournful nightingales are nigh,  
 Charming the silence with a mingled song,  
 And murmurs from the cypress boughs reply.  
 Oh never, never, long as time shall last,  
 May shadows o'er these beauteous scenes be cast !  
 Still may they in eternal splendour glow,  
 And be like paradise, as they are now !"

Firdusi abounds also with moral observations and sentences, that are frequently full of beauty, as well as truth. Thus, in one place, he says, "War is like the ocean—now it yields precious pearls, and now only mire and dirt;" and in another, "when destiny comes flying down from heaven, all the wise men of earth become blind and deaf;" and in another, in allusion to an ancient king, renowned for his virtues,—

"The happy Feridun was not an angel ;  
 He was not formed of musk or ambergris ;  
 He gained his good name by justice and liberality:  
 Do thou be just and liberal, and thou art a Feridun !"

and several times in his poem he interrupts the course of the narrative with soliloquies, very similar to those which we find in Milton, lamenting his own fate, and the ingratitude of the times. We will conclude our notice of Persia's greatest poet by quoting an instance of his pathos, from an episode wherein he describes the grief of a mother over her murdered son ; and he introduces a fine illustration of the wild sorrow of those rude chivalrous times, ere civilization, which *emollit mores*, had softened our passions likewise into effeminacy. She rises in the midst of her weeping, and orders her son's war-horse to be brought before her.

“She seized its hoof in her bosom,  
And the horse stood astonished before her.  
And she rose and kissed its neck and head,  
And anon she laid her cheek on its hoof.  
Then she brought her son’s royal robe,  
And she pressed it to her bosom like a child.  
She brought his cuirass and coat of mail and his bow,  
And his javelin and sword and battle-axe,  
And she laid the battle-axe on her head,  
And thought the while of his arm and his stature.  
She brought his saddle and bridle,  
And she laid them in sorrow upon her head;  
And she brought his lasso, seventy feet long,  
And she spread it in all its length before her.”

Here we bid the old poet adieu; and a truer heart than his never beat in a human bosom.

Miss Costello has given us some pleasing extracts from some of the contemporaries and immediate predecessors of Firdusi,—Essedi of Tus, Rudiki, and others,—and particularly one from Rudiki, in which he expresses his regret at leaving Bokhara.

Towards the close of the 11th century lived Moasi, who is frequently, with strange perversion, designated the king of poets, unless the appellation contained a sneer at the abilities of oriental rulers; and Khakani, whose odes are much admired. Occasionally we find in his works a bold thought or image, but most of his poetry is very inferior. Thus, the following is rather striking:—

“They tell us that good fortune and evil fortune  
Come to all things alike in this world of time.  
Thou seest two bricks baked together,  
Baked from the same clay and furnace,  
One shall be laid on the top of a minaret,  
And the other at the bottom of a well!”

In the 12th century lived Anwari, who is chiefly known by his *Diwân*, or collection of odes, which contain some gleams of poetry, amidst much that is dull or absurd. Occasional extracts used to be given by Professor Falconer, in the ‘*Asiatic Journal*,’ from these and his other works, which were sometimes very beautiful. Thus, the following are both worthy of the fame which their author has (perhaps undeservedly) obtained in the East.

“The soul that desires not release from the clay,  
Is no bird in a cage, but a corpse in the tomb.”

"When Allah makes choice of a man to fulfil  
The plans of his vast and inscrutable will,  
Whate'er he attempts, fails and withers before  
him,  
And sorrow and trouble brood heavily o'er him,  
For his noblest conceptions are grow'ling and vile,  
And his loftiest thought prone to error and guile.

But when pride is abased, and his spirit is taught  
That unaided humanity profiteth naught,  
Then Allah comes forth in that sorrowful hour,  
Re-awakens his courage, and clothes him with  
power;  
The creature is pow'rless to help or sustain,  
'Tis Allah conceals, and 'tis Allah makes plain."

As contemporaries with Anwari lived Elmocadessi, and Omar Khiam, the latter of whom is the Voltaire of Persia. His works abound with invectives against the superstitions and the hypocrisies of the day, and he not unfrequently displays a good deal of imagination and vigour. Miss Costello has given a fine extract from one of his poems, entitled

#### THE WISDOM OF THE SUPREME.

"All we see above—around,—  
Is but built on fairy ground;  
All we trust is empty shade,  
To deceive our reason made.

Tell me not of Paradise,  
Or the beams of houris' eyes;  
Who the truth of tales can tell?  
Cunning priests invent so well.  
He who leaves this mortal shore  
Quits it to return no more.

In vast life's unbounded tide,  
They alone content may gain,  
Who can good from ill divide,  
Or in ignorance abide—

All between is restless pain.  
Before thy prescience, power divine,  
What is this idle sense of mine?  
What all the learning of the schools?  
What sages, priests, and pedants? fools!

The world is thine, from thee it rose,  
By thee it ebbs, by thee it flows.  
Hence worldly lore! By whom is wisdom shown?  
The Eternal knows, knows all, and He alone."

We now come to Nizami, who is the first of what are called the "romantic poets," and flourished towards the end of the twelfth century. The three staple subjects of Persian romance are the loves of Khosru and Shireen, of Yusuf and Zuleikha, and of Laili and Majnun. Every poet who would gain a name tries his hand at one of these well-known legends; and as Miss Costello observes, "even down to a modern date, the Persians have not deserted their favourites, and these celebrated themes of verse reappear from time to time under new auspices." Three poets have, however, peculiarly succeeded on these subjects, and

Nizami is identified with the first, Jami with the second, and Hatifi with the third. Miss Costello has given us several extracts from the "Khosru and Shireen;" but as we purpose analysing the other two, which are much superior, we must refer the English reader to her volume for them. Nizami is a poet who has been much overrated, and is distinguished beyond all his countrymen for hyperbole and bombast. Probably he had naturally a fine imagination; but excess of ornament, and constant aim at novelty, combined with an affectation of mysticism, have completely spoiled it. His works consist of five poems, often called the *Khamsah*, or "five," three of which may be considered as romantic. Perhaps the best is the 'Huft Paiker,' or 'Seven Faces,' which contains the legendary history of King Bahram Gur, the hunter. Here we find occasional touches of nature; but the generality of it is tedious and exaggerated to the last degree; and we have not been able to find a single passage which keeps up its interest throughout. As we might expect, Nizami is a great favourite with his countrymen, and his poems are generally copied with great care; while those of his rival, Hatifi, which abound with pathos and nature, are always negligently transcribed, and full of inaccuracies.

In the 13th century Persia was blessed with an "Augustan Age," as it is *technically* called; and a swarm of poets arose under the fostering rays of royal patronage. Shiraz, the Athens of Persia, produced her quota to the number, and amongst others the renowned *Sadi*, whose name is better known in this country than that of any other eastern author. His chief work, the 'Rose Garden,' a collection of anecdotes, and poetry, and mysticism, has been put into an English dress, and was originally published by Gentius about two hundred years ago. We have all of us heard of the lines which, it is said, Mahomet II. repeated at the taking of Constantinople:—"The spider holds the veil in the palace of Cæsar, and the owl stands sentinel in the watch-tower of Afrasiab." His works are very numerous, and, though somewhat tinged with the inflated taste of his countrymen, will repay a perusal better than any of his contemporaries. Many of his moral reflections are very beautiful. Miss Costello has translated a very pretty one from the *Bostan*:—

"Smile not, nor think the legend vain,  
That in old times a worthless stone  
Such power in holy hands could gain,  
That straight a silver heap it shone.  
Thy alchemist contentment be,  
Equal is stone or ore to thee.



The infant's pure unruffled breast  
 No avarice nor pride molest;  
 He fills his little hands with earth,  
 Nor knows that silver has more worth.  
 The sultan sits in pomp and state,  
 And sees the derwish at his gate;  
 And yet of wealth the sage has more  
 Than the great king with all his store.  
 Rich is a beggar, worn and spent,  
     To whom a silver coin is thrown;  
 But Feridun was not content,  
     Though Ajum's kingdom was his own."

The following fable has been often quoted; yet it is so beautiful that we cannot refrain from adding it to our extracts, in a strictly literal version:—

"Once from a cloud a drop of rain  
     Fell trembling in the sea,  
 And when she saw the wide-spread main,  
     Shame veiled her modesty.  
 'What place in this wide sea have I?  
     'What room is left for me?  
 'Sure it were better that I die,  
     'In this immensity!'  
 But while her self-abasing fear  
     Its lowliness confessed,  
 A shell received and welcomed her,  
     And pressed her to its breast.  
 And nourished there the drop became  
     A pearl for royal eyes,—  
 Exalted by its lowly shame,  
     And humbled but to rise!"

Sadi's mind was full of devotional feelings; and his works, as we might expect, abound with the purest morality. There is a moral elevation in his writings, which is equal to the highest efforts, and yet is strictly compatible with a minute attention to the lowliest duties of daily life. He has an ear to listen to the commonest and homeliest calls of duty, wherever it may be; and his philosophy, however high she may bear him up in the regions of theory, always lands him at last on the *practical*; and, be he eastern or western, a moralist can aim at no nobler purpose than this.

He also possessed considerable humour, and frequently indulges in good-natured satire, as when he gives the following

advice for getting rid of one's friends : " Lend to those who are poor, and borrow of those who are rich ; " or says, (with a sad want of gallantry) " take your wife's opinion and act in opposition to it."

Sadi lived to a great age (being upwards of a hundred years old when he died), and spent a great part of his life in travelling about Asia, where he met with numerous adventures, which he often refers to in his works. Professor Wilson gave, some years ago, in the 'Asiatic Journal,' a translation from the Bostan of an adventure of his at the Temple of Somnath, where he became a devotee of the idol, until one day he discovered the fraud by which the Brahmins imposed upon the people. He is said to have performed the pilgrimage to Mecca fourteen, or even fifteen times ; and the latter years of his life were spent in religious meditation and solitude.

Contemporary with Sadi lived Ferid-eddin Attar, who has left us a valuable collection of proverbs, under the title of the *Pend-nameh* (not *Perid-nameh*, as Miss Costello continually spells it) ; but we pass over him to arrive at an author who, though but little known in England, stands alone in the East for sublimity of thought and depth of philosophy. Miss Costello has only given us a song from one of his books, although he is one of Persia's most voluminous writers, and perhaps has a greater claim on our admiration than any of them. We are glad to learn that Mchemet Ali has been publishing, at his press at Cairo, a very elaborate edition of his works, with a selection of the most approved commentaries.

*Jelaleddin Rumi* was born at Balkh in Khorassan, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and from early youth devoted himself to the mystical doctrines of the Sufis, and spent his life in solitude, working the mine of his own genius alone.

The Sufis, as is well known, are a sect, who spring up apparently by a necessary law in the human mind. They take root in every soil, and under every religion ; and whatever name they may bear, their opinions are essentially the same. The inherent love of mysticism which lies in the heart, finds in every religion the necessary warmth to quicken it. Reverence and wonder, which, as Plato tells us in the *Theætetus*, are the beginning of all wisdom, spring up in every climate ; and the Eleusinian mysteries, the Hindu Brahmanism, the Persian Sufeyism, and, in our own time, the new German philosophy, are only developments of the same deep-rooted principle in the soul, under different outward circumstances of time and place. All these systems are but as glosses and commentaries on the wide volume of nature, when the true revelation from heaven is unknown, or

lost sight of, and nature's volume is the only revelation left and acknowledged. Jelaleddin has left us a huge volume called the 'Mesnavi,' in which he has heaped all the gold that his mine could furnish; and though his style is somewhat obscure in parts, we may rest well assured that his years of deep thought were not spent in vain, when he "communed with his own heart and was still."

It is a collection of stories, humorous and grave, *around* and *in* which are hung wreaths of mystic interpretation and philosophical allegories. The book is like a picture-gallery, such as Tennyson describes in his 'Palace of Art':—

"Full of long-sounding corridors it was,  
That *over-vaulted grateful gloom*,  
Where thro' the live-long day the soul did pass,  
Well pleased, from room to room.  
Full of great rooms and small the palace stood,  
All various—each a perfect whole  
From living nature—fit for every mood  
And change of my still soul."

We pass from story to story, and from picture to picture, till the mind becomes almost bewildered by the endless variety of scenes and colours. Here we have the variety of Rubens, here the gorgeous colours of Titian, there the softness of Correggio, or the grace of Guido, and there the coarser yet living scenes of Teniers. Words take the form of *colours*, and the style varies as the representation changes.

Of all oriental poets, Jelaleddin least indulges in their metaphorical extravagancy, and one can find whole pages in his book which do not contain a single expression that an European taste could disapprove. Unhappily, as we have said, he labours under the charge of being obscure, and this ill name has frightened away many a reader from attempting a perusal. St. Jerome said of Persius (according to tradition), "if you don't wish to be understood you don't deserve to be read;" but it was too hasty a speech for either the saint or the scholar; and perhaps if he had taken the trouble of mastering him, Persius might have rewarded both his patience and his toil. But Jelaleddin is by no means so obscure as he is represented. His moralizings are sometimes, indeed, unintelligible, but his episodes are generally clear, and many of his stories are delightful.

We willingly give extracts to support our assertions, more especially as they will probably be new to our readers. Jelaleddin abounds in passages that can be quoted apart from the rest; and the continual digressions in which he indulges give his work a discursive character that greatly aids us in making a choice.

First, then, as a specimen of his satire and severity, we sub-join the following, which contains the distinctions between the sincere believer and the hypocrite. It was applicable to many in *his* day, and we fear the world has not grown out of it yet in our own. The "age of cant" is a *patronymic* of the centuries, and each in its turn *succeeds to the title*. Wherever there are the Holy and the True, men are found who will bow down in preference to the False and the Unholy. But hear the old Sufi:—

"The one is as good soil, the other as barren;  
The one is an angel, the other is a devil.  
Though both may wear the same appearance to the eye,  
*Know that bitter and sweet water may both be clear.*  
None save the experienced can distinguish between them,  
*He* alone knows the bitter from the sweet.  
Thus the people compare miracles with works of enchantment,  
For each seems built upon deceiving the senses.  
The enchanter of Egypt, in their obstinacy,  
Seized, like Moses, their rods in their hands.  
But a deep gulf lieth between *their* rods and *his*;  
Wide is the division between *their* action and *his*.  
Behind *their* action stands the curse of God,  
Like a friend beside *his* stands the blessing of God.  
The unbelievers, in their imitation, are like apes,  
And sorrow therefrom sinks into their hearts.  
Whatsoever the man doeth, the ape doeth it too;  
Every moment it follows his example, as it sees it.  
And it thinks in itself, '*I have done it like him,*'  
How should its narrow forehead know the difference?  
The one does it by God's patent, the other by impudence,  
And do thou scatter dust on the mimic's head.  
Thus too the hypocrite kneels with the believer at prayer,  
But he comes for the sake of mimicry, not from his need."

The following is one of his shorter fables, and its conclusion is a specimen of the fine moral turn which he gives to all his stories:—

"A bird flies in the air, and its shadow  
Appears also flying on the ground, like a bird.  
The fool flies in pursuit of the shadow,  
And he wanders, whatever the distance may be.  
He knows not that it is but the shadow of the bird in the air;  
He knows not where the original of that shadow is.  
He shoots his arrows after that shadow,  
And his quiver is emptied in its pursuit.  
Thus too the quiver of life is emptied, and time flits away  
In the wild chase after a swift-winged shadow.  
But when the shadow of God is thy guardian,

It will deliver thee from all fancies and shadows,  
 And the true shadow of God is the servant of God,  
 One who is dead to the world, and alive only to God."

Here is another fling at the hypocrites, and their outward resemblance to the true believer, a subject which Jelaleddin often refers to, and (as Juvenal says, '*facit indignatio versus*') not unfrequently pours a torrent of invective against:—

"Now thou meetest the one, and now the other;  
 There is no occupation for religion but wonder,\*  
 Not such a wonder as turns its back towards its object,  
 But such a wonder as turns its face towards his face.  
 The holy men, who have known the Truth,  
 Lose Self in their wonder, and become drunken, and like fools,  
 with joy.  
 Their faces are turned towards the face of the Adored One,  
 While the hypocrite's face is turned only towards himself.  
 Look thou well, and regard the faces of both;  
 And perchance thy soul may be enlightened by the gaze.  
 Since there are many devils in the form of man,  
 Offer thou not thine hand to all that offer theirs!"

Immediately following the above is a passage about *preaching*, that is far more applicable to Christianity, and, indeed, might be placed as a commentary on Christ's address to Peter—"Henceforth ye shall catch men:"—

"When the fowler blows his whistle,  
 To ensnare the birds with his mimic cry,  
 The bird hears, as it were, the song of his companion,  
 And flies down from the air, and enters the net;  
 So, too, the dervishes, by their human speech, catch men,  
 That they may call them by that spell to salvation."

Jelaleddin's stories, as we have said, are of all kinds, and, like the 'Decameron,' or Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' pass on in varying colours, like a string of beads, with a moral aim running through them all like a golden thread, which serves at once to link them in some connection, and of itself to give beauty to the whole. Many are humorous, and many satirical; not a few are absurd, and even immoral; and many abound with pathos and exquisite knowledge of the human heart. Some of them are founded upon well-known legends: thus, the very first resembles one which Lucian has told, in his way, of the manner in which the physician discovered that Antiochus' disease was caused by his love for Stratonice, his stepmother.

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\* Μαλα γαρ φιλοσοφου τουτο το παθος, το θαναμζειν.—Plato:

There is another, probably founded on some old Jewish legend, which describes a shepherd coming to Moses and offering to be his servant: "Where dost thou live, that I may be thy slave? I will mend thy garments, and adorn thy head; or if sickness come nigh thy tent, I will nurse and love thee like thy very self." Moses rejects the suppliant as unworthy of his notice, and God's voice is heard from heaven, rebuking the prophet's pride, and reminding him that all his talents were from above, and were only lent to him for the good of the world and the relief of man's estate. If our space allowed it, we could quote largely from this fine old story, as it is told in Jelaleddin's best manner. We will conclude our notice of him with a tale which, we feel sure, all our readers must admire for its simplicity and gracefulness, as well as the mystical moral that runs underneath it. It is a gem in Persian literature, and deserves to be far more extensively known than it is. Our translation is strictly literal, and as nearly word for word as rhyme would allow.

#### THE MERCHANT AND HIS PARROT.

"A parrot belonged to a merchant sage,  
A beautiful parrot, confined in a cage;  
And one day the good merchant's fancy ran  
On a journey of traffic to Hindustan.  
He bade all his servants and maidens come,  
And he asked them what gifts he should bring them home?  
And each servant and maiden with thanks confessed,  
Whate'er it might be, that would please them best.  
To his parrot he turned, and said, smilingly,  
'And what Indian gift shall I bring to *thee*?'  
And the parrot replied, 'When thou go'st thy way,  
And beholdest my fellows as there they play,  
Oh, give them my message, and tell them this—  
Let them know from me what captivity is!  
Oh, tell them—"A parrot, a friend of yours,  
Who has danced with you in these happy bowers,  
Has been carried away by ill fate's design,  
And now is confined in a cage of mine;  
He sends you the wishes that love should send,  
And prays you to think of your absent friend.  
Behold," he says, "how I pine, alas!  
While you dance all day on the trees and grass;  
Is this to be faithful in friendship and love—  
I here in a prison, and you in a grove?  
Oh, remember our friendship in days gone by,  
And send me some hope in captivity!"'  
The merchant set out, and his way pursued,  
• Till he came at last to an ancient wood

On the borders of Ind, where, in summer glee,  
 The parrots were sporting from tree to tree.  
 He stayed his horse as he past them went,  
 And he gave them the message his parrot sent ;  
 And one of the birds, as the words he said,  
 Fell off from its bough to the ground, as dead.  
 Sore repented the sage, as the parrot fell :  
 ' God's creature is slain by the words I tell.  
 Yon parrot and mine were not *friends* alone,  
 Their bodies were two, but their soul was one.  
 This tongue of mine is like flint and steel,  
 And all that it utters are sparks which kill.'  
 He then went on his way with a heavy heart,  
 And he traded in many a distant mart ;  
 And at length, when his traffic and toil were o'er,  
 He returned to his welcome home once more.  
 To every servant a gift he brought—  
 To every maiden the gift she sought ;  
 And the parrot too, asked, when its turn was come,  
 ' Oh, where is the gift you have brought me home ?'  
 ' 'Twas a bitter message,' the sage replied ;  
 For when it was giv'n, thy companion died !'  
 And the bird at once, when the words were said,  
 Fell off, like its friend, from its perch, as dead.  
 When the merchant beheld it thus fall and die,  
 He sprang from his place with a bitter cry :  
 ' Oh, my sweet-voiced parrot, why fall'st thou low ?  
 My well-lov'd partner of joy and woe !  
 Oh, alas! alas! that so bright a moon  
 Is veiled by the clouds of death so soon !'  
 Then out of the cage the bird he threw,  
 And, lo! to the top of a tree it flew!  
 And while he stood gazing with wond'ring eyes,  
 It thus answered his doubts, and removed surprise:—  
 ' Yon Indian parrot appeared to die,  
 But it taught me a lesson of liberty;  
 That since 'twas my voice which imprisoned me,  
 I must die to escape, and once more be free !'  
 It then gave him some words of advice ere it flew,  
 And then joyfully wished the good merchant adieu:  
 ' Thou hast done me a kindness ; good master, farewell!  
 Thou hast freed me for aye from the bond of this cell!  
*Farewell, my good master, for homewards I fly:*  
*One day thou shalt gain the same freedom as I !' "*

In the fourteenth century Shiraz produced *Hafiz*, a poet whose name is better known in this country than that of any other Persian author except Sadi. His odes have been partially trans-

lated, times without number ; but, with the exception of Sir W. Jones, hardly any of the translators have succeeded. The peculiar nature of the Persian ghazel, or ode, sets our language at defiance ; and many of those songs which have established the fame of Hafiz amongst his countrymen would lose all their charms, and seem only incoherent rhapsodies, if presented in the unvarying jingle of our favourite measures. In the Persian ghazel the two first lines rhyme, and the same rhyme is continued at the end of every second verse throughout the poem. This recurrence of the same sound links each stanza together, to a degree which none can appreciate who have not read the original ; and the wild discursive nature of the subject-matter needs such a contrivance to preserve the connection. Miss Costello has only given us over again the odes which have been dinned into our ears so many times before ; which we much regret, as she could have found many others that have never been versified, and would have been fully equal, if not superior, in merit to those which she has selected.

Hafiz's odes are mostly in the praise of love and wine ; and alternate in pleasing variety from the grave to the gay, and from the jovial to the sentimental. His works everywhere sparkle with wit and fancy, but his imagery is often very extravagant. In Persia he is an universal favourite, and his songs are the delight of all classes ; but European readers will find them far inferior to the lyrics of Horace or of Moore. Like all eastern poetry they lack the *distinctness* of ours ; and the features of their delineations of passion are too vague and undefined to excite our interest. One smile of Horace's "*dulce ridens*" Lalage is worth all the "narcissus eyes," or "ruby lips," which meet us at every turn in Hafiz ; and all the Persian's descriptions and comparisons would never buy the "*Quis multâ gracilis*."

Hafiz had, however, no little poetry in his soul ; and nature gave him a fine imagination, which he could display when he chose. Thus we can cheerfully follow him in the early light of morning into the dewy garden, when, by a bold image, he describes the flowers, at the coming of day,—

"All holding high their cups in their hands, like worshippers of wine."

It is to be regretted that he did not give us more of such images as this, instead of wearying us with guls and bulbuls in every corner, or running to the garden for such vapid similes as the following :—

"If Hafiz had ten tongues like the lily,

In thy presence he would wear a seal on his lips like the rosebud."



Mirthfulness of character not unfrequently has a reverse side of melancholy. L'Allegro and Il Penseroso are twins in many a bosom; and Hafiz, whose heart, in many of his odes, is as joyful and careless as a child's, too often, like Icarus of old, feels his waxen wings of gaiety melt, and sinks into that deep of sadness which is ever ready to receive us, if we yield to it. A vein of pensive melancholy runs through his best odes, and the uncertainty of all human enjoyment often creeps in, as an unbidden guest, when the festivities of revelry seem at their height. Thus, in one of his finest hazels, he suddenly exclaims—

“All who enter in this world a faded picture with them bear,  
And go searching in the tavern if the interpreter be there.  
In it written lies the riddle, but its marks are all unknown;  
And, oh! whither is the partner of the hidden secret flown?”

The idea of the *tavern-world* is frequently used in Persian poetry, and he uses it in another place still more sadly:—

“I will ope the hidden secret, and relieve my spirit's woe,  
Free from Earth's alluring bondage, Love alone enthrals me now.  
How shall I, a bird of heaven, separation's woes declare;  
How I wandered till Existence caught me in her fatal snare?  
Once amidst the bowers of heaven was I wont in joy to roam;  
Adam brought me down and led me into this sad tavern-home.  
Ah! the banks of heaven's bright river, and the breath of heaven's  
sweet wind,  
And the tree of Goodness' shadow,—all have vanished from my  
mind;  
But a faint and fading image on my spirit's tablet lies,  
And the heavenly artist's hand has left no other memories.”

Hafiz also abounds with such observations as the following, which throw a strong light upon his deeper feelings:—

“Why for fortune, good or ill, to joy or grief thy soul deliver?  
On the pages of Existence, see! the writing changes ever!”

Or this, on the mixture of joy and grief in life's charmed cup:—

“In the garden, behold, not a rose can be found,  
If a thousand sharp thorns spring not up from the ground.  
And the eyes of old Jacob waxed dim for his grief,  
But no voice came from Egypt to bring him relief.”

We subjoin a few specimens, which, we believe, have never been translated before; and in our version, we shall endeavour to keep as close to the original as possible. Our first shall be in prose, the others in verse.

“Now breathes from the garden a breeze of paradise,  
Where I and the joyful wine, and my angel mistress are met.  
Why should not the beggar make a boast of royalty to-day,  
With the clouds for his canopy, and the banks of the field for his throne?

The garden tells the story of the deception of Eden;  
He is a fool, who counts it not as a shadow and vanity.  
Build up thy heart with wine; for this ruined world  
Is resolved, when we are dead, to make only bricks of our clay.  
Seek not sincerity from thy foe; not a spark of faith wilt thou find in him;  
Why light the lamp of the hermit's cell from the fire-worshipper's temple?

Write not on thy tablet reproaches of my revelry;  
Who knows what Destiny hath written upon his head?  
Turn not thou thy foot from Hafiz' tomb;  
Though he be sunk in sin, his soul will rise to Paradise.”

The following we have put into a rhymed dress, without which these odes lose much of their charm.

“See the jocund spring of roses from the garden-bower is gone:  
Would to heaven no hapless lovers thus were left to mourn alone.  
Nightingales, with early morning, flutter round to sing their woes,  
Parted, through the weary winter, from the presence of the rose.  
Such is life,—this lonely garden; and its flowers man's hapless  
race;—

Each in turn heaven's gardener scatters to its long last resting-place.

Sad it is that all our pleasures thus should hurry from our view;  
Sadder still that soul and body have to take their long adieu!  
Many a form of beauty slumbers in earth's bosom,—side by side,  
Strewed by fate, like yonder rose-leaves, rest the monarch and the bride.

Oh! let time, then, teach thee wisdom; tread thou lightly o'er the dead,

When they rest in silent slumber, from their haunts for ever fled.  
Cast thy love behind thee, Hafiz; bid the earthly dream be o'er;  
Nor let all the smiles of beauty tempt thy soul to error more.”

Here is another of a different strain:—

“The rose has come forth! Oh! my friends, 'tis the hour  
To fill the bright goblet, and drink in the bower!  
Come, seize the sweet season,—who knows not, too well,  
That not always the pearl can be found in the shell?  
Love's path is a desert of doubt and dismay,  
Where none but the foolish would willingly stray!  
A truce to your volumes—your studies give o'er,—  
For books cannot teach you love's marvellous lore;

Come, listen to me ; ye shall learn it apace,  
 If you'll fix fast your thoughts on your mistress's face.  
 My mistress's image, that idol divine,  
 Has found in my bosom an altar and shrine ;  
 There she rules like a queen, with a crown on her brow,  
 Though she scorns her poor subject, and laughs at his woe.  
 Come, open the tavern ; why longer delay ?  
 And bring us the wine to chase sorrow away,—  
 Not Cuthers' \* fair stream can so gladden the soul,  
 As the liquor that dances and laughs in the bowl.  
 Come, friends, bring the wine, for the moments fast fly,  
 Ere the week is well ended the roses will die ;  
 And may fortune look smiling, and shield us from sorrow,  
 Nor send us an ache and repentance to-morrow !  
 And do thou, too, my fair one, be here with thy smile,  
 And scatter thy glances, like jewels, the while ;  
 For none but the bigot will ever reprove  
 The passionate fervour of Hafiz's love."

Emerson says, that, one by one, each man comes up, in his own individual experience, with every fable of Æsop and ode of Hafiz ; and generation after generation of Persian youths have illustrated the truth of the observation. For every species of poetry, if it be genuine, reflects some phase of the multiform mind of man ; and each individual, as he reaches that phase, finds his own experience marvellously foreshown in the mirrors which other centuries thus hold before his view. The reflection may be distorted, but the lineaments are *there* ; and the truthfulness of the image will be in proportion to the *clearness* of the mind which represented it, and, above all, to its *purity*. In the same degree in which a want of these clouds the soul, will the reflection which it offers be indistinct and uncertain ; but where the affections are allowed their due influence, and the strong loving heart clears the judgments of the head, we may rely with certainty on the correctness of the portraiture.

We have but two poets now left in our survey of Persian literature, and with them we shall conclude. Jami, and his nephew, Hatifi, close the series, both of whom flourished in the fifteenth century. Jami, as we have remarked in a previous part, is identified with the national legend of the loves of Yusuf and Zuleikha ; and perhaps he stands at the head of the romantic school. It is singular to observe how the names of reproach in one country become symbols of beauty to another. Gibbon says, "the infamous George of Cappadocia became the immortal St. George of England ;" and, in a similar way, the unfortunate

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\* A stream in Paradise.

wife of Potiphar is the Persian ideal of devoted love. The narrative, as we have it in the Bible, is presented to us in Jami's poem with tolerable accuracy; and we have a full account of Joseph's birth, and his brethren's envy, with their conspiracy against him, and its success. He is sold by them to a caravan of merchants, and carried into Egypt, where he is bought by Zuleikha, the wife of Pharaoh's grand vizier. Zuleikha was the daughter of the king of Mauritania, and, years before, had seen in a dream a vision of a youth of matchless beauty. This dream was three times repeated, and, the last time, the beautiful apparition named Egypt as the place where they should meet. Zuleikha's mind was entirely filled with this celestial visitant, and she resolutely refused all her suitors, till an embassy arrived, claiming her hand for the vizier of Pharaoh. She unhesitatingly accepted the offer, feeling persuaded that he was the person whom her dream had foreshown to her. She forthwith was conducted to Egypt, with all the honours of eastern courts, and the vizier came to meet her. She discovered her error when it was too late, and found that her husband was totally different from the lover she had dreamed of. A deep melancholy seized her in consequence, and this continued hanging over her, until one day she met with Joseph in the slave-market, and recognised in him the long-lost image of her dreams. His subsequent career, and temptation, and virtuous resistance, are all narrated with a great deal of fire and feeling, and the Phædra-like passions of Zuleikha are depicted with much of that *realising* power which, after all, is the essential in poetry. The pathos of common life swells, under the pen of Jami, into the sublimity of the heroic times; and his heroine must interest our affections, however we may disapprove of her guilty love. The conclusion of the story, after Joseph is released from prison and appointed governor of Egypt, differs widely from the Scriptural account. Potiphar dies, and Jami, by a beautiful stroke of imagination, represents Zuleikha as building a house opposite to Joseph's palace, that she may hear his horse's hoofs as he passes under her window. At length she renounces her idolatry, and breaks her idols, and acknowledges the true God; and her piety is rewarded by the restoration of her early youth and beauty. The angel Gabriel appears to Joseph, and commands him to recompense her constancy by marrying her, which he accordingly does, with the approbation of Pharaoh and all Egypt. But few years pass before death's shadow droops heavily over their happiness, and Joseph dies, leaving Zuleikha distracted. Her sorrow knows no bounds, and is described by Jami with all the fervour of a genuine poet: "Thou, my husband," cried she, "art buried in the ground,

*like the root, while I stand above, like the withered branch."* The whole passage, indeed, is worthy of a repeated perusal, containing her heart-eating anguish at her irreparable loss, till she dies, and, as Jami says elsewhere, "the dark earth becomes the curtain which hides and unites the parted ones."

Jami is remarkable for the brilliancy of his descriptions, which have often a vigour in them that contrasts strangely with the extravagance in which he sometimes indulges. Miss Costello has given several long quotations from his poem, to which we refer our readers. We have only room for some short extracts, which will serve to show Jami's power of mind in higher things than fiction.

What can be more beautiful than the following apostrophe to God on idolatry? It is a commentary on long ages of pagan darkness, a dirge over the fallen and forgotten religions of the world:—

"Oh, there is love for *thee*, from under the deception  
Of the idol, the idol-maker, and the idol-worshipper!  
If no reflection of thine fell upon the idol,  
Who would bow down in adoration before it?  
Thou hast pierced the heart of the idol-maker with thy love,  
And in his eyes thou engravest the idol therewith:  
And men bow down before the work of his hands;  
For they say, that to worship *this*, is to worship thee."

And how true, too, is this, which, after all, comprehends the essence of true *religion*,—the *religatio*, or rebinding the soul to its maker, after detaching it from the world and from self:—

"Do thou, too, Jami, escape from Self,  
And enter the blessed palace of Eternity.  
When thou knowest the path to this palace,  
Thou wilt not be so afflicted by Fortune.  
Oh! set thy foot in the snares of the Loved One (*i. e.* God);  
Oh! set thy foot in the mansion of non-existence.  
Once thou didst not exist, and nothing didst thou lose by it;  
Oh! exist not to-day, for no profit arises from it.  
Seek not in thyself the health of thy soul;  
It is madness to seek it, and no gain shalt thou find."

We subjoin the following moral reflection, which singularly anticipates the conclusion of Carlyle's 'Revolution:' "While the voice of man shall freely talk to man, hast thou not there the living source out of which all sacrednesses sprang and yet shall spring?"

"Speech is the vestibule of the palace of Love;  
Speech is the new wine of the garden of Love;

There is no work for the intellect like speech;  
There is no memorial in the world like speech;  
*All that is born in the world—whether old or new—  
The wise man saith, is born of speech!*"

We will conclude with the following description of God's creative power, which, amongst much extravagance, contains an idea that may be found reproduced in one of Jeremy Taylor's finest sermons:—

"The heavens are a point from the pen of His perfection;  
The world is a rosebud from the bower of His beauty;  
The sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom;  
And the sky a bubble on the sea of his power.  
His beauty is free from stain of sin,  
Hidden in a veil of thick darkness.  
*He formed mirrors of the atoms of the world,  
And he cast a reflection from his own face on every atom!*  
To thy clear-seeing eye whatsoever is fair,  
When thou regardest it aright, is a reflection from his face!"

Hatifi, the nephew of the preceding, is the last of Persia's real poets, and for simplicity and pathos is unrivalled by them all. He is said to have gone with the rough sketch of his poem to his uncle, who was then in the zenith of his popularity, and to have begged of him his permission to continue it. What would Sir Thomas Lucy\* have given for this anecdote, when he examined that sad rhymer, the boy Will Shakspeare, and tried to instil into his mind a due portion of reverence for the sacred haunts of Parnassus, ere he ventured to intrude too irreligiously in the precincts of the muses? "Such," he would have said, "was the awe with which the nephew of a great poet drew near to that hallowed spot, and commenced his adorations to the goddesses."

Hatifi formed the ambitious design of entering the lists with Nizami, and writing five poems on the same subjects as he had chosen; and this design he accomplished. As might be expected from the taste of an oriental public, the showy bombast of Nizami was esteemed immeasurably superior to the simple nature and pathos of his rival; but no European, we believe, will ever form the same judgment of the two poets. Hatifi's *chef-d'œuvre* is his tale of Laili and Majnun, which comprises, in some two thousand couplets, as beautiful a tale of ill-fated love as ever passed upon paper from a poet's brain; and it is said that it is no fiction, but reality. The Arabs of Hejaz still repeat with rapture the fragments of Majnun's poetry, which have been handed down

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\* *Vide* Landor's 'Examination of William Shakspeare.'

by tradition from those old times (for he is said to have lived in the first century of the Mohammedan era); and his name and story are as far-famed in the east as that of Heloise and Abelard in the west.

The "sweet, glad, and sad\*" tale of the love of Laili and Majnun is the simplest in all Persian literature. Two children of the chiefs of two neighbouring tribes have been brought up together from childhood; and school friendship ripens gradually into love. The hours of mutual work and play twine memories round their young hearts, and weave webs of golden hopes over their future; and every day, as it passes over their heads, keeps adding to their store of what George Sand calls "*les immenses riens d'amour!*" Differences arise between their families, and they are parted; and, after many a stolen interview, their secret is discovered, and Majnun is forbidden to approach the tribe any more. Dark days gather over him; and the routine of life, which, with Laili, had seemed a round of happiness, appears without her an insupportable load of wearying minuteness and unbroken sameness. He leaves his home at last, and wanders disconsolate amongst the mountains of Nejd, gradually loses his reason, and forgets all intercourse with mankind. Many and pathetic are his adventures, which Hatifi describes, such as the visit of his friends to bring him back to society; the dialogue between him and his broken-hearted father; and, above all, his short interview with Laili, after her forced marriage with a neighbouring chief. All these are described with exquisite tenderness; and there is little of that extravagance which, more than anything else, has given to eastern poetry its bad name. He excels in those little touches of pathos which spring up, like wild flowers, from the dust of death, and shed a green living verdure over the harsh dry realities of sorrow. Thus, he says of Majnun, in his desert home—

"Many a tear fell from his eyes,  
And sleep fled away along with the tear."

And, again, he describes his father, when he returns, after his fruitless interview with him, as sitting down in his desolate hall to dream *that he never had a son!*

The following extract will give some idea of Hatifi's style; but, like all other beautiful things, it must be seen in its own native dress to be duly appreciated. Hatifi was a master of language; and the *curiosa felicitas* of Petronius, if ever it applied to any one, assuredly applied to him:—

\* Chancer.

“ On, on, in his woe poor Majnun went,  
 Until to a garden his steps he bent,  
 And he turned his eyes to that garden drear,\*  
 And he saw the poor old gardener there,  
 Who his axe had laid right manfully  
 At the foot of a green young cypress-tree.  
 Poor Majnun flies, with uplifted hands,  
 To the place where the poor old gardener stands,  
 And he cries with a look of sore dismay,  
 ‘ Oh take that cruel sharp axe away,  
 This cypress is fair, like mine own true love,  
 Oh, spare it, I pray, nor one branch remove !’  
 The old man paused at the hasty cry,  
 And he turned to the youth, and made reply :—  
 ‘ I have children three, aye children four,  
 Who tremble, like willows, in winter’s hour.  
 They are kept alive, for my health and stay,  
 With fire by night and the sun by day.  
 Not a cowrie on earth can I call my own;  
 Nought else but this cypress-tree alone.  
 And my children are cold, and for fire they cry,  
 And without this fuel my loved ones die.  
 Oh, if thou would’st have it, thou know’st my need,  
 Come give me its price, and ’tis thine indeed.’  
 With a joyful look, replied the youth,  
 ‘ Old man, it is well, and thy words are truth;  
 Thou see’st this bracelet that binds my wrist,  
 So carry it home if such thou list;’  
 And the gem, which a king would have worn with pride,  
 He unloosed from his hand and flung aside,  
 And, the ransom paid, the cypress tree  
 Towered up to heaven unharmed and free.”

Miss Costello has given us the meeting of the two lovers in the desert, which is the gem of the whole poem, and to her volume we must refer our readers for it. It is unrivalled in the whole round of Persian poetry for the simple, heart-felt pathos which pervades it; and if Hatifi had written nothing else, it would have given ample evidence of his genius. The conclusion of the tale can be easily imagined: Laili dies first, of a broken heart, and Majnun soon follows; winter shed its last snows over her fresh grave, and spring its first blossoms over Majnun’s.

Hatifi closes the series of Persia’s real poets: other names could be added, of his contemporaries and successors, but their merits stand far below. Khosru of Delhi, and Nani, have each left five long poems to an ungrateful posterity; Shahi gained

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\* It is represented as occurring in winter.



some little reputation by his odes; the Emir Khosru has written a million of verses; and Feizi and Senâi have occasional passages of much beauty; but their works are of a totally inferior class. Henceforth *artifice* takes the place of *art*, and nature is lost sight of altogether; elaborate conceits meet us instead of poetry, and obscure mysticism is the "*dignior hæres*" of Jeleleddin's sublimity.

In the seventeenth century, the continued despotism of a series of tyrants nearly extinguished all literature, and poetry vanished with the national spirit. The language became corrupted through the admixture of Turkish, which was the dialect of the court; and Persia's history and literature lose their interest together. More recent times appear to boast of some slight revival of taste; and Shajug, and Sheikh Mohammed Ali Hazin (translated by Belfour, 1830), and one or two others, may repay perusal, but the national soul is gone. The spirit which breathed through Firdusi, and Hafiz, and Jeleleddin, is no more, and its place is ill supplied by other attractions. A nation's literature, indeed, blossoms in its vigour but once; and though "there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease" (Job xiv.), it is not so with the intellect of man. When nationality, which is the sap, is dried up, leaves, blossoms and branches must die; and no spring revisits the fallen nation and reawakes it to vitality!

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ART. II.—*The Birds of Jamaica.* By Philip Henry Gosse; assisted by Richard Hill, Esq., of Spanish Town. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row, 1847.

IN a former Number of this Review we ventured to express our gratification that the repulsive aspect long presented by Natural History, in consequence of its time-honoured array of "hard names and crabbed systems," is gradually but surely yielding to the conviction that scientific truths need not necessarily be concealed behind the mystic veil of so-called scientific language. For a long series of years, those who wished to learn something more of the habits and properties of natural objects than their own opportunities for observation could supply, without the trouble of wading through the dry technicalities which met them at the very outset of their inquiries, were fain to content themselves with what they could glean from compilations, too often "got up," for sale, by parties who knew nothing or next to nothing of the subjects they were writing on; but, fortunately,

a better state of affairs has lately been developed; and we now see men of science, whose attainments do honor to themselves and to their country, cheerfully imparting their knowledge, and imparting it too in such a manner as to attract rather than to repel the less favoured votaries of science—those who, with every wish to acquire information, have neither the opportunity nor the leisure to prosecute their inquiries beyond the acquisition of a general knowledge of a given subject, but who, nevertheless, desire that the information they are able to obtain should be accurate, so far as it goes. To this end, the beautiful series of works on the Natural History of the British Isles, published by Mr. Van Voorst, has conduced in an eminent degree. Written by men who are thoroughly acquainted with their subject, and illustrated in the first style of pictorial embellishment, these works, by the popular manner in which the different branches of Natural History are treated, and by the accuracy and beauty of their illustrations, have perhaps done more to awaken and extend a love for Natural-History pursuits than any others which have ever issued from the press; and we would again hope that the volume relating to another part of the world, the title of which we have given above, is only the forerunner of others of a similar nature, which we are sure the reading public will fully appreciate as they deserve.

Those who have already made acquaintance with the author of the 'Canadian Naturalist,' will rejoice at again meeting him, and that upon new ground. His 'Birds of Jamaica' is a most delightful book, which no admirer of White, Wilson, Bonaparte, or Waterton, can possibly do without; since, in its charming bird-biographies, it is a worthy associate of the imperishable works of those eminent naturalists. Like them, Mr. Gosse has studied nature; he has made himself familiar with her varied moods; and while, in his 'Canadian Naturalist,'—

“ Rocks, trees, and stones he notes,  
Birds, insects, beasts, and other rural things,”

and faithfully describes their appearances as affected by the changing seasons of a northern clime; in his 'Birds of Jamaica' he confines himself to a single phase of animal life, but that a lovely one, as observed during a residence in one of our tropical possessions.

The number of birds described in the work before us is 128, including 21 species apparently new to science. In his descriptions of these birds, Mr. Gosse has judiciously kept in view the wishes of two distinct classes of readers, to both of whom must the present work prove most acceptable. The one class

delights only in such dry details as the number and disposition of the teeth of a quadruped; the number of rays supporting the fins of a fish; the length of the bill or of the tarsi of a bird; or the disposition of colours on the gorgeous wing of a butterfly: for these, anecdotes serving to elucidate the habits and mode of life of the members of the animal kingdom, possess, comparatively, but few attractions. The other class, again, decry such mere structural details, and content themselves with studying the habits of animals; and we scarcely need say that the latter class is by far the most numerous. For the use of the first-named class of readers, Mr. Gosse has given ample details of the structure and admeasurement of parts, in the form of foot-notes; while, for the second and more comprehensive class, the text presents a series of striking and life-like sketches of the habits of the birds described in his volume.

Naturalists, like authors, are an irritable race; and a most amusing book might be written on the subject of their quarrels. These quarrels are not at all times confined within the bounds of courtesy: the inquiry whether a fossil jaw-bone belonged to a monkey, an opossum, or a lizard; the opinion as to the antennæ of an insect being organs of hearing or of feeling; and the questions of the priority of discovery or the specific identity or distinctness of a plant; have occasionally elicited as many discreditable manifestations of angry feeling as were ever exhibited by the disputants upon a doubtful quantity in Homer, or the intent and meaning of the few remaining mutilated letters of some old-world inscription, which, like Mr. Pickwick's memorable discovery at Cobham, have, more than once, set together by the ears the whole world of letters. A lengthened controversy of this kind was carried on some years back with regard to the sense by which the vulture is enabled to distinguish its prey, while soaring at a great height in the air; one party contending that this was effected solely by sight, the other as pertinaciously affirming that smell alone was the faculty brought into action. The following quotation, from information furnished to Mr. Gosse by his friend, Mr. Hill, a resident in Jamaica, shows that both the contending parties were in the wrong,—since it is evident that the object of their contention makes use of both nose and eyes when seeking food.

“A poor German immigrant, who lived alone in a detached cottage in this town, rose from his bed, after a two days' confinement by fever, to purchase in the market some fresh meat for a little soup. Before he could do more than prepare the several ingredients of herbs and roots, and put his meat in water for the preparation of his pottage, the paroxysm of fever had returned, and he laid himself on his bed,

exhausted. Two days elapsed in this state of helplessness and inanition, by which time the mass of meat and potherbs had putrefied. The stench becoming very perceptible in the neighbourhood, vulture after vulture, as they sailed past, were observed always to descend to the cottage of the German, and to sweep round as if they had tracked some putrid carcase, but failed to find exactly where it was. This led the neighbours to apprehend that the poor man lay dead in his cottage, as no one had seen him for the two days last past. His door was broken open; he was found in a state of helpless feebleness; but the room was most insufferably offensive from something putrefying, which could not immediately be found; for the fever having deprived the German of his wits, he had no recollection of his uncooked mess of meat and herbs. No one imagining that the kitchen pot could contain anything offensive, search was made everywhere but in the right place. At last, the pot-lid was lifted, and the cause of the insupportable stench discovered in the corrupted soup-meat.

“Here we have the sense of smelling directing the vultures, without any assistance from the sense of sight, and discovering unerringly the locality of the putrid animal matter, when even the neighbours were at fault in their patient search.

“Some few days succeeding this occurrence, after a night and morning of heavy rain, in which our streets had been inundated to the depth of a foot, and flood after flood had been sweeping to the river the drainage of the whole town, a piece of recent offal had been brought down from some of the yards where an animal had been slaughtered, and lodged in the street. A vulture, beating about in search of food, dashed in a slanting direction from a considerable height, and, just resting, without closing his wings, snatched up the fresh piece of flesh and carried it off.

“Here was the sense of sight unassisted by that of smelling, for the meat was too recent to communicate any taint to the morning air, and the vulture stooped to it from a very far distance.

“On another occasion, very near to the time when these facts attracted my notice, a dead rat had been thrown out, early in the morning, into the street, having been caught in the previous night. Two vultures sailing over head in quest of a morning meal descended at the same time, stooping to the dead rat, the one from the south the other from the north, and both seized the object of attraction at the same moment.

“Here again was the vision, unaided by the sensitiveness of the nostrils, directing *two* birds, with the same appetite, at the same moment, to the same object.

“For the next example I am indebted to the records of a police court. A clerk in the engineer department at Up-park Camp, brought before the magistrates of St. Andrew’s, on the 20th of January, 1840, a man who had been beset in the night by the dogs of the barracks. The poultry yard had been repeatedly robbed; and this person was supposed to have been prowling after the roost-fowls at the time the

dogs rose upon him. This case had been heard, and the man committed to the house of correction, when a complaint was presented against another man, whom Major G., also of the camp, had detected under similar circumstances, and lodged in the guard house. Two days after his detection, the Major observed some carrion vultures hovering about a spot in the fields, and on sending to see what was the matter, a Kilmarnock cap, containing a dead fowl, and some eggs, tied up in a pair of old trowsers, was found very near to the spot where the prisoner was caught. This discovery, by the aid of the vultures, confirming the suspicion against the prisoner, he was condemned.

"The last instance that I shall relate is one in which the senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling were all exercised, but not under the influence of the usual appetite for carrion food, but where the object was a living, though wounded animal.

"A person in the neighbourhood of the town, having his pastures much trespassed on by vagrant hogs, resorted to his gun to rid himself of the annoyance. A pig, which had been mortally wounded, and had run squealing and trailing his blood through the grass, had not gone far before it fell in the agonies of death. At the moment the animal was perceived to be unable to rise, three vultures, at the same instant, descended upon it, attracted no doubt by the cries of the dying pig, and by the scent of its reeking blood; and while it was yet struggling for life, began to tear open its wounds, and devour it."—p. 2.

The minute details relating to structure, previously spoken of, form an essential portion of natural science; but such details only afford a means to enable the naturalist to attain a higher end, and they can never compensate for the absence of what may be termed the private history of an animal, derived from a personal acquaintance with its habits, and such an intimate knowledge of its manners of life as can only be gained by a residence in the scenes frequented by the objects of our study. The importance of observation, in correcting erroneous inferences drawn from mere structural peculiarities, is well illustrated by an extract, which shows that even the great Cuvier was sometimes at fault, when trusting too implicitly to theoretical considerations.

"The statement of Cuvier, that 'the proportions of the *Nyctibius* completely disqualify it from rising from a level surface,' I saw disproved; for notwithstanding the shortness of the tarsi, (and it is, indeed, extreme), my bird repeatedly alighted on, and rose from, the floor, without effort. When resting on the floor, the wings were usually spread; when perching, they about reached the tip of the tail. If I may judge of the habits of the Potoo from what little I have observed of it when at liberty, and from the manners of my captive specimen, I presume that, notwithstanding the powerful wings, it flies

but little; but that, sitting on some post of observation, it watches there till some crepuscular beetle wings by, on which it sallies out, and having captured it with its cavernous and viscid mouth, returns immediately to its station. Mr. Swainson appears to consider that the stiff bristles, with which many *Caprimulgidæ* are armed, have a manifest relation to the size and power of their prey, beetles and large moths, while these appendages are not needed in the swallows, their prey consisting of 'little soft insects.'—(*Class. Birds*). But here is a species whose prey is the hardest and most rigid beetles, of large size, and often set with formidable horns, which has no true rictal bristles at all!"—p. 45.

The next illustration is very interesting, confirmatory as it is of a conjecture, the result of observation, hazarded by one who modestly styled himself a mere "out-door naturalist."

"White's conjecture of the purpose to which the serrated toe of the Nightjar is applied, namely, the better holding of the prey which it takes with its foot while flying, would have been more than rendered highly probable by an inspection of the foot of the *Nyctibius*. The inner front toe and the back toe are spread out by the great extension of the enveloping flesh of the phalanges, to such a breadth as to give the foot the character and form of a hand; while the movement of these prehensile organs is so adjusted that the back toe and the three front toes, pressed flat against one another, can enclose anything as effectually as the palms of the hands. The [claw of the] middle toe, which is serrated in the *Caprimulgus*, is simply dilated in the *Nyctibius*, a peculiarity also of the swallows. Whatever deficiency of prehension this may give it, when compared to the power of the serrated nail of the *Caprimulgus*, is amply compensated for in the *Nyctibius* by the palm-like character of the foot, by the extraordinary expansion of the toes, and by the quantity of membrane connecting them together. All this would be a mere waste of power if it did not perform some function like that which White assigned to the foot of the Nightjar."—p. 48.

Mr. Gosse gives a pleasing account of the manner of nidification of a beautiful little swallow, described as a new species under the name of Palm-swift (*Tachornis phenicobia*), which builds its nest in the large sheath enveloping the organs of fructification in the cocoa-nut palm.

"I observed several small swallows flying above some cocoa-nut palms; they uttered, as they flew, a continued twittering warble, shrill but sweet, which attracted my attention. I commenced a careful search with my eye of the under surface of the fronds and spadices of one, and at length discerned some masses of cotton projecting from some of the spathes, which I concluded to be their nests. This conjecture proved correct; for presently I discovered a bird clinging to one of these masses, which I shot, and found to be this white-rumped swift.

On my lad's attempt to climb the tree, eight or ten birds flew in succession from various parts, where they had been concealed before. The tree, however, was too smooth to be climbed, and as we watched beneath for the birds to return, one and another came, but charily, and entered their respective nests. Although several other cocoa-nuts were close by, I could not discern that any one of them was tenanted but this, and this so numerously, whence I inferred the social disposition of the bird. At some distance we found another tree, at the foot of which lay the dried fronds, spadices, and spathes, which had been, in the course of growth, thrown off; and in these were many nests. They were formed chiefly in the hollow spathes, and were placed in a series of three or four in a spathe, one above another, and agglutinated together, but with a kind of gallery along the side communicating with each. The material seemed only feathers and silk-cotton (the down of the *Bombax*); the former very largely used, the most downy placed within, the cotton principally without; the whole felted closely, and cemented together by some slimy fluid, now dry, probably the saliva. With this they were glued to the spathe, and that so strongly, that in tearing one out it brought away the integument of the spathe. The walls of the nests, though for the most part only about a quarter of an inch thick, were felted so strongly as to be tenacious almost as cloth. Some were placed within those spathes that yet contained the spadices; and in this case the various footstalks of the fruit were enclosed in a large mass of the materials, the walls being greatly thickened. All the nests were evidently old ones, for the *Bombax* had not yet perfected its cotton; and hence I infer that these birds continue from year to year to occupy the same nests, until they are thrown off by the growth of the tree. The entrance to the nests, which were sub-globular, was near the bottom."—p. 60.

Two months later, the same birds were observed in another locality, where, perhaps from the absence of the cocoa-nut palm, they were constructing their nests on a quite different plan, illustrating the facility with which the habits of animals are occasionally modified so as to adapt them to the varied circumstances in which they may be placed.

Near the middle of May, my servant Sam, being engaged at Cul-loden, in Westmoreland parish, cutting the fronds of the palmetto (*Chamærops*) for thatching, found these little birds nestling in abundance, and procured for me many nests of the present season. Their recent construction, and perhaps the diversity of their situation—for instead of the hollow of a spathe these were attached to the plaited surface of the fronds,—gave them a different appearance from the former specimens. Many of these I have now in my possession. They have a singularly hairy appearance, being composed almost exclusively of the flax-like cotton of the *Bombax*, and when separated, are not unlike a doll's wig. They are in the form of those watch-fobs which are hung at beds' heads, the backs being firmly glued by saliva to the

under surface of the fronds, the impressions of the plaits of which are conspicuous on the nests when separated. The thickness is slight in the upper part, but in the lower it is much increased, the depth of the cup descending very little below the opening. The cotton is cemented firmly together as in the case of the others, but externally it is allowed to hang in filamentous locks, having a woolly, but not altogether a ragged appearance. A few feathers are intermixed, but only singly, and not in any part specially. One specimen is double, two nests having been constructed so close side by side, that there is but a partition wall between them. Many nests had eggs, but in throwing down the fronds all were broken but one, which I now have. It is pure white, unspotted, larger at one end, measuring thirteen-twentieths of an inch by nine-twentieths. The average dimensions of the nests were about 5 inches high, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  wide."—p. 62.

A very common bird in Jamaica, the Green Tody (*Todus viridis*) has received the name of Robin red-breast, from his crimson velvet gorget; he is a general favorite. This bird is easily domesticated, and the manners of one, kept for a short time by the author, are thus described:—

"One captured with a net in April, on being turned into a room, began immediately to catch flies and other minute insects that flitted about, particularly little destructive Tineadæ that infested my dried birds. At this employment he continued incessantly, and most successfully, all that evening, and all the next day from earliest dawn till dusk. He would sit on the edge of the tables, on the lines, on shelves, or on the floor, ever glancing about, now and then flitting up into the air, when the snap of his beak announced a capture, and he returned to some station to eat it. He would peep into the lowest and darkest corners, even under the tables, for the little globose, long-legged spiders, which he would drag from their webs and swallow. He sought these also about the ceiling and walls, and found very many. I have said that he continued at this employment all day without intermission, and, though I took no account, I judged that, on an average, he made a capture per minute. We may thus form some idea of the immense number of insects destroyed by these and similar birds; bearing in mind that this was in a room, where the human eye scarcely recognized a dozen insects altogether; and that in the free air insects would doubtless be much more numerous. Water in a basin was in the room, but I did not see him drink, though occasionally he perched on the brim; and when I inserted his beak into the water he would not drink. Though so actively engaged in his own occupation, he cared nothing for the presence of man; he sometimes alighted voluntarily on our heads, shoulders, or fingers; and when sitting would permit me at any time to put my hand over him and take him up; though when in the hand he would struggle to get out. He seemed likely to thrive, but incautiously settling in front of a dove-cage, a surly baldpate poked his



head through the wires, and with his beak aimed a cruel blow at the pretty green head of the unoffending and unsuspecting Tody. He appeared not to mind it at first, but did not again fly, and about an hour afterward, on my taking him into my hand, and throwing him up, he could only flutter to the ground, and on laying him on the table, he stretched out his little feet, shivered, and died."—p. 74.

Nothing can be more spirited than the author's accounts of the lovely humming-birds, known to the majority of English naturalists only from descriptions and figures, or at most from the preserved specimens met with in cabinets, or, as ornaments, carefully guarded from dust under glasses. Such figures and specimens, however well executed or well prepared, cannot possibly afford more than a very faint idea of the ever-changing beauty and splendour of these winged gems, which Mr. Gosse introduces to us in all their living loveliness; painting, as vividly as words can paint, their domestic habits, their wars—for, lovely as they are, these tiny fellows are much more pugnacious than even our own jealous and quarrelsome Robin red-breast—their mode of building, and, unfortunately for all his attempts at domestication, what may be termed their death-bed scenes also. For so impatient of confinement are the humming-birds, that none of those which he captured and kept under the most favorable circumstances, survived longer than a few days.

The following extract relates to "the gem of Jamaican Ornithology," the long-tailed humming-bird (*Trochilus Polytmus*).

"While I lingered in the romantic place, picking up some of the land shells which were scattered among the rocks, suddenly I heard the whirr of a humming bird, and, looking up, saw a female *Polytmus* hovering opposite the nest, with a mass of silk cotton in her beak. Deterred by the sight of me, she presently retired to a twig, a few paces distant, on which she sat. I immediately sunk down among the rocks as quietly as possible, and remained perfectly still. In a few seconds she came again, and after hovering a moment disappeared behind one of the projections, whence in a few seconds she emerged again and flew off. I then examined the place, and found to my delight a new nest, in all respects like the old one, but unfinished, affixed to another twig not a yard from it. I again sat down among the stones in front, where I could see the nest, not concealing myself, but remaining motionless, waiting for the *petite* bird's reappearance. I had not to wait long: a loud *whirr*, and there she was, suspended in the air before her nest: she soon espied me, and came within a foot of my eyes, hovering just in front of my face. I remained still, however, when I heard the whirring of another just above me, perhaps the male, but I durst not look towards him lest the turning of my head should frighten the female. In a minute or two the other was gone, and she alighted again on the twig, where she sat some

little time preening her feathers, and apparently clearing her mouth from the cotton fibres, for she now and then swiftly projected the tongue an inch and a half from the beak, continuing the same curve as that of the beak. When she arose it was to perform a very interesting action ; for she flew to the face of the rock, which was thickly clothed with soft dry moss, and hovering on the wing, as if before a flower, began to pluck the moss, until she had a large bunch of it in her beak ; then I saw her fly to the nest, and *having seated herself in it*, proceed to place the new material, pressing, and arranging, and interweaving the whole with her beak, while she fashioned the cup-like form of the interior by the pressure of her white breast, moving round and round as she sat. My presence appeared to be no hindrance to her proceedings, though only a few feet distant ; at length she left again, and I left the place also. On the 8th of April I visited the cave again, and found the nest perfected, and containing two eggs, which were not hatched on the 1st of May, on which day I sent Sam to endeavour to secure both dam and nest. He found her sitting, and had no difficulty in capturing her, and, with the nest and its contents, he carefully brought down to me. I transferred it, having broken one egg by accident, to a cage, and put in the bird ; she was mopish, however, and quite neglected the nest, as she did also some flowers which I inserted ; sitting moodily on a perch. The next morning she was dead.”—p. 103.

The author was particularly anxious to bring alive to England some of these “radiant creatures;” and though his earliest endeavours to keep them alive for any length of time, even if they survived their capture, proved entirely fruitless, yet his attempts were valuable, as giving him a fuller insight into the manners of the humming-birds than, perhaps, he would otherwise have obtained. The following account, though long, is exceedingly interesting.

“At my first attempt, in the spring of 1845, I transferred such as I succeeded in bringing alive, to cages immediately on their arrival at the house, and though they did not beat themselves, they soon sunk under the confinement. Suddenly they would fall to the floor of the cage, and lie motionless with closed eyes ; if taken into the hand, they would perhaps seem to revive for a few moments ; then throw back the pretty head, or toss it to and fro, as if in great suffering, expand the wings, open the eyes, slightly puff up the feathers of the breast, and die, usually without any convulsive struggle. This was the fate of my first attempts.

“In the autumn, however, they began to be numerous again upon the mountain, and having, on the 13th of November, captured two young males, sucking the pretty pink flowers of *Urena lobata*, I brought them home in a covered basket. The tail feathers of the one were undeveloped, those of the other half their full length. I did not cage

them, but turned them out into the open room, in which the daily work of preparing specimens was carried on, having first secured the doors and windows. They were lively but not wild; playful towards each other, and tame with respect to myself, sitting unrestrained for several seconds at a time on my finger. I collected a few flowers and placed them in a vase on a high shelf, and to these they resorted immediately. But I soon found that they paid attention to none but *Asclepias curassavica*, and slightly to a large *Ipomea*. On this I again went out, and gathered a large bunch of *Asclepias*, and was pleased to observe, that on the moment of my entering the room, one flew to the nosegay and sucked while I held it in my hand. The other soon followed, and then both these lovely creatures were buzzing together within an inch of my face, probing the flowers so eagerly as to allow their bodies to be touched without alarm. These flowers being placed in another glass, they visited each bouquet in turn, now and then flying after each other playfully through the room, or alighting on various objects. Though occasionally they flew against the window, they did not flutter and beat themselves at it, but seemed well content with their parole. As they flew, I repeatedly heard them snap the beak, at which times they doubtless caught minute flies. After some time, one of them suddenly sunk down in one corner, and on being taken up seemed dying: it had perhaps struck itself in flying. It lingered awhile, and died. The other continued his vivacity; perceiving that he had exhausted the flowers, I prepared a tube, made of the barrel of a goose-quill, which I inserted into the cork of a bottle, to secure its steadiness and upright position, and filled with juice of sugar-cane. I then took a large *Ipomea*, and having cut off the bottom, I slipped the flower over the tube, so that the quill took the place of the nectary of the flower. The bird flew to it in a moment, clung to the bottle rim, and bringing his beak perpendicular, thrust it into the tube. It was at once evident that the repast was agreeable, for he continued pumping for several seconds, and on his flying off I found the quill emptied. As he had torn off the flower in his eagerness for more, and even followed the fragments of the corolla, as they lay on the table, to search them, I refilled the quill and put a blossom of the Marvel of Peru into it, so that the flower expanded over the top. The little toper found it again, and after drinking freely, withdrew his beak, but the blossom was adhering to it as a sheath. This incumbrance he presently got rid of, and then (which was most interesting to me) he returned immediately, and inserting his beak into the bare quill, finished the contents. It was amusing to see the odd position of his head and body as he clung to the bottle with his beak inserted perpendicularly into the cork. Several times in the course of the evening he had recourse to his new fountain, which was as often replenished for him, and at length, about sunset, betook himself to a line stretched across the room for repose. He slept as they all do, with the head not behind the wing, but slightly drawn back upon the shoulders, and in figure reminded me of Mr. Gould's beautiful plate

of *Trogon resplendens*, in miniature. In the morning I found him active before sunrise, already having visited his quill of syrup, which he emptied a second time. After some hours, he flew through a door which I had incautiously left open, and darting through the window of the next room, escaped, to my no small chagrin.”—p. 113.

Notwithstanding their minuteness, however, the humming birds seem to possess some spirit; for under the head of the Green Bittern, Mr. Gosse says—

“The flight of all the herons is flagging and laborious. I have been amused to see a humming-bird chasing a heron; the minuteness and arrowy swiftness of the one contrasting strangely with the expanse of wing and unwieldy motion of the other. The little aggressor appears to restrain his powers in order to annoy his adversary, dodging around him and pecking at him, like one of the small frigates of Drake or Frobisher peppering one of the unwieldy galleons of the ill-fated Armada.”—p. 342.

The mocking bird is one of the commonest birds in Jamaica, and his reputed power of imitating the voices of other birds, as described by Wilson, and other writers, is amply confirmed by Mr. Gosse, who says he has often been disappointed, when, after creeping to a spot whence he supposed the voice of some new bird to issue, he has found the sound to proceed from the familiar mocking bird.

“It is in the stillness of the night, when, like his European namesake [the nightingale], he delights—

‘With wakeful melody to cheer  
The livelong hours,’

that the song of this bird is heard to advantage. Sometimes, when, desirous of watching the first flight of *Urania Sloaneus*, I have ascended the mountains before break of day, I have been charmed by the rich gushes and bursts of melody proceeding from this most sweet songster, as he stood on tiptoe on the topmost twig of some sour-sop or orange tree, in the rays of the bright moonlight. Now he is answered by another, and now another joins the chorus from the trees around, till the woods and savannahs are ringing with the delightful sounds of exquisite and innocent joy. Nor is the season of song confined, as in many birds, to that period when courtship and incubation call forth the affections and sympathies of the sexes towards each other. The mocking-bird is vocal at all seasons; and it is probably owing to his permanency of song, as well as to his incomparable variety, that the savannas and lowland groves of Jamaica are almost always alive with melody, though our singing birds are so few.”—p. 145.

An interesting account of the manners of this sweet songster, when the young have made their appearance, is contained in the following passage :—

“When young are in possession, their presence is no secret; for an unpleasant sound, half hissing, half whistling, is all day long issuing from their unfledged throats: delightful efforts, I dare say, to the fond parents. At this time the old birds are watchful and courageous. If an intruding boy or naturalist approaches their family, they hop from twig to twig, looking on with outstretched neck, in mute but evident solicitude; but any winged visitant, though ever so unconscious of evil intent, and though ever so large, is driven away with fearless pertinacity. The saucy Ani and Tinkling instantly yield the sacred neighbourhood, the brave mocking-bird pursuing a group of three or four, even to several hundred yards distance; and even the John-crow, if he sail near the tree, is instantly attacked and driven from the scene. But the hogs are the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evenings; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange trees, to wait for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins to peck the hog with all his might: Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it; the poor bird gets into an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again, but only increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give up the effort in despair.”—p. 147.

Mr. Gosse observed the Tinkling Grackle, or Barbadoes black-bird, feeding her young with the produce of a kind office performed to the grazing cattle. This, he says, “is one of the first birds which a stranger notices: his conspicuous size and glossy plumage—his familiar, business-like manners—and his very peculiar, metallic cry—at once attract attention.”

“Like the Ani, the Tinkling feeds on the parasites of cattle. Walking among them, and mounting on their backs, they pick off the ticks that so sadly infest the poor beasts, who, as if appreciating the service, offer not the slightest molestation to their kind friends. I one day observed a Tinkling thus engaged in feeding her offspring. It was in the picturesque pasture of Peter’s Vale, where kine were numerous. Beneath the grateful shade of a spreading mango, in the heat of the day, a cow was peacefully ruminating; at her feet was the old Tinkling, walking round, and looking up at her with an intelligent eye. Presently, she espied a tick upon the cow’s belly, and, leaping up, seized it in her beak; then marching to her sable offspring, who stood looking on a few yards off, she proceeded to deliver the savoury morsel into the throat of her son, who had gaped to the utmost stretch of his throat in eager expectation, even before his mother was near him. This done, she returned, and, again walking round, scrutinized the animal’s body, but, discovering nothing more, flew up on the cow’s back, and commenced an investigation, there. Just at this moment something alarmed her, and both mother and

son flew to a distant tree. It was at the same time, and in the same pasture, that I observed a number of these birds collected in a large bastard cedar, that overhung a shallow pool, to which one and another were continually descending, and bathing with great apparent enjoyment; after which each flew to a sunny part of the tree, and fluttered and ruffled its plumage, that it might dry smoothly and equally."—p. 219.

The evening parties of these birds returning to their roosting places, upon some cocoa-nut palms, must have been an amusing sight.

"The taking of places was attended with much squabbling; the alighting of each new-comer on a frond causing it to swing, so as greatly to discompose the sitters already in possession, and throw them off their balance; and hence each was received by his fellows with open beaks and raised wings, to prevent his landing. Still, many thrust themselves in among others, pecking right and left in self-defence. The highest horizontal fronds were most in demand, and many of these had, at the close, as many as ten or twelve birds each, sitting side by side in a sable row. When once the birds had left the cotton tree, and selected their places on the palms, they did not return; but places were shifted continually. During the whole time their singular voices were in full cry, and could be heard at a great distance; some idea may be formed of the effect of the whole by imagining two or three hundred small table bells, of varying tones, to be rung at the same time. By half an hour after sunset, the arrivals had pretty well ceased, and most of the birds were quietly settled for the night. I visited them on one or two subsequent evenings, but found no material difference in their proceedings."—p. 223.

An interesting memorandum upon the manners of the Blue Quilt at the building season, is communicated by Mr. Hill.

"*February 5th, 1838.*—Near the piazza of my house a cotton-bush has flung out its knots of white filaments. Hither come the birds at this season, to gather materials for constructing their nests. The blue sparrow, a pretty little frugivorous bird, that sings in our fruit-trees all the year round its merry twittering song, has been busily engaged with his mate collecting bills-full of cotton. It did not seem to be a thing immediately settled that they should set to work and gather their materials at once. They had alighted on the tree as if they had very unexpectedly found what they were seeking. The male began to twitter a song of joy, dancing and jumping about, and the female intermingling every now and then a chirp, frisked from stem to stem, and did very little more than survey the riches of the tree: at least she plucked now and then a bill-full of the filaments, and spreading it to flaunt to the wind tossed it away, as if she had been

merely showing that it every way answered the purpose in length and softness, and was in every respect the thing they wanted. At each of these displays of the kind and quality of the materials, the male intermingled his twittering song with a hoarse succession of notes, which were always the same, *chu, chu, chu, chu, chevit*, to which the female chirped two or three times in succession, then grasping another bill-full of cotton, tossed it away as before, and obtained from the male the same notes of attention and approval. At last they set to work in earnest, gathered a load of the materials drawn out as loosely as they could get it, and filling their bills, started away to the tree, wherever it was, in which they had determined to build their nest."—p. 241.

Under the head of the Yellow-faced Grass-quit, Mr. Gosse gives us this charming picture of scenery in Jamaica:—

"Immediately behind the homestead of Bluefields, a lane, confined for a mile or two between dry-stone walls, leads to the road, which winds in a zig-zag line to the top of the Bluefields ridge. This lane possesses many attractions:—By the wall on each side grow trees, which afford grateful shade, and many of them load the evening air with dewy fragrance. Orange-trees profusely planted, give out, in spring, gushes of odour from their waxen blossoms, and in autumn tempt the eye with their golden fruitage. The Pride of China, lovely in its graceful leaves and spikes of lilac blossoms, and not less sweet-scented than the orange,—the pimento, dense and glossy, with another, but not inferior, character of beauty,—are varied by the less showy, but still valuable, cedar and guazuma. The various species of *Echites* trail their slender stems and open their brilliant flowers along the top of the wall, and the pretty *Banisteria* displays its singular yellow blossoms, or scarlet berries at its foot, while, near the top of the lane, tangled and matted masses of the *night-blowing Cereus* depend from the trees, or sprawl over the walls, expanding their magnificent, sun-like flowers, only to 'the noon of night.' Here and there huge black nests of *Ternites* look like barrels built into the walls, whose loose stones, grey with exposure, and discoloured with many-tinted lichens, afford a sombre relief to the numerous large-leaved *Arums* that climb and cluster above them. To the left the mountain towers, dark and frowning; the view on the right is bounded by a row of little rounded hills, studded with trees and clumps of pimento. But between the traveller and either, extend the fields of guinea-grass, which are enclosed by these boundary walls. In the autumn, when the grass is grown tall, and the panicles of seed waving in the wind give it a hoary surface, the little Grass-quits, both of this and the following species, throng hither in numerous flocks, and perching in rows on the slender stalks, weigh them down, while they rifle them of the farinaceous seeds."—p. 249.

Some of the parroquets seem to prefer saving themselves

trouble, when they can manage it, by selecting localities for their nests previously partially prepared for their use. The yellow-bellied species makes choice of the large earthy nests of a species of Termites; the yellow-billed and the black-billed build in holes in lofty trees, a hollow bread-nut being often chosen, "and often the capacious and comfortable cavity chiselled out by the woodpecker." The yellow-bellied bird is not, however, always secure in its citadel, as will be seen from the following rather amusing anecdote:—

"But the precaution of the poor bird in selecting a locality, and her perseverance in burrowing into so solid a structure, are not sufficient to ensure her safety or that of her young. The aperture by which she herself enters and departs, affords also a ready entrance to a subtle and voracious enemy, the yellow boa. A young friend of mine once observing a parroquet enter into a hole in a large duck-ant's nest, situated on a bastard cedar, mounted to take her eggs or young. Arrived at the place, he cautiously inserted his hand, which presently came in contact with something smooth and soft. He guessed it might be the callow young; but hesitating to trust it, he descended, and proceeded to cut a stick, keeping his eye on the orifice, from which the old bird had not yet flown. Having again mounted, he thrust in the stick, and forced off the whole upper part of the structure, disclosing, to his utter discomfiture and terror, an enormous yellow snake, about whose jaws the feathers of the swallowed parroquet were still adhering, while more of her plumage scattered in the nest revealed her unhappy fate. The serpent instantly darted down the tree, and the astonished youth, certainly not *less* terrified, also descended with precipitation, and ran, as if for life, from the scene." —p. 264.

Among the drawbacks to the pleasure of studying nature in Jamaica, as well as in many other equally rich localities, are the mosquitoes. Under the Ring-tailed Pigeon is given a sketch of the mountain haunts frequented by that bird, to which, as well as to the naturalist, the mosquitoes seem to be a terrible annoyance. This gives occasion to mention an instance of a species of knowledge acquired by the bird, which, however, in enabling him to escape one danger, subjects him to a greater.

"It is the presence of these most annoying insects [the mosquitoes] which affords an opportunity of obtaining the highly-prized ring-tail. This bird appears to suffer more from their stings than others, or else its superior sagacity has taught it a resource of which others are ignorant or unwilling to avail themselves. It is aware that these little insect pests cannot abide smoke; and wherever the blue clouds curl gracefully through the tall trees from the woodman's fire, the ring-



tail is said to resort thither, if within the neighbourhood, and solace itself with a temporary suspension of insect assaults. But, alas! it is only to expose itself to a more fatal peril, for the negro sportsmen have marked the habit, and fail not to take advantage of it. Whenever they have noticed the birds feeding on the berries of any particular tree, they take an early opportunity of kindling a fire beneath it, near which they conceal themselves, so as to watch the tree. The birds begin to arrive, and are shot down by the fowler one after another,—the repeated flashes and reports, and the falls of their companions, driving the survivors away for a few moments only from the attractive spot, to which they again and again return, till the gunner's ambition is satisfied."—p. 292.

The stratagems made use of by our common plovers to draw away attention from their nests are well known; a mode of escaping observation similar to that recorded by White of the young curlews was exhibited by a Kildeer Plover kept by Mr. Gosse.

"One which was shot, and wounded in the wing, I introduced to the doves, in a large packing-case, the front of which was removed and replaced by gauze. Immediately on being put in it began vigorously charging at the gauze, as if it had no idea of any impediment there, running backward a little way, and then dashing at it; and this without an instant's intermission, now and then leaping up, and uttering its wild cry. For a few minutes its impetuous motions seemed to stupify all the doves, who gazed in astonishment; but presently a young bald-pate, who occupied one of the front corners, a very cross and surly fellow, began to peck and beat the little plover, driving him about the cage without mercy. I had been struck, at the first entry of the bird, with its remarkable height, owing to the length of the tarsi, and the upright, bold attitude in which it stood. At length, to escape the persecutions of the bald-pate, it suddenly squatted down in one of the back corners, bringing the tarsi flat on the ground, and the tibiae on them, so that I was now struck with its flatness and closeness to the ground; and I saw how it is, that we so often hear their cry very near, when we can see no trace of them, and often suddenly lose sight of them when watching them running. I feel assured, that this squatting is the bird's natural resource for concealment; for on being alarmed suddenly, its first impulse is to bend partially the heel, bringing the body nearer the ground; if the danger appear to increase, it brings the tarsi flat, the tibiae still being inclined; the body seems now in contact with the ground; but a greater terror brings it still lower, so that it really appears as if half sunk in the earth; and now no advance of the danger affects it, if there be no opening to run; it lies quite passive; its resource is exhausted.

"My captive lay thus unmoved for awhile, though the restless pea-doves, in running from side to side, walked over it, trampling it

under foot at every turn. When it did get up, however, and came to the front, it was again instantly assaulted by the bald-pate, who struck it with his wing, and seized its beak with his own, and pinched it. Pitying it under these inflictions, I took it out, and allowed it to run about the room. Its actions now became quite entertaining; it ran backward and forward with surprising fleetness, but not being used to the smoothness of board, though the floor was not at all polished, and wanting the support of the back toe, its speed was continually causing it to slip, the feet sliding forward, so as to bring the bird down upon its tail. Now and then it would stop, and make repeated efforts to jump over the skirting-board, which being black, and the wall white, I suppose it mistook the latter for empty space. While doing this, it ever and anon emitted its loud pipe, with startling shrillness. Having run into a corner, it allowed me to take it up in my hand without fluttering. When it stood, it jerked its head up and down. It was exceedingly active, when not lying close for concealment it was not still a moment; besides the flirting of the head and tail, a tremulous motion pervaded the body, so that it seemed to be shivering. When about to take a single step, this was manifested in an odd manner, the foot touching the ground three or four times before it was put down. When it had become more at home, it devoured earth-worms greedily, and would pick minute shells and *Eutomostraca* from a saucer of water, in which was a root of water-cress. In the cage, it delighted to stand in its water saucer, but when loose, the saucer being placed in one corner, it would run rapidly in and out, now and then stopping to pick up the contents."—p. 331.

Mr. Gosse's account of the graceful Sultana, walking upon the water-weeds, is particularly interesting, and reminds us of some of the Egyptian illustrations we have somewhere seen.

"I was struck with the remarkable elegance of one that I saw by the road-side, about midway between Savanna-le-Mar and Bluefields. It was at one of those pieces of dark water called blue-holes, reputed to be unfathomable. The surface was covered with the leaves and tangled stems of various water-plants, and on these the Sultana was walking, supported by its breadth of foot, so that the leaves on which it trod sank only an inch or two, notwithstanding that the bird, according to its usual manner, moved with great deliberation, frequently standing still, and looking leisurely on either side. As it walked over to where the water was less encumbered, it became more immersed, until it seemed to be swimming, yet even then, from the motion of its legs, it was evidently walking, either on the bottom, or on the yielding plants. At the margin of the pool it stood some time, in a dark nook overhung by bushes, where its green and purple hues were finely thrown out by the dark back-ground. I could not help thinking what a beautiful addition it would make to an ornamental water in an English park; and the more so, because its confiding tameness

allows of approach sufficiently near to admire its brilliancy. Nor are its motions void of elegance, the constant jerking of its pied tail is perhaps rather singular than admirable, but the bridding of its curved and lengthened neck, and the lifting of its feet are certainly graceful."—p. 378.

Another instance in which a great systematist was at fault is given under the Roseate Stilt. Cuvier states that "walking is painful to this bird," which, as Mr. Gosse remarks, "is as contrary to fact as to reason." One example seen by the author "was walking in the shallow firmly enough; and even when shot in one leg, so as to break it, it stood for some time on the other in a firm erect attitude, the broken limb being held up and dangling." Wilson's strange statement that the leg-bones of this bird "are as limber as a leathern thong, and that they can be bent up without being broken," is corrected both by Mr. Hill and the author. It was seldom, we believe, that Wilson committed such blunders; and we cannot help suspecting some undetected error of transcription or of the press connected with the '*Birds of America*.'

Mr. Gosse gives a spirited description of the habits of the pelican, in the following extract:—

"It is a pleasant sight to see a flock of pelicans fishing. A dozen or more are flying, on heavy, flagging wing, over the sea, the long neck doubled on the back, so that the beak seems to protrude from the breast. Suddenly, a little ruffling of the water arrests their attention; and, with wings half-closed, down each plunges with a resounding plash, and in an instant emerges to the surface with a fish. The beak is held aloft, a snap or two is made, the huge pouch is seen for a moment distended, then collapses as before; and heavily the bird rises to wing, and again beats over the surface with its fellows. It is worthy of observation that the pelican invariably performs a somerset under the surface; for descending, as he always does, diagonally, not perpendicularly, the head emerges looking in the opposite direction to that in which it was looking before. When the morning appetite is sated, they sit calmly on the heaving surface, looking much like a miniature fleet.

"In the evening, as I have stated, we see them pursuing their laborious course to repose. Standing at the door of Bluefields, which, from a slight elevation, commands a wide prospect of the beautiful bay, I have often watched in the evening, while the sun, sinking among his gilded piles and peaks of cloud on the horizon-sea, leaves the air refreshingly cool and balmy, while the dying sea-breeze scarcely avails to break the glassy reflection of the surface,—the straggling flocks of pelicans, from a dozen to forty or fifty, passing slowly along over the shore. On such occasions, they manifest a

decided tendency to form long continuous strings, like ducks. When the flocks are beating for fish, or sailing round and round on the watch, there is no such arrangement, but all circle in a confusion equal to that of the planets of the Ptolemaic system. Yet at any time of the day, in taking a lengthened flight, whether shifting their locality, or slowly sweeping over the sea, they usually take a lineal order.

"In flying thus in lines, I have been struck with the unity which they manifest in their motions: the flight is performed by alternate intervals of heavy flappings, and sailing on outstretched motionless wing; and the resumption or suspension of the one or the other state is regulated by the leading bird of the line. For example, the first begins to flap; in an instant the second begins, then the third, then the fourth, and so on, with perfect regularity of succession; and neither ceases till the first does, and then only each in his own turn. That this does not depend on the period of each motion being constant, is shown by the fact, that the duration of either state is very varying and arbitrary. If a bird be following the same course, near at hand, but not within the line, he does not regard the succession at all, but governs his own motion.

"The pelican, on alighting on the water to swim, brings his feet, which before had been stretched out behind, into a standing position, and, as it were *slides along the surface* for several yards before he swims."—p. 410.

Many instances are upon record of the sympathy shown by birds for their companions when in distress or difficulty. Mr. Gosse, on the authority of his friend, Mr. Hill, adds the following display of affectionate attention on the part of a bird whose stupidity is proverbial: from the introductory observations it would appear not to be a solitary example of a feeling which, from the character usually attached to this bird, he would hardly have the credit of possessing.

"The sympathy shown by gregarious birds for their wounded companions is usually never more strongly manifested than in the boobies. In the wanton sport of shooting at them, when sailing past the kays and islets they resort to, there are few who have not witnessed the extraordinary efforts made by the clamorous flock to assist a wounded bird, when fluttering in the water, and unable to regain the wing. An accident which happened to one of the two boobies we have in our yard, gave us an opportunity of seeing traits of this feeling and of its attendant emotions. My little nephew, in chasing with a small whip one of our birds, entangled the lash about its wing, and snapped the arm-bone. The one bird not alone showed sympathy for the other, but exhibited curiosity about the nature and character of the accident. Our two birds are male and female. The wounded booby withdrew into a lonely part of the yard, and stood there

drooping. The female sought him as soon as she heard his cry of agony, and after ascertaining, by surveying him all round, that the injury was in the wing, proceeded to prevail on him to move the limb, that she might see whether he was really disabled beyond the power of using it for flight. After a quacking *honk* or two, as a call to do something required of him, the female stretched out one of her wings;—the wounded male imitated her, and, making an effort, moved out, in some sort of way, the wounded member to its full length. He was now required by a corresponding movement to raise it:—he raised the broken arm, but the wing could not be elevated. The curiosity of the female was at a stand-still. After a moment's pause, her wounded companion was persuaded to make another trial at imitation, and to give the wings some three or four good flaps. He followed the given signal, gave the required beats on the air with so thorough a good will, to meet the wishes of his curious mate, that he twirled the broken wing quite round, and turned it inside out. The mischief was prodigiously increased. It was now necessary to put a stop to this process of investigation of the one bird into the misfortune of the other. I came in just as these exhibitions had occurred, and taking up the bird with its twisted wing, I was obliged, after setting the limb, to restrain him from any further gratification of his mate's curiosity, by tying the wing into place, and keeping it so tied till the bone united. The one now attended the other, and carefully examined day after day the broken limb. Calling on him to make an occasional effort to raise the disabled and immoveable member, she used her ineffectual endeavours to persuade him to lift it, though tied, by lifting her own from time to time.

“Though this fellow-feeling was so strongly and so remarkably manifested with regard to the broken wing,—when feeding together, the abler female did not hesitate to take advantage of her greater agility, by snatching away from her mate his share of victuals, and grappling with him for one and the same piece of meat. Instinct seems to exhibit simple, not complex emotions. If the male bird had been utterly unable to feed himself, the female would possibly herself have supplied him with food:—but able to eat, the undivided passion was the feeding appetite; and the instinctive habit of striking at the prey, and grabbing it, was not capable of restraint, or of any modification whatever.”—p. 418.

With this extract we must close our notice of Mr. Gosse's exceedingly interesting volume; feeling assured that its own intrinsic merits will warmly recommend it to the favor of readers of every class.

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ART. III.—*The Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury.* By Andrew Amos, Esq. Bentley.

THE interest which the story of the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury has always excited in the student of English history, cannot be ascribed to any great sympathy either with the victim or the reputed criminals—profligate favourites in a corrupt and abandoned court—but must be traced principally to the mystery that overhangs the transaction, and its supposed connexion with still darker secrets. This murder was generally believed, at the time, to be connected with the death of Prince Henry, the hope and darling of the nation, and with a plot more extensive and more horrible than that of Guy Faux; the character of James I. was supposed to be deeply implicated; and many thought that by his direction the public mind was set on a wrong scent at the trial of the delinquents. Later researches, whilst partly proving these suspicions to be unfounded, have by no means cleared up the matter. Mr. Hallam, who seems to have studied the subject very attentively, and gone to all the sources of information then within reach, says, after detailing one or two points which he considers settled, “Upon the whole, I cannot satisfy myself as to this mystery.” He also says, “The circumstances connected with the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury might furnish materials for a separate dissertation, had I leisure to stray into these by-paths.”

The task here suggested has been undertaken by Mr. Amos, who has not only collected together, we believe, all the information on the subject that was previously open to the public, but has added various documents, yet unpublished, from the State Paper Office, and manuscripts in the British Museum. Of this new matter the most valuable portion is the written examinations of prisoners and witnesses, taken privately by Sir Edward Coke, who was employed to collect the evidence for the prosecution. These place the transaction in a very different light from that in which it has been commonly viewed. If they may be depended on, they tend greatly to diminish the criminality of Somerset; and they likewise serve to explain what has been hitherto so unaccountable—the difficulty that was found in putting Overbury to death. The work before us, therefore, must be acknowledged as a valuable accession to English historical literature. At the same time, it unfortunately happens that the materials so diligently accumulated have been so unartfully put together, with so perverse a disregard of method and chronology, and are so much overlaid with general commentary, that they not only fail of producing their due effect, but are

utterly unintelligible to the hasty reader. What the book wants is some kind of introductory narrative or summary of the results, that might serve as index and key to its very heterogeneous contents.

Thomas, son of Sir Nicholas Overbury, one of the judges of the Marches, was born at Boston-on-the-Hill, in Gloucestershire. He studied at Oxford, and coming up to London, resided for some time in the Middle Temple. Finding the law not to his taste, he soon after "cast anchor at court," "the then haven of hope," says his biographer, Winstanley, "for all aspiring spirits." Here he became distinguished for his rare accomplishments. He wrote, both in verse and prose, with ease and elegance. Besides a poem called the 'Wife,' and some minor pieces, he published 'Characters,' prose essays, in the manner afterwards so successfully adopted by Dr. Earle. Mr. Amos gives some specimens of his style. They are much deformed by the vice of the age, a tendency to fantastic conceits and strained antithesis; but contain many happy turns, are always curt and energetic, sometimes humorous, and indicate a lively and cheerful tone of mind.

That however which was the making of Overbury's fortunes was his introduction to the notice and friendship of Robert Carr, afterwards Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. This young gentleman, coming up from Scotland in the stream of fortune-seekers, had, by a lucky accident, attracted the notice of the king; and his personal beauty and gracefulness of demeanour at once made their way to James's capricious favour. Carr was illiterate, idle, and by no means gifted with ability. But his influence over the king admitted him into all the secrets of state; placed at his disposal all gifts and promotions; gave him a voice in all questions of foreign and domestic polity; and thus, while it overwhelmed him with wealth and court friends, overwhelmed him likewise with duties, cares, and responsibilities which he must have found irksome enough. In a country where all was strange to him, and whose very language he could scarce speak intelligibly, a guide and counsellor must have been of the last necessity to him; and such an one he found in Sir Thomas Overbury. Overbury was received into his patron's inmost confidence; all affairs of state were made known to him; despatches, petitions, in a word, the secret history of the nation, all was open to both alike; till at last, as Bacon tells us, they two knew more of what was passing in the country than did the council itself. In all things Carr made Overbury his oracle; and, indeed, if we are to believe the vaunt of the latter, owed to him all his fortunes, reputation, and understanding. Thus it

came to pass that the servant, an able unscrupulous man, began at length to look upon the master as a mere tool. Overbury may have known, perhaps, more fully than we can know, the nature and causes of Carr's extraordinary influence over the king. Or it may be that he had gained too much insight into secrets of state. At all events, it is certain that Overbury believed he had the favourite in his power; and, use what insolence he might, he could not now be shaken off. His patron was soon to learn that bad men must endure with patience the tyranny of their confidential servants.

Carr, created Viscount Rochester, had not long enjoyed his new rank, and the courtly society which was now open to him, before he was captivated by the charms of the young Countess of Essex, then in attendance on the queen. Lady Frances Howard had been married, at the unripe age of thirteen, to a boy of fourteen, who had immediately been forced to leave her, to complete his education on the continent. She was yet a girl when she was initiated into the pleasures and temptations of a court, of which, for her rare beauty, she was looked upon as one of the brightest ornaments. A cotemporary writer, who bore her no goodwill, declares of her that "Those who saw her face might challenge Nature of hypocrisy, for harbouring so wicked a heart under so sweet and bewitching a countenance." Her beauty was a fatal gift. Surrounded by flatterers, separated from her natural protectors, with the liberty of a widow and the susceptibility of a girl, Lady Frances was not sufficiently insensible to the solicitations of the young favourite. Carr employed Overbury's pen to give words to his wishes; and a private correspondence was carried on between the lovers, through the medium of one Mrs. Turner, the lady's perfumer.

The intrigue was interrupted by the return of Lord Essex from his travels. Lady Frances received him with undisguised repugnance. The young girl shrank from consummating a marriage that was itself a crime; and she endeavoured to persuade Essex into a separation. To aid her in this attempt, no doubt, and by the advice of her confidante, Mrs. Turner, she applied to one Dr. Firman, a noted astrologer, for an amulet to chill her husband's love. Her letter to the doctor, in which she styles him her "dear father," was produced on her trial, together with the charm he gave her, which consisted of enchanted papers and puppets, a piece of human skin, and a black scarf full of white crosses. The good doctor's recipe appears to have been of no avail. Baffled in this quarter, Lady Frances must now have revealed her secret to her uncle, Lord Northampton, a nobleman whom Bacon styles the "learnedest councillor in the kingdom,"



and who is the author of a work in refutation of witchcraft. It is an odd coincidence that this book was published in the same year, 1583, in which the niece gave so remarkable a proof of her belief in the superstition that the uncle attacked. Northampton seems to have been induced, by his anxiety for his young relative's reputation, to assist her with his valuable counsels; and a project was devised, by which she might be released from the abhorred yoke, and united to the man she loved.

This plan, however, at the very outset, met with opposition in a quarter from which it was least expected. Overbury, who had hitherto helped to forward his patron's suit without reluctance, resolutely opposed himself to the project of a marriage. Perhaps he had at heart the interests of his friend, and officiously sought to serve him against his will: perhaps he was unwilling to share with another the influence he wielded, and which he had already found extremely profitable. Whatever his motive he was not content with exhortations, attacks on the lady's character, insolent speeches, or even threats; he also proceeded, it would appear, to take active measures for defeating Northampton's design. He seems now to have given his patron distinctly to understand that he knew his power; that he had a hold upon him, which he was not inclined to forego; and that Rochester must make his choice between resigning the lady and braving one who was master of his secrets.

When Lady Frances learnt that Overbury had thus crossed her love, and traduced her name, and placed himself athwart the only path that could lead her back to virtue and happiness, all the furies in her breast were aroused. She now proved that under that "sweet and bewitching" countenance of girlish beauty lay passions, which no obstacle of fear or conscience could restrain. She sought to clear her way by removing her enemy. Having learnt that one Sir D. Woodes bore Overbury a grudge, she sought him out; urged him to assassinate Sir Thomas; and promised him a reward of £1,000, and to make his greatest enemy—meaning Rochester—his greatest friend. This we have on the authority of Woodes himself. The worthy knight replied, he says, that he would do so at once, if she would obtain him an assurance under Rochester's hand, or by word of mouth, that he should be allowed to escape, or have a pardon. Hereupon the lady paused, and desired time to reflect; and afterwards, not venturing, probably, to reveal the matter to Rochester, sent word to Woodes that that could not be.

Meantime, Rochester and Northampton were devising means to rid themselves of Overbury's dangerous opposition. An act of tyranny, by no means uncommon under the Tudors, was

made instrumental to their private grudge. Rochester, who had the king's ear, induced him to appoint Overbury ambassador to Muscovy; then persuaded the latter to decline the irksome honor; and, when the treacherous advice was taken, had him clapped into the Tower for contempt. The poor man's indiscretion, it seems, came in aid of the machinations of his enemies. Upon receiving a formal offer of the embassy, he not only refused it, but, as rumour went, indulged in some stinging sarcasms upon the court, which came to the king's ear, and put him into a violent rage. Overbury's imprisonment took place about the 30th April, 1603.

This object being removed, the project, hatched no doubt in the prolific brain of Northampton, was brought to maturity. A suit for a divorce was set on foot, upon the plea that, by witchcraft or otherwise, Essex had been incapacitated for performing the duties of a husband towards the Lady Frances. In a proceeding that was so near at heart with the king's favorite, the king took the greatest interest: he impatiently urged on the proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, and himself dictated, we are told, its final decree. The story goes, that when the countess was to be examined before a jury of matrons, an unmarried daughter of one Sir Thomas Monson was substituted in her place, concealed under a thick veil. Eventually, the court pronounced in favor of the countess; thus releasing her from that ill-starred wedlock, in which nature, and prudence, and her own affections, had been alike disregarded by the family pride of her relatives. This sentence was followed, after no long interval, by Lady Frances' marriage with Rochester; whom, that his rank might correspond to hers, the king now created Earl of Somerset. The marriage was solemnized with the utmost pomp. The king himself gave away the bride, paid the marriage fees, and presided over the festivities. The queen made a handsome wedding-gift. The wife of a bishop presented the bride-cake. All who hoped for court-favor,—in other words, all who were, or aspired to be, eminent, wealthy, or distinguished—vied together in the sumptuousness of their gifts to the young couple. One gave a team of the finest horses in London; another, a gold warming-pan; another, hangings worth £1,500; another, a silver cradle to burn sea-coal; another, two oriental pearls. Sir Edward Coke gave a basin and ewer of silver gilt; his lady, a pot of gold. Sir Francis Bacon insisted on paying for the masque, which the benchers of Lincoln's Inn presented at the marriage-supper, the cost being £2,000. Dr. Donne, forgetting the clergyman in the courtier, wrote eulogistic verses, complimenting the bride on the "manly courage" with which she "braved unjust opinion." Lady

Frances boldly arrayed herself in the costume appropriated to virgin brides. Everything passed, in short, as if Essex and the former marriage had had no existence; as if the bride's reputation were unsullied, and her conscience without reproach.

During the time, however, which had been taken up by these proceedings, was perpetrated that foul crime which forms the subject of our narrative. Men of law, it seems, were not more celebrated for despatch in those days than in our own: the suit for the divorce had been commenced in April or May; but it was not till St. Stephen's day, in December, that the marriage could take place. Sir Thomas Overbury died on the 15th September. That he died by poison can scarcely be doubted; though there are conflicting opinions as to what persons are implicated in the guilt. A plain narrative of the circumstances that occurred, so far as they appear clearly established, will enable the reader to draw his own conclusions, particularly as to the guilt of Somerset and James, which are the principal questions in dispute.

In the first place, it seems clear that Overbury was retained as well as placed in prison by the machinations of Somerset. According to the usual course of procedure, he might have expected his release after an imprisonment of a few weeks, if not days. But Somerset required his detention till the divorce and second marriage should be accomplished. We find that means were taken by some one to inspire James with feelings towards Overbury which seem incommensurate with the very venial offence of declining an embassy. From a cotemporary letter it appears, that "much ado there hath been to keep Sir T. Overbury from a public censure of banishment and loss of office, such a *rooted hatred* lieth in the king's heart towards him." That this hatred was the work of Somerset seems a fair inference from the circumstances in which he was placed.

Again, it was necessary for Somerset's purpose, not only to keep Overbury in prison, but to keep him close, and allow of no correspondence on his part, that might either obstruct the divorce, or publish those secrets, whatever they might be, in the possession of which lay Overbury's hold upon his patron. Accordingly, Somerset appears to have been the means of debarring the prisoner from the attendance of his body-servant. Overbury's father and mother, on the news of his arrest, had come up to town to make exertions for his release; but Somerset, whilst he amused them with hopes, and promises of his assistance, strongly urged them to go back into the country, and neither press to see their son, nor deliver petitions to the king on his behalf; assuring them that their interference would only stir up enemies, and protract his release.

Another, and a still more suspicious circumstance is to come. Shortly after his imprisonment, and while he yet confided in his friend, Overbury received from him a white powder, which he was to take medicinally. Somerset declared, at his trial, that this was at Overbury's request, who wished to appear sick, that his patron might thence take occasion to move the king's compassion. He also produced a letter, in which Overbury said that the powder had agreed with him, though he meant to take no more of that kind. There is, however, some mystery about this powder, which has not been cleared up. When asked whence he had it, Somerset asserted that it was given him by one Sir H. Pettigrew, from whom he had got similar medicine before, as Overbury knew. But Pettigrew maintained that he had never given Somerset but three powders; and each of these was traced; so that there must have been a fourth, for Overbury, from some other quarter. This powder then may have been poison. But if so, it is impossible to suppose it in any way the cause of death, immediately or remotely. It produced a violent effect; was followed by great vomiting, and purging; but, beyond that it seems to have left no traces of its presence: the patient recovered, and lived for months. If it were poison, we may perhaps presume that Overbury was saved by the over-strength of the dose.

Weeks rolled on, and still Overbury was a prisoner. Somerset professed much but had done nothing; and Overbury's friends, as well as himself, began to doubt the sincerity of one who was not used to ask favours of the king in vain. Sir John Lydcote, Overbury's brother-in-law, found means to send him a letter, in which he recommends him to change his style in writing to Somerset. Overbury took the hint, and wrote two very impetuous letters, of which the second closes with an alarming threat, as follows:—

“ Well, all this vacation I have written the story betwixt you and me: how I have lost my friends for your sake; what hazard I have run; what secrets have passed between us; how, after you had won that woman by my letters, you then concealed all your after proceedings from me; and how upon this there came many breaches betwixt us; of the vow you made to be even with me; and your sending for me twice that day that I was caught in the trap, persuading me that it was a plot of mine enemies to send me beyond sea, and urging me not to accept it, assuring me to free me from any long trouble. On Tuesday I made an end of this, and on Friday sent it to a friend of mine, under eight seals; and, if you persist to use me thus, assure yourself it shall be published. Whether I live or die, your shame shall never die, but ever remain to the world, to make you the most odious man living.”—p. 85.

Whilst Somerset was engaged in buoying up Overbury with false hopes, and secretly contriving to keep him fast, Lady Frances, on her part, meditated a more deadly project. If the former had cause to wish Overbury out of the way for fear of machinations or disclosures to come, the latter was still more powerfully impelled to seek his destruction in revenge for what she looked upon as wrongs and insults past. Her first attempt to rid herself of Overbury having failed, she now cast about for a surer and more secret instrument of destruction. There is no proof that her intentions were disclosed to Somerset; and the presumptions seem to point the other way. Lady Frances had not ventured to speak to him of the assassination, though his concurrence would have been necessary for that project to succeed: here, where his concurrence was not required, she was still less likely to volunteer a communication that must risk so much. Unscrupulous as she was, she was not hardened in guilt; her self-respect might be gone, and yet she might cling all the more tenaciously to the good opinion of others, and, above all, of Somerset. She dared not risk the forfeiting of that affection which was the only thing that prompted her enterprize. She could not foresee that his love, like her own, would prove strong enough to survive the shock of suspicion, disgrace, public exposure and conscious crime. If it be true that Somerset himself had wished for Overbury's death, and unskilfully attempted to produce it, yet that was unknown to her. It would seem, then, that the guilty projects of the husband and wife went on side by side, but were distinct, and hidden from each other.

Very shortly after Overbury's imprisonment, Lady Frances must have begun to meditate his death by poisoning. The subject of secret and slow poison was one that, in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor, much occupied men's imaginations. This was no doubt owing, primarily, to the recent introduction of chemical science into England. The art of healing by means of herbs and simples was beginning to be superseded by the more potent agency of drugs and chemicals. The herb-woman, or leech, was but just supplanted by the apothecary; for the establishment of apothecaries' shops throughout Europe is an event that belongs to the 16th and beginning of the 17th centuries. It was only natural that the wonders of the new science should excite the terror of the ignorant, and be the subject of a thousand exaggerations. Its powers of destruction furnished a readier theme for the marvel-loving than its power of healing. A few true stories of poisoning formed the nucleus of a thousand more that were the creation of fancy, terror, or malignity. Hence it is that the reigns of these sovereigns abound with so

many tales of mysterious deaths and indefinite suspicions. Camden, in his *Annals*, tells us that whenever a popular or distinguished man died, there inevitably went round a whisper of poisoning. It was even believed that the professors of this art could so regulate their doses as to produce death in any given number of days; nay, that they could simulate the appearances of natural disease.\* This latter refinement, and possibly the former, were indeed afterwards attained, when chemical science was more advanced, by the notorious Tophana, and the Marchioness of Brinvilliers; but they must certainly be deemed beyond the reach of any Englishman in the reign of James I. Still the belief prevailed; and Lady Frances thought a dose of poison the surest means of ridding herself of her enemy.

Her scheme was concocted with the infamous Mrs. Turner, a woman who, to the ostensible business of a perfumer, united other secret and nefarious pursuits. She it was who had introduced the young countess to the magician, Firman; and her servant, Weston, had been the bearer of Lady Frances' letters to Rochester. Upon her, probably, must rest the largest share of the guilt. At all events, she had the active part in the business, and bore the chief weight of popular odium.

Their first care was to provide the prisoner with a keeper whom they could depend on. Here they were partly favoured by circumstances. The Lieutenant of the Tower had recently been dismissed, and his successor was to be appointed. The place was, of course, pretty nearly in the gift of Somerset: and he had promised to oblige Sir T. Monson, a friend of Lady Frances, and whose daughter it was that assisted her in the matter of the divorce, by obtaining the post for his nominee. In the language of the day, Somerset thus conferred on Monson "a suit worth £2,000," that is, Monson was allowed to set the place to sale, and £2,000 was the price he put upon it. The purchaser was one, Sir Gervase Elwes, who afterwards obtained an unenviable notoriety from his connexion with the Overbury murder. This new Lieutenant came into his place about a week after Overbury's imprisonment. Almost at the same time, Lady Frances induced Monson to speak to the Lieutenant in favour of Weston, whom she wished to be appointed Overbury's keeper. Her request excited no suspicion. Monson was aware of her intimacy with Rochester, and would naturally suppose the latter desirous to provide his friend with a servant, who might consult his comfort, and perhaps be the medium of correspondence between them. In this little matter, it was equally natural that

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\* See Winstanley's 'Worthies'—Life of Leicester, p. 346.

both Monson and Elwes should be glad to oblige their patron. Accordingly, the unhappy prisoner was placed in the charge of Mrs. Turner's confidential servant, Weston; a wretch who had already learnt his part, and received his bribe, and was now the willing instrument of his employers' vengeance.

The next step was to procure the poison; and this fell within the province of Mrs. Turner, who knew of a trustworthy apothecary. The apothecaries of James's reign are not to be judged of from their successors who stand behind counters now-a-days. Our first apothecaries were Italians, then French, and it was a new thing for an Englishman to practice the art. As beginners, the native chemists cannot be supposed to have been very skilful. In the opinion of King James's French physician, the English doctors "were all fools." They met with small encouragement: the mere art of healing was not enough to bring a livelihood; and a London apothecary was generally obliged to eke out his living with some other trade—often that of a confectioner—sometimes, like Johnson's "Abel Drugger," a tobacconist. We may conjecture that Shakspeare's "lean apothecary" was drawn from the life. Yet these ill-paid practitioners were necessarily men of some science, for they had, every one, to feel his own way. If their shop windows were stuffed with tarts and jellies, or rolls of Virginia, their inner rooms were fitted up with stills and laboratories; and they could brew their own drugs, and make their own experiments, and pry into the mysteries of nature, and dabble in alchemy, and solace their hungry wretchedness with golden dreams. Poor as these men were, they were naturally a proud race; for they were looked upon by the multitude with admiration mixed with terror, as wizards who could read futurity, and make the powers of darkness their familiars, and human life their plaything. In a man thus circumstanced one might expect to find an apt instrument of criminal designs. Reverenced and despised by turns, and so made keenly sensitive to contempt; tantalized by visions of wealth, and tormented by very real poverty: wielding a knowledge that, turned to good ends, barely kept him alive, but which, in the service of wealthy crime, might be to him the true philosopher's stone he longed for; an apothecary could scarce afford to be an honest man. Yet it would be an injustice towards the profession to suppose that it contained many such wretches as him whom Mrs. Turner now proceeded to consult. Dr. Franklin was commonly reputed to have poisoned his own wife; he was quite ready to undertake the same office for Overbury. Afterwards, when arrested, he made amends by betraying his confederates and seeking to implicate innocent men. Being asked whether Somerset had taken a part in some

stage of the business, he obligingly answered, "If you wish me to say so, he did." He also declared that this project of poisoning was but a part of a more extensive scheme than the powder-plot—that he knew the names of many noblemen in it—with much more in the same strain, so palpably fictitious, that not even the officers of the prosecution could believe or act upon it. His examinations are full of gross inconsistencies. At the scaffold, he assumed airs of the astrologer, and bestowed on a friend a recipe for raising spirits. Malignant to the last, he told the executioner, whilst he was performing the final offices about his person, that he trusted there would soon be some great lords for him to operate upon. And this is the wretch whose evidence has served as materials for history!

All things being now prepared, and the unsuspecting victim entirely in the hands of his destroyers, the reader probably expects to hear of his speedy death. By no means. Overbury lived four months longer, during which time, if we are to believe Franklin, deadly poison was his daily food. "Sir Thomas Overbury," says this most credible witness, "never ate white salt, but there was white arsenic put into it. Once he desired pig, and Mrs. Turner put into it *lapis costitus*. The white powder that was sent to him in a letter, by Somerset, he (Franklin) knew to be white arsenic. At another time, he had two partridges sent him from court; and water and onions being the sauce, Mrs. Turner put in cantharides. So that there was scarce anything he did eat, but there was some poison mixed." If it be true that Overbury lived through this treatment for four months, he must certainly have been poison-proof.

The fact is, that from the documents now made public by Mr. Amos, there seems great reason to believe that these poisons were never administered at all. This, indeed, cannot be said to diminish the moral guilt of Lady Somerset and her confederates. The poisons were prepared and sent to the Tower, and believed to have been given to Overbury; but they appear to have been prevented from reaching him by the lieutenant, Sir Gervase Elwes. This rests on the testimony of Elwes and Weston—evidence not absolutely free from suspicion, but which seems confirmed by a variety of circumstances. In the first place, the character of Elwes, and his whole demeanour, point him out as a man whose veracity might be depended on; and he persisted in the same story when on the scaffold. It is true that one must view with distrust the self-exculpation of a man charged with a crime; but Elwes is confirmed in every point by Weston, and there can be no reason why the latter should have taken part in a fabrication which condemns himself. Weston's story is, in



effect, a confession of his own guilt; besides all which, their evidence clears up what would otherwise be unaccountable—the strange vitality of Overbury under his unwholesome diet. The story, then, goes as follows:—

Shortly after the arrest of Overbury, Weston was sent for to Lady Frances' apartments at Whitehall, where he was closeted with the lady and Mrs. Turner. Here he was told that he should be appointed Overbury's keeper, and that there should be sent him a "water," which he was to take care and give to his prisoner, and for so doing he should receive a large reward. Accordingly, he had not been long in his new post before he received from them a little glass full of "water," of a yellowish and greenish colour. Now it seems that Weston had all this time been under a mistaken notion that the Lieutenant was in the secret. That evening, therefore, the 9th May, when about to take up Overbury's soup, Weston asked Elwes, "whether he should now give him that which he had, or no?" Elwes affected to hear him without surprise, and led him apart, and by a few questions, so turned as not to show his ignorance, drew out the other's secret. Hereupon the good Lieutenant read him such a lecture on the heinousness of his crime, and the judgment to come, that the poor man—who had, perhaps, grown up in ignorance, and been made a tool of by others, without a due sense of his own responsibility—fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands, says Elwes, "blessed the time that ever he did know me." Then he explained his mistake: "Why sir," said he, "did you not know what should be done?" Elwes not only protested his ignorance, and made Weston fling the accursed "water" into a gutter, but gained such an influence over him, that he promised faithfully to report from time to time all that might be designed against Overbury's life. Elwes shrank, however—and here lies his fault, as he afterwards became sensible—he shrank from making a public exposure of the plot he had thus become privy to. He dared not brave the wrath of Lady Frances and her lover, the all-powerful favourite, to whom he owed his appointment, and on whom his prospects depended. He contented himself with counter-plotting, in a manner which he believed must keep Overbury safe. Weston, by his directions, was so to carry matters towards his employers that they might believe him still devoted to them; he was to report that he had given the "water," and to pass off false tales of its effects—as, that it was followed by "extreme oustings," and the like; and Elwes, as he found occasion, was to confirm his reports of the prisoner's health.

This first dose proving insufficient, it appears that poisons

were put into certain tarts and pots of jelly which were sent to Overbury under the pretext of a friendly regard for his comfort. There is a letter from Lady Frances to Elwes, which contains the following passage:—"I was bid to tell you that you must take heed of the tarts because there are letters in them, and therefore neither give your wife nor children of them; but of the wine you may, for there are no letters in it." Lady Frances, on her examination, owned that by the word "letters," she meant poison. But there is no proof that she meant Elwes to understand it so; on the contrary, there seems nothing in this extract inconsistent with the supposition that she looked upon Elwes as one who knew nothing of her design. Elwes, however, was not to be duped; he took care that the tarts should never come near Overbury. Sometimes he made answer be given that his children had desired them; sometimes he caused his own cook to prepare similar ones; and at last, to save the trouble of perpetual excuses, his keeper desired the messenger to bring no more, since Overbury found in the house that which pleased him well.

The prisoner might, perhaps, have escaped altogether, but that unfortunately he now fell ill in earnest. He seems to have been a man of feeble constitution, broken by a licentious life; and, without any suspicion of poisoning, the close confinement, anxiety, and hope deferred, may sufficiently account for his disorder. On hearing of it, Somerset immediately took care to provide him with the best medical advice. He sent him Drs. Mayerne and Lobell, the king's physician and apothecary, men who stood at the head of their respective professions. Dr. Craig, another of the king's physicians, was also admitted to see the prisoner, by an order under Somerset's hand. This seems inconsistent with the supposition that Somerset believed the cause of illness to be poison administered by his directions, unless, indeed, we are to suppose that the medical men were among his confederates. This seems an idle thought, and is at least entirely unsupported by proof of any kind. If Somerset had been once tempted to seek Overbury's destruction, we believe that his care to provide him with doctors only proves him to have now repented.

Meanwhile, Overbury being still alive, though it was some months since the first poisons were sent to him, Lady Frances began to grow suspicious. She sent for Weston, and closely questioned him; but he maintained he had given poison enough to kill twenty men, and could only suppose—as Bacon afterwards said at the trial—that Overbury had become used to that sort of diet. Her suspicions, however, could not have been quite allayed. Shortly after this, Weston was sent for by Dr. Franklin,

who questioned him as to Overbury's state, and on learning that he took clysters, said that an apothecary should have £20 to give him one. Weston asked whether he meant to bribe Overbury's customary apothecary. "No," said Franklin; "another shall give it him." All this went immediately from Weston to the Lieutenant, who strictly charged him to give admittance to no strange apothecary. Thus far Elwes had successfully counter-plotted the poisoners. Unfortunately, when the king's medical attendants took charge of his prisoner, the Lieutenant's vigilance was relaxed; he thought himself safe in the hands of such approved honest men. Now it was that Franklin accomplished his purpose. He bribed Lobell's boy to put poison—which is said to have been sublimate of mercury—into a clyster which Overbury had on the 14th September, 1603. On the following day he was a dead man.

An inquest was held by one of the coroners for Middlesex; but it throws no great light on the business. At the express desire of Somerset, Overbury's brother-in-law, and three or four of his friends, were admitted to see the body; and they were at liberty to carry it away, and bury it, if they pleased. But the state of the corpse was such as to make a speedy burial necessary; and it was interred within the precincts of the Tower.

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Months and years rolled on. Overbury had passed out of the world, and out of the faithless memories of men. A few admirers of the poet had recorded their regrets in elegiac and eulogistic verses, to be prefixed to a new edition of his works; but those works—long since utterly forgotten, but for their author's untimely fate—were then all that kept him in recollection. Essex had forgotten his injuries in a second marriage. Somerset and his countess were still "the glass of fashion and the mould of form;" the brightest ornaments of the court; the envy of all, for their beauty, accomplishments, and mutual love; the ladder by which all men strove to reach the king's favour. Somerset had just been made Lord Chamberlain; and this new mark of royal bounty had been rendered doubly grateful by the manner of conferring it. The king, in presence of his court, gave him the staff of office, saying, "Lo, here, friend Somerset;" and graciously adding that, as the place was one of great nearness to his person, he had given it to him whom, of all men living, he most cherished.

But Somerset's fall was now at hand. Hume tells us—we know not on what authority—that he seemed troubled with an evil conscience; had become reserved, silent, and gloomy; and thus lost the king's favour. This may be true, or not: accuracy

of detail is by no means Hume's *forte*; and perhaps mere fickleness, and the attractions of a younger and handsomer person—for this not solid merit was the groundwork of James's ridiculous friendships—may sufficiently account for the transfer of his affection from Somerset to Villiers. Sir George Villiers was now advanced to be one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber. Somerset had in vain resisted the promotion of one he saw to be a rival; and it is probable that James only wanted a pretext, and perhaps some slight stimulus to overcome his timidity, for breaking with his former favourite.

The pretext and the stimulus were at length furnished by the old business of Overbury. How this transpired is a point that still remains somewhat in the dark. The best-authenticated story seems to be the popular one: that Lobell's boy, who gave the clyster, and had been sent abroad out of the way, was touched with remorse, and revealed the whole secret to the English minister at the Hague. This being of too high a nature to be entrusted to writing, the minister obtained leave to visit England, and made the matter known to Sir Ralph Winwood, then a secretary of state, from whom it went immediately to the king. James was at Royston, on one of his royal progresses, and Somerset was with him. Some rumours, it seems, injurious to the latter, having got abroad in London, he was about to go thither and "face them down." His parting with James, who had just heard the news, and the king's profound dissimulation, are matters with which the reader is doubtless familiar. Two versions of the story pass current, from one of which it would appear as if Somerset was actually arrested in the king's presence; but a correspondence published by Mr. Amos proves this to be impossible. There can be no doubt, however, that when James took leave of the earl, with every expression of endearment, and impatience for his return, he knew that Somerset was going to the Tower, and that, as he said himself, "he should see his face no more."

Somerset reached his house, in the Cockpit, on the Sunday evening last before the 17th October, 1615. Here he found the countess, and learnt of her that Weston had been arrested. We may conjecture that the Earl was now first informed of his wife's guilt and danger. The unhappy pair proceeded to take such measures of precaution as were not yet too late. Lady Somerset sent for Franklin and Mrs. Turner; told them that Weston was taken, that rumours were afloat, and that probably they would soon be themselves under arrest; and warned them to trust no promises of pardon, nor to be persuaded into making confession of guilt. During this interview she left them for awhile, and went into an inner room, where she conferred with a man that

Franklin took to be Lord Somerset. She was perhaps asking for instructions. The next morning Somerset made use of his authority, as a member of the privy council, and sent a pursuivant with a warrant to break open the house of Weston's son, and fetch from thence a box and bag of letters. Some of these papers were noticed by the messenger to contain the name of Mrs. Turner. They were taken to the Cockpit, and, no doubt, destroyed. Somerset also burnt a number of letters in his possession, and defaced parts of others.

On the 17th, the Earl and Countess, and Mrs. Turner, were arrested, and placed in separate confinement; and shortly afterwards they were removed to the Tower. It is said that Lady Somerset passionately entreated the new lieutenant, Elwes's successor, not to place her in the chamber which had been Overbury's. At this time she was near her confinement; and, till it took place, it appears, from a document in the State Paper Office, that anxiety about her offspring overpowered all thought of her own disgrace and impending danger. While yet a prisoner she gave birth to a daughter, who, married to the Duke of Bedford, was the mother of the illustrious William Lord Russell. Mr. Amos expresses a benevolent hope that the virtues and death of the grandson may, in some sort, be looked upon as an atonement for the crime of the grandmother.

The demeanour of the earl, during the interval between arrest and trial, is made known to us by a series of letters written by Bacon, then attorney-general, to the King and Sir George Villiers. This curious correspondence shows that James took a very active part in arranging the conduct of the trials. The evidence, and even the topics of Bacon's opening speech, were subjected to a preliminary examination of his. He pointed out what parts should be omitted, and what parts strengthened; and he directed Bacon, amongst other things, to throw a good portion of the blame on Overbury, and so to moderate his charges as to make Somerset appear guilty enough to be condemned, and not too guilty to be pardoned. Altogether, James's letters show a most royal indifference to veracity and justice, and every feeling except a cowardly shrinking before public opinion. Bacon figures here as the adroit and unscrupulous instrument of the monarch's will. His letters are master-pieces of sagacity and acuteness, whilst they fully exhibit his lamentable want of anything like moral principle, or elevation of character. We shall make one extract, which can hardly be read without a feeling of indignation. Bacon is speaking of the arrangements for Lady Somerset's trial. Though she had been brought to confess her crime, and was about to plead guilty; and though her judges

were to try her husband on the following day, so that whatever passed on her trial was calculated to influence his; yet it was resolved that the counsel for the prosecution should treat the court to a solemn narrative of Overbury's murder, not abstaining from vituperation of the absent earl.

"In this," says Bacon, "I did forecast that, if, in that narrative, by the connection of things, anything should be spoken that should show him (Somerset) guilty, she might break forth into passionate protestations for his clearing; which, though it may justly be made light of, yet it is better avoided. Therefore my Lord Chancellor and I have devised that, upon the entrance into that declaration, she shall, *in respect of her weakness, and not to add further affliction*, be withdrawn."—p. 438.

Such care was taken, under a hypocritical pretence of kindness, to prevent a wife from saying a word that might excite pity for her husband, in danger of his life!

James was exceedingly anxious that Somerset should plead guilty. Bacon was ordered to try his influence, and paid him several visits, and held out great inducements. In one of these interviews, Bacon reports that the prisoner seemed very little affected by his position, "pretending carelessness of life, since ignominy had made him unfit for his Majesty's service." He persisted in his innocence. Even after he learnt that his wife had confessed, Bacon found him "resolved to have his trial." In reporting this interview, Bacon adds:—

"We made this further observation, that when we did ask him some question that did touch the prince, or any foreign practice, he grew a little stirred, but in this question of the empoisonment was very cold and modest."—p. 440.

But James went greater lengths than he thought proper to make known to his attorney-general. He entered into a private correspondence with Sir George More, then Lieutenant of the Tower, whom he authorised to tempt Somerset's obstinacy with most liberal offers, in the king's name, in case of his confessing. Somerset rejected them with scorn, and threw out some threatening hints, which the astonished Lieutenant instantly reported to his master. James's answer is somewhat curious. He says:

"I am extremely sorry that your unfortunate prisoner turns all the great care I have for him not only against himself, but against me also, as far as he can. I cannot blame you that you cannot conjecture what this may mean, for God knows it is only a trick of his idle brain, hoping thereby to shift his trial; but it is easy to be seen that he would threaten me, with laying an aspersion upon me of being in some sort accessory to his crime."—p. 474.

This self-vindication may be thought, perhaps, some slight confirmation of the suspicion, which Mr. Amos seems to share, that James himself was implicated in this foul business. The suspicion, however, seems to rest on too slight ground to be worth attending to.

The day for Somerset's trial now drew near. The lesser culprits—Mrs. Turner, Elwes, Franklin, and Weston—had been condemned and executed. Lady Somerset was brought to the bar, and pleaded guilty, on the 24th May, 1616. The trial of the Earl was fixed for the morrow. Every precaution had been taken to keep him silent on that public appearance as to matters relative to the king. Bacon was ordered to use language that should not drive him to desperation. It had been hinted to him, as from the king, that his life depended on his behaviour in court. In choosing a High Steward to preside at his trial, care was taken to select one that should know how and when to "silence" and "cut off digressions." But after all this, when the Lieutenant came to Somerset the last thing at night, and bade him prepare for his trial on the morrow, he was encountered by an unexpected outbreak of passion. The Earl positively refused to appear in court, and vowed he would not stir, but they must carry him in his bed if they meant him to go. The king, he said, had assured him he should come to no trial, neither durst the king bring him to trial. This was a strain More could not understand, and it made him to "quiver and shake." Though it was near midnight, he instantly took boat and went down to Greenwich, where the king lay, at his palace of Placentia. Here he "bounceth at the back stairs as if mad," gains admittance, has the king awakened, and tells him his news. The king "falls into a passion of tears." "On my saule, More," cried he, "I wot not what to do! Thou art a wise man; help me in this great streight, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master." Thus adjured, and having a ready wit of his own, More took leave of the king, assuring him he would manage all. Returning to Somerset's chamber, he told him he had found the king full of favour and affection towards him; "but," said More, "to satisfy justice you must appear in court and answer to your name, but you shall return again instantly without further proceedings." Somerset, either believing him, or having recovered his temper, began quietly to prepare for appearing. Meantime the Lieutenant instructed two trusty servants to keep close aside of Somerset in court, with a cloak over their arms, straitly charging them, if he should "anyway fly out on the king," instantly to hoodwink him with that cloak, take him forcibly from the bar, and carry him away.

Under this escort, Somerset entered Westminster Hall. The solemnity of the day had excited the greatest popular interest, and the Hall was crowded to suffocation. "Never was any man brought to trial," says Bacon, "*cum tanto motu regni*; the term hath been almost turned into a *justitium*, or vacancy, the people themselves being more willing to be lookers-on in this business than to follow their own." Nor is this to be wondered at. A nobleman, who had for years ruled king and kingdom with absolute sway, was now brought to plead for his life; the crime he was accused of was one strange to this country, and full of a mysterious horror in men's thoughts. This state of public feeling must be borne in mind, as it serves in a great measure to account for the traditionary odium that has rested on the name of Somerset. Deeds of violence—mid-day assassinations—were very common in James's reign, and thought lightly of, as may be seen in the 'Memoirs of Lord Herbert of Cherbury;' but poisoning, by public opinion as well as by Act of Parliament, was placed on a level with the highest crime possible, and treated as a branch of high treason. For us—who walk the streets unarmed at midnight, trusting to the majesty of law for our protection alike from the assassin's knife and the poisoner's cup—it is difficult to understand the feeling that makes light of the one crime and exaggerates the other. But men who placed their safety in their swords, and the largeness of their retinues, must have found something peculiarly terrible in that unseen and unfelt weapon, which no strength of arm could withstand, and which could strike them amidst their guards, at their tables, and in the hours of their greatest security.

Upon the trial, and its result, one hardly needs to dwell. The king had willed that Somerset should be found guilty, and the usual means of gratifying that desire were resorted to, with the usual success. Judges, selected from among Somerset's enemies and those who placed their hopes on his rival; an array of able advocates on one side; statements unsupported by proofs, and proofs that were not to be relied on; garbled extracts from letters; hearsay, at second and third hand; and the depositions of Franklin, so culled as to be pretty free from contradictions; no witness brought face to face with the accused, and, of course, no cross-questioning: and, at last, an unpremeditated reply from an unadvocated and unskilled courtier, at a time of the night when himself and his judges must have been worn out by fatigue: such a method of procedure could have but one result. Somerset made the most solemn protestations of his innocence. He was found guilty; and he prayed the lords to intercede for him with the king, "if it should be necessary." His trial certainly did



not produce that result which is the best test of fairness: it did not satisfy impartial men that he ought to have been found guilty. The French ambassador, writing to his court, said, that "if the Earl's enemies had not been powerful he would not have been found guilty; for there was no convincing proof against him, but only circumstances, such as might serve in France for putting him to the question, which is not the custom here in England."—p. 358.

The judges had no occasion to intercede with James for Somerset's life. He had made no inconvenient revelations, and he was treated gently. After a time, the Earl and Countess were released, but never again received at court or in society—they passed the rest of their days in seclusion. Some years afterwards, the Earl was consulted by James upon some displeasure he had taken against Buckingham; but Somerset's more fortunate and more able successor was not to be shaken off, and he himself remained a man disgraced. Later still, in the [reign of Charles I., Somerset entered, or wished to enter, into some intrigue with the leaders of the popular party; but these were too wise to have much to do with a man of his character. Hume tells us, on the authority of Wilson, that the obscure lives of these fallen great ones were embittered by a deadly hatred, which took the place of their former inordinate affection; insomuch that the Earl and Countess, though living in the same house for many years, never spoke to each other. This story may be true or false: it rests on the sole authority of one whose friendship for Essex biassed him against the Countess, and who appears to have been naturally somewhat over-credulous.

We have thus hastily sketched an outline of that dark transaction, the exposure of which is styled, by Sir Edward Coke, the 'Great Oyer of Poisoning,' and which he desired might go down to posterity as an example and terror against that horrible crime. We may quit the subject with the satisfactory reflection, that, dark and foul as the business is, the truth, as it is now brought to light, proves the number of the criminals not to be so great, nor their blackness so unredeemed, as has been commonly supposed. If it be the part of an historian freely to denounce great guilt, it is equally his duty, a far more agreeable duty, to clear, even the guilty, from an odium greater than they have deserved.

R. L.

Art. IV.—1. *History of the Law of Nations in Europe and America from the Earliest Times to the Treaty of Washington, 1842.* By Henry Wheaton, LL.D., Minister of the United States at the Court of Berlin. New York, 1845.

2. *Histoire des Progrès du Droit des Gens en Europe et en Amérique, depuis la Paix de Westphalie jusqu' à nos Jours; avec une Introduction sur les Progrès du Droit des Gens en Europe avant la Paix de Westphalie.* Par Henry Wheaton, 2ième édition, 2 tomes. Leipzig, 1846.

MR. WHEATON has for many years been known in America as one of the first lawyers of the United States, and since his work on the 'Elements of International Law' (published in London some ten years since), he has established an European reputation as a jurist of note. He now appears in the mixed character of jurist and historian; and we are of opinion that he has rendered distinguished service to an interesting branch of historical inquiry. In the brief notice which we shall take of his 'History of the Progress of International Law,' we cannot promise our readers any great novelty or amusement, but the first-rate importance of the subject, and the real merits of the work, are still deserving of some small portion of our space. The jurist, the statesman, and the student, will find much well-arranged and useful matter in the two books prefixed to this article, which, however, are nearly identical, the one being the American and the other the French edition, the latter published at Leipzig for continental circulation, with the author's latest revisions and additions.

That there is no such thing as an *universal, immutable*, law of nations is distinctly recognised by our author, and is sufficiently obvious when it is perceived that what is called the public law of the world rests entirely upon the *consent* of each particular State. The basis of that public law may indeed be defined as the law of nature itself,—that eternal principle of justice, whose voice (to use the noble language of Hooker) is in the harmony of the world, whose seat is in the bosom of God! But all principles are made by time and circumstances to vary in their application; and accordingly, the law of nations is now an artificial structure of much complexity, always based, or supposed to be based, upon the immutable rule of natural justice, but composed entirely of those customs, usages, and conventions, which are established by the common consent of nations as the conditions of their mutual intercourse. Numerous indeed have been the disquisitions of jurists, from Grotius downwards, on the sources and definitions of international jurisprudence, as well as upon

its practice; but in the voluminous works of these great men, there is, we believe, to be found no clearer or more complete definition of what the law of nations really means, than that given by Leibnitz, in the preface to his '*Codex Diplomaticus*,' published in 1693:—

"Besides the rules of justice," concludes Leibnitz, "flowing from this divine fountain called the natural law, there is a voluntary law established by usage or by the command of a superior. Thus, within a commonwealth, the civil law receives its sanction from the supreme power of the State; *without the commonwealth the voluntary law of nations is established by the tacit consent of nations.* Not that it is necessarily the law of all nations and of all ages, since the Europeans and the Indians often differ in their notions of international law; and even among us it may be changed by the lapse of time, of which there are numerous examples. The basis of international law is the law of nature itself, *to which various modifications have been superadded at various times and places.*"

Mr. Wheaton's work is therefore designed to be the history of the establishment of those usages and treaties which now constitute the public law of Europe, and of the civilized nations in other parts of the world. It opens with an introductory essay on the state of international law in ancient times, and previous to the peace of Westphalia, from which epoch the work divides itself into four periods, viz., the first, from the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, to that of Utrecht in 1713; the second, from the peace of Utrecht to the peace of Paris and of Hubertsburg in 1763; the third period, from the Peace of Paris to the French Revolution in 1789; and the fourth, from the French Revolution down to the year 1842; a year memorable to the United States on account of the settlement of their north-eastern boundary by the Treaty of Washington. The fact is, that at present the written public law of Europe dates chiefly from the Treaty of Vienna, and the other treaties made in 1814 and 1815, but previously to that epoch it was almost entirely based upon the articles of the Westphalian peace of 1648, which were renewed and confirmed in almost every subsequent treaty of peace between the central European States from that time until the French Revolution.

In the sense in which the term "International Law" is now received, it had no existence among the ancient states of Greece and Italy. With them the expression "stranger" and "enemy" (*hostis*) were originally synonymous, a pretty significant indication of the treatment which all such might expect at the hands of a conqueror. Among the Greeks it was a received maxim that

men were bound to no duties except by express compact; and the only recognition to be found of any obligations whatever towards vanquished nations, consists in some limitations placed on the exercise of the extreme rights of war by the Amphictyonic confederacy. Although Hume has endeavoured to show that they practically adopted the scheme of a balance of power, it is certain they had no idea of any systematic arrangement for securing perfect independence to different States within the same sphere of action; and, indeed, ancient times have exhibited to us the aggrandisement, first of Macedon and then of Rome, at the expense of all other states. The generous philosophical theories of Cicero are but too much at variance with the practice of his countrymen, whose normal state was that of almost perpetual war, being engaged unceasingly in the occupation or conquest of foreign countries. Whilst the Romans pursued, for seven centuries, a deep and stedfast policy of aggrandizement with inflexible pertinacity, they had throughout as little solicitude for the rights of the vanquished as for the fate of their own countrymen captured in war. There is no ancient treatise within our knowledge, either by Aristotle or any other writer, upon international law. The Romans, it is true, called their *Fecial* law the *jus gentium*, but they did not mean thereby any law to guide the intercourse between different states, but only a civil law of their own, designed to instruct them how to conduct themselves towards other nations in time of war, and not at all supposed to bind such nations to the observance of similar rules on their part. The *jus gentium* was rather a law of humanity, distinguished from the *jus civile*, which was applicable to the private relations of individuals, and the *jus publicum*, which regulated the internal government of the city. Many rules were common to the *jus gentium* and the *jus civile*; yet nothing is clearer than that the former is used by Roman juriconsults as synonymous with the *jus naturale*, founded upon the duties of humanity and the general nature of mankind.

Little, however, as the Romans understood international morality as a science, and still less as they held it a rule for their practical conduct, it must be acknowledged that the Roman jurisprudence has largely contributed to furnish the materials for constructing the new edifice of public law in modern Europe. Our author well observes, that after the fall of the republic, the civil law was the only walk of public life in which the genius of old Rome still survived, and where the heart of the Roman patriot still recognized his country. We extract a passage in which is described the transition from the Roman law to that of modern times,—a transition on which the valuable work of

Savigny has thrown a full and strong light, and which satisfactorily proves that although the military glory of the eternal city has long since departed, she still continues to rule a large portion of the world by the powerful influence of her civil laws.

"The Roman law, so far from having been buried under the ruins of the Roman empire, survived throughout the middle age, and continued to form an integral portion of European legislation long before the pretended discovery of the Pandects of Justinian at Amalfi in the beginning of the twelfth century. The vanquished Roman provincials were neither extirpated, nor generally deprived of their personal freedom, nor was their entire property confiscated by the Gothic invaders, as we are commonly taught to believe. The conquered people were not only permitted to retain a large portion of their lands, and the personal laws by which they had been previously governed; but the municipal constitutions of the Roman cities were, in general, preserved; so that the study and practice of the Roman law could never have been entirely abandoned, even in what has been called the midnight darkness of the middle age. It is a well-known principle of modern international jurisprudence that the local law of the territory governs all persons and things within the territorial jurisdiction, without distinction of origin or race. In the middle age it was otherwise—in the same country, in the same city, the Frank, the Burgundian, the Goth, the Lombard, and the Roman, lived each according to his respective national law, administered by magistrates of his own nation. In the cities, especially, the Roman law was preserved, together with the judicial institutions and magistrates by whom it had been previously administered, whilst the clergy, of whatever race, followed that law. The restoration of the western empire under Charlemagne once more united the greater part of the nations of Europe by the ties of common laws, religion, and ecclesiastical institutions, by the general use of the Latin language in all public transactions, and the majesty of the imperial name. From that time the Roman law was no longer considered as the particular law of the Romans living under the dominion of the Gothic sovereigns who had established themselves in the former provinces of the empire. It became henceforth the common law of those continental countries which were formerly Roman provinces, and was gradually extended to those parts of Germany beyond the Danube and the Rhine where Rome had never been able to establish her dominion. On the revival of the study of the civil law, which, as we have already seen, had become more and more merged in the *jus gentium*, it became identified with the *jus gentium* in the modern sense of the term as synonymous with international law. The professors of the famous school of Bologna were not only civilians, but were employed in public offices, and especially in diplomatic missions, and as arbiters in the disputes between the different states of Italy. The Italian republics of the middle age sprung from the municipal constitutions of the Roman cities which had been preserved under the dominion of the Lombards,

the Franks, the Greek emperors, and the Popes. In the controversy between the Lombard cities and the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, the first claiming their independence and the latter insisting on his regalian rights, the civilians were often appealed to as arbiters between the contending parties. Frederick, as the legitimate successor of Augustus and Charlemagne, laid claim to the entire despotic authority of the Roman emperors over their subjects. The confederated cities of Lombardy pleaded long possession and the acquiescence of Barbarossa's predecessors as confirming their title to substantial independence. The diet of Roncaglia, held in 1158, determined that the regalian rights were exclusively vested in the emperor, except as to those cities which could show positive grants of exemption by imperial charters. This decision is supposed to have been influenced by the famous four doctors of Bologna, who have been accused of base servility, and of betraying the liberties of Italy on this occasion. Be this as it may, the fact of their being consulted as judges and arbiters of sovereign rights shows the growing influence and authority of the civilians as the interpreters of the only science of universal jurisprudence then known.

"From this period the cultivation of the science of the *jus gentium* was considered as the peculiar office of the civilians throughout Europe, even in those countries which had only partially adopted the Roman jurisprudence as the basis of their own municipal law. The authority of the Roman juriconsults was constantly invoked in all international questions, and was not unfrequently misapplied, as if their decisions constituted laws of universal obligation. The Roman law infused its spirit into the ecclesiastical code of the Romish church; and it may be considered as a favourable circumstance for the revival of civilization in Europe, that the interests of the priesthood, in whom all the moral power of the age was concentrated, induced them to cherish a certain respect for the rules of justice. The spiritual monarchy of the Roman pontiffs was founded upon the want of some moral authority to temper the rude disorders of society during the middle age. The influence of the Papal authority, though sometimes abused, was then felt as a blessing to mankind—it rescued Europe from total barbarism; it afforded the only asylum and shelter from feudal oppression. The compilation of the canon law under the patronage of Pope Gregory IX., contributed to diffuse a knowledge of the rules of justice among the Catholic clergy; whilst the art of casuistry, invented by them to aid in performing the duties of auricular confession, opened a wide field for speculation, and brought them to the confines of the true science of ethics."—Introduction, p. 31 to 34.

The works of the most distinguished publicists on international law are regularly noticed by our author in the periods of history to which they respectively belong. In the introductory treatise we find notices of Grotius and Gentili; after the Westphalian peace come Puffendorf, Leibnitz, Spinosa, Zouch, Jenkins, Selden, and Rachel. After the peace of Utrecht are discussed the systems

of Wolf, Vattel, Montesquieu, and Bynkershoek, with some account of the secondary authors, Réal, Mably, Heineccius, &c. In the third period are considered the opinions of Franklin, of Galliani, and Lampredi, and of Moser and Martens; in the fourth, the valuable works of Klüber, and the recent treatise of Heffter, are examined, together with the works of Fœlix and other writers on *private*, as distinguished from *public* international jurisprudence. The various projects of perpetual peace of the Abbé St. Pierre, Rousseau, Jeremy Bentham, and Kant, are also submitted, in their order, to examination. From a careful study of these writers, the student will gain an accurate knowledge of the progress of the science, and will be enabled to form a just comparison of what it was in the middle of the seventeenth century, and what it is at the present day.

The leading feature of the second period is, of course, the seven years' war, and Mr. Wheaton here contrasts the acts of Frederick the Great with the pacific principles enunciated by that sovereign in his 'Anti-Machiavel,' and other works. The private correspondence of Frederick has indeed sufficiently disclosed the ruling motives of the Silesian war, namely, ambition, and the desire of employing the army and treasure bequeathed to him by his father in the aggrandizement of the Prussian monarchy. The allegation that proofs were found at Dresden, by Frederick, of the concerted plans of Austria, Saxony, and Russia against the Prussian state, has been since admitted by his minister, Count Herzberg, to have been merely founded upon the contingency of Frederick becoming the aggressor, an admission which coincides with the conclusion arrived at by Professor Von Raumer, after an examination of a multitude of state papers, viz.:—that Frederick has not proved any formal offensive alliance to have been concluded against him between the three powers mentioned. The aggressive policy of Frederick is also apparent in the circumstance of his having revived a very antiquated claim of the house of Brandenburg to certain Duchies in Silesia, which had been in the undisputed possession of Austria ever since the Westphalian peace, and of his repudiating the guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction given by his father, Frederick William I. Frederick the Great was indeed a military hero; and his fame, both as a conqueror and a statesman, will unquestionably go down to posterity; but his respect for international justice cannot appear otherwise than doubtful to those who have attentively studied his character, and the history of the war to which we are referring.

The question of the Austrian succession furnishes a second instance of the refusal of a great power to fulfil its formal guarantee.

France had guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction in favour of the daughter of the Emperor Charles VI. But when the policy of France changed, she refused the fulfilment of this guarantee, principally on the ground that it reserved the rights of third parties, and joined the coalition for parcelling the greater portion of the Austrian dominions between four other powers. Mr. Wheaton calls the French pretext frivolous; and probably the reasons assigned were as little founded in truth as those of Frederick on the same occasion. It should, however, be remarked, that the rule of international law which invalidates guarantees given to the prejudice of third parties has always been indisputable. Were it otherwise, a sanction might be acquired by a guarantee to any act of injustice, however scandalous. Nor is it desirable for the general interests of peace, that in such cases as disputed successions, third powers should pledge themselves permanently and irretrievably in the interest of one of the contending parties. There are now subsisting treaties under which England and France might possibly be called upon to preserve the Duchy of Schleswick to the *heirs female* of the present King of Denmark, if an absolute and unqualified construction could be assigned to the joint guarantee given by the two first-mentioned powers to the reigning king in the year 1720. But it would be obviously unfair to interpret that instrument as excluding the rightful claims of the *male heirs* of the present king—the Dukes of Holstein-Augustenburg—who are the nearest line of the male descendants of Christian I. Such was not the meaning of the English and French governments in 1720, who in reality designed to give nothing more than an assurance of the factitious possession of certain parts of the Duchy to the then king, without prejudicing the titles of any subsequent rightful claimant.

The termination of the seven years' war by the treaties of Paris and Hubertsburg revived the former treaties of Westphalia, Utrecht, and Aix-la-Chapelle, and made little material change in the previous state of European possession. Mr. Wheaton thus recapitulates its effects:—

“Though the seven years' war was thus terminated without any material change in the international relations of the states of Central and Southern Europe in respect to territorial possession, yet it marks the era of a very important alteration in the relative power and influence of the principal European nations, the effect of which is felt even at the present time.

“1. The rank acquired by Prussia as a first-rate power by the development of its military resources in the conquest of Silesia, and the brilliant genius displayed by its great monarch, in a protracted and unequal struggle with the combined forces of Austria, France,



and Russia, was confirmed by the peace of Hubertsburg. A protestant power arose in Germany, adequate to balance the influence of Austria as a Catholic power in the affairs of the empire, and to neutralize the effect of the Austrian alliance with France. The seven years' war was not a war of religion, but it was the last war waged in Europe in which religious feeling mingled with a struggle for political ascendancy. The protestant peasantry of Silesia received Frederick as a deliverer, whilst the standards of Marshal Daun were consecrated by the pope. The triumph of Prussia was felt to be the triumph of Protestantism, notwithstanding the indifference of her philosophic king.

"2. Russia now first took an active part in the affairs of central Europe. Under Czar Peter I., from a mere Asiatic, she became an European state, and from an inland, a maritime power. The treaty of Neustadt in 1721, annexed the provinces of Sweden, on the eastern shores of the Baltic, Livonia, Esthonia, and Ingria, to the Russian empire, which had gained by conquest a vast extent of territory, and not less than ten millions of population, from the accession of Peter I., in 1689, to that of Catherine II., in 1762.

"3. Besides the above cessions to Russia of territory equal to the whole extent of the present kingdom of Sweden, the latter power had been compelled to cede her German provinces of Bremen and Verden, to Hanover, with a part of Pomerania to Prussia. Sweden thus became impoverished and weakened, and lost her influence in Germany with that rank in Europe she had held ever since the thirty years' war.

"4. Spain, from being the first military and naval power in Europe, under Charles V. and Philip II., though she still retained her immense colonial possessions, had fallen to the rank of a second-rate power, the subordinate ally of France.

"5. Holland remained neutral during the war of 1756, and thus concealed the secret of her internal decline, which was completely disclosed during the subsequent war of the American Revolution, when she fell into that subordinate rank she has ever since continued to occupy."—Part ii. p. 170—175.

The important questions of maritime law which gave rise to the armed neutralities of the years 1780 and 1800 are clearly and fairly stated by Mr. Wheaton. It is now pretty well understood that the first armed neutrality under the Empress Catherine did not derive its origin from any enlarged views of the Russian cabinet, but was the accidental result of a mere court intrigue of Catherine's minister, Count Panin, who, in his anxiety to thwart the designs of his rival, Potemkin, actually contrived to give a turn to measures contemplated by the Empress, which, instead of co-operation with Great Britain, established a set of rules decidedly hostile to British interests, and to the maritime rights which the British government had consistently asserted.

"In the meantime," says Mr. Wheaton, "Spain had been drawn into the war as an ally of France under the family compact of 1761, and Great Britain had demanded in vain from Holland that assistance which the republic was bound to render by the subsisting treaties of alliance and guarantee between the two countries. Indeed appearances indicated that Great Britain was soon to encounter an enemy in her ancient ally. Her naval, commercial, and colonial superiority were thus threatened by a formidable confederacy of the maritime powers of Europe, combined with the youthful energies of her own revolted colonies. In this extremity, the British cabinet turned its attention to Russia, as a power whose friendship and aid might be secured by the application of suitable means. Sir James Harris (afterwards Lord Malmsbury) was instructed to sound the disposition of the Empress Catherine, and for this purpose addressed himself to Panin, chancellor of the empire, and Potemkin, the reigning favorite of that princess. The former was unfavourable to the views of the British cabinet; but the latter opened to their ambassador the means of secret conference with the Empress, who consented to offer her armed mediation in the war between Great Britain on the one side, and France, Spain, and the United States on the other, as an equivalent for Russia being allowed to prosecute her designs on the Turkish empire. But the inclinations of the Empress were still resisted by Panin, who endeavoured to convince her that the true interests of the Russian state would not be promoted by such an alliance; and an official answer was accordingly returned declining the British overtures. Harris was disconcerted by this unexpected result, but received assurances from Potemkin, in the name of the Empress, of unchanged good will,—and an expression of the hope that circumstances would soon enable her to conform her conduct to her wishes.

"An incident now occurred which seemed to favour the designs of the British negotiator. Two Russian vessels, laden with corn, and bound to the Mediterranean, were seized by Spanish cruizers upon the ground that they were intended to supply the fortress of Gibraltar. The Empress instantly demanded satisfaction from the Spanish court, and was persuaded by Potemkin to order, without consulting Panin, the equipment of a fleet at Cronstadt, which was destined to co-operate with Great Britain against Spain and her allies, in case redress should be refused. The fitting out of the fleet could not long be concealed from Panin, nor did he doubt its destination. But he determined to carry into effect his own views by appearing to forward those of his rival. Far from appearing to oppose the designs of the Empress, he declared that he himself participated in her indignation at the conduct of Spain, and entirely approved of her determination to require satisfaction for the injury done to the neutral navigation of her subjects engaged in a lawful commerce. He would even go further: he would exhort his sovereign to seize this opportunity of solemnly announcing to Europe that she would not suffer the wars waged by other powers to affect injuriously the accustomed trade of Russia. He represented

that such a course would secure the friendship and co-operation of all the neutral powers, and would compel Spain to grant complete satisfaction for the injury she had committed. The true principles of neutrality, sanctioned by the natural law of nations, had been hitherto too little respected in practice. They had hitherto wanted the support of a sovereign uniting sufficient power, wisdom, and benevolence, to cause them to be respected. These requisites were now united in Catherine, and she had an opportunity of acquiring new titles to glory, of becoming a lawgiver to the high seas, of restraining the excesses of maritime warfare, and affording to the peaceful commerce of neutrals such a security as it never had possessed.

"The Empress was completely carried away by these representations so flattering to her pride and ambition. She ordered Panin to prepare a statement of the principles he had developed, to be communicated to the belligerent powers, as the rules to be observed for the security of Russian navigation and commerce, and to neutral states, as the basis of a league to be formed between them for the protection of neutral rights.

"In the declaration of the Empress of Russia, which was accordingly drawn up, under date of the 26th February, 1780, and communicated to the courts of London, Versailles, and Madrid, these rules are laid down as follows:—

"1. That all neutral vessels may freely navigate from port to port, and on the coasts of nations at war.

"2. That the goods belonging to the subjects of the powers at war, shall be free in neutral vessels, except contraband articles.

"3. That the Empress, as to the specification of the above mentioned goods, holds to what is mentioned in the 10th and 11th articles of her treaty of commerce with Great Britain, extending these obligations to all the powers at war.

"4. That to determine what is meant by a blockaded port, this denomination is only to be given to that where there is, by the arrangements of the power which attacks it with vessels, stationed sufficiently near, an evident danger in attempting to enter it."—Part iii., p. 295—298.

The principles thus enunciated were, as is well known, revived by the second armed neutrality of the year 1800, the parties to which were Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia. We will not here enter upon any new discussion of the legal questions to which the declarations of the armed neutrality for many years gave rise, for we hold no principles of public law to be better settled than these:—That neutral ships are liable to search by belligerents in time of war; and that enemies' goods, laden on board neutral ships, are liable to seizure. The armed neutrality contended for the reverse of both these propositions. Its mottoes were—freedom of neutrals from search; and, free ships, free goods. That such assertions were and are contrary to the

rules of international justice, is abundantly proved by the elaborate decisions of Sir William Scott, and the other authorities whose reasoning Mr. Wheaton has cited in the fourth part of his history. How far it may be desirable for the maritime powers to enter into some general arrangement for the protection of neutral property in time of hostilities, is a question worthy of consideration; but history will abundantly justify the policy and conduct of Great Britain in regard to neutrals during the last war. She stood upon her rights from the beginning of the controversy; maintained them consistently throughout, against her enemies and the not less hostile confederacies of neutrals; and ended the war with those rights in full integrity. It is an honorable reflection for our country, that whilst she has not omitted opportunities of conciliation, as in the instance of the convention with Russia, of the 17th June, 1801, she has never yielded to force or intimidation one jot or tittle of her maritime rights. On the last occasion of the revival of the armed neutrality, in October, 1807, the British sovereign declared, that it was his right and duty to maintain his own principles of maritime law, and that he was determined to do so, with the aid of Providence, against every confederacy whatever. The treaties of peace of 1814 and 1815 being silent upon this subject, the British principles remain, of course, still unqualified and in full force.

The embargo laid by our Government, on the 14th January, 1801, upon the vessels of the armed neutrality, Russian, Swedish, and Danish, was bitterly complained of at the time, and the complaint has been reiterated by M. Thiers, in the chapter entitled "Les Neuters," of his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' According to that historian, England replied by an *act* of aggression to a mere *thesis*, or declaration of principles, by the neutrals. But, when all the circumstances are fairly weighed, we are convinced that posterity will view this transaction in a very different light from M. Thiers. The renewal of the armed neutrality, which Russia herself had renounced by intermediate engagement, did substantially amount to an act of hostility against our commerce and navigation, as explained by Lord Grenville, in his official notification of the order in council for the embargo. The provocation was, however, much stronger than this. The Emperor Paul, on hearing of the mere arrival of the British fleet in the Sound, which had been sent there and placed under the orders of the special minister, Lord Whitworth, had ordered a sequestration to be placed on all British property in the Russian ports—a measure certainly as aggressive as the subsequent British embargo. Denmark, also, had become a party to the armed neutrality, whilst actually bound to Great Britain by an

existing convention, dated 29th August, 1800. The Danish Government, indeed, pretended that the suspension of rights by the convention was no legitimate obstacle to its joining the northern powers in the armed neutrality. But a perusal of the convention\* will satisfy any candid enquirer that it was made as preliminary to a subsequent definitive treaty for the mutual regulation of the rights of neutrals between England and Denmark; and the latter power had agreed, that until such definitive arrangement the granting of convoy should remain suspended. In the face of such an engagement, Denmark did not scruple to contract new obligations, of an inconsistent nature, with the other three northern powers; nor does M. Thiers scruple to charge England with an unprovoked act of hostile aggression. The fact is, that M. Thiers, seeing all things through French spectacles, and assuming throughout the principles of the armed neutrality to be right in point of law, has given to the proceedings of the neutrals a colour quite the reverse of the true one. Mr. Wheaton's narrative is calm and candid; indeed, we think his statements of the conflicting questions of maritime jurisprudence are, upon the whole, the best parts of his work. The following sketch of the designs of the armed neutrality of 1800, is fairly and accurately drawn:—

“ The negotiation with Denmark was finally terminated by a convention, signed at Copenhagen on the 29th August, 1800, by which the question of right was reserved for ulterior discussion; the Danish frigate, and the vessels under her convoy, were restored; and it was agreed, that in order to prevent similar disputes, the Danish Government should suspend the granting of convoy until the question should be settled by a definitive convention.

“ Whilst this negotiation was going on, the Emperor of Russia, who had separated himself, first from the alliance of Austria, and, subsequently, from that of Great Britain, proposed to the Courts of Denmark, Prussia, and Sweden, to conclude a convention for the revival of the principles of the armed neutrality of 1780. This proposition was grounded principally upon the necessity of concerting, on the part of the northern powers, measures of defence against aggressions similar to that which it was alleged had been committed on the Danish frigate, *Freya*; and the Emperor Paul no sooner heard of the arrival of a British fleet in the Sound, than he ordered a sequestration to be placed upon all British property in the Russian ports. The signature of the convention of the 29th August, between Denmark and Great Britain, induced him to retract this measure. But the refusal of the British Government to deliver to him the possession of the Island of Malta, which he claimed under

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\* See Martens' 'Recueil,' Tome vii. p. 426.

an alleged agreement with that Government, induced him to lay an embargo on all British vessels. Three treaties were signed at St. Petersburg: on the 16th December, between Russia and Sweden, and between Russia and Denmark; and on the 18th, between Russia and Prussia; and as each of these powers acceded to the treaties of the others with Russia—they formed together a sort of quadruple alliance.”—pp. 397-8.

“The Danish Government at first hesitated to ratify the treaty which had been signed by their ministers at St. Petersburg. It was already bound by the convention of Copenhagen to Great Britain, not to grant convoys to its merchant vessels until the question should be finally determined between the two powers. An unconditional accession to the treaties of armed neutrality would seem to be a violation of its previous engagements with Great Britain. In the meantime, the British minister at Copenhagen, by his note, dated the 27th December, had demanded a clear, frank, and satisfactory answer upon the nature, objects, and extent of the obligations Denmark might have contracted, or the negotiations she was still pursuing with the other northern powers. Count Bernstorff, in his reply to this note, of the 31st December, denied that the engagements his Government was on the point of contracting were hostile to Great Britain, or inconsistent with the previous convention of the 29th August. He asserted, that a conditional and temporary suspension of the exercise of a right could not be considered as an abandonment of the right which was incontestable, and for the maintenance of which the northern powers were about to provide by a mutual concert, which, far from compromising their neutrality, was intended to confirm it.

“The British Government replied to this note by an order in council, dated the 14th of January, 1801, laying an embargo on all Russian, Swedish, and Danish vessels. Lord Grenville notified this order to the ministers of Denmark and Sweden, declaring that the new maritime code of 1780, now sought to be revived, was an innovation highly injurious to the dearest interests of Great Britain, and which Russia herself had renounced by the engagements contracted between her and Great Britain, at the commencement of the then present war.

“These measures decided Denmark to adhere unconditionally to the armed neutrality, by a declaration published on the 27th February, 1801.

“Great Britain continued to temporize, from motives of policy, with Prussia, the remaining party to the northern alliance. This did not, however, prevent the Prussian cabinet from co-operating with Denmark in shutting the mouths of the Elbe and Weser against British commerce. The Danish troops occupied Hamburg and Lubeck, whilst Hanover and Bremen were seized by Prussia. In the meantime, the war commenced between the Baltic powers and Great Britain by the battle of Copenhagen, April 2nd, 1801, the result of which produced an armistice with Denmark. The death of

the Emperor Paul dissolved the confederacy which had been formed under his auspices. The armistice with Denmark was extended to Russia and Sweden, and the Hanseatic towns were evacuated by the Danish and Prussian troops. The embargoes were raised on both sides, and a negotiation opened at St. Petersburg for regulating the points in controversy.

"This negotiation resulted in the signature of a convention between Great Britain and Russia, on the 5th—17th of June, 1801."—pp. 399-401.

"We have thought it necessary to dwell thus minutely upon the circumstances which attended the formation of the convention of 1801, because it may justly be considered, not merely as forming a new conventional law between the contracting parties, but as containing a recognition of universal pre-existing rights, which could not justly be withheld by them from other states. The avowed object of the treaty was to fix and declare the law of nations upon the several points which had been so much contested; the three northern powers yielding the point of *free ships, free goods*, and that of search, subject to a modification, by which the exercise of the right was confined to public ships of war; and Great Britain yielding to all of them those relating to the colonial and coasting trade, to blockades, and to the mode of search; and yielding to Russia, moreover, the limitation of contraband to military stores. With respect to the question of convoys, a question not comprehended in the armed neutrality of 1780, a modification, satisfactory to the northern powers, was yielded by Great Britain.

"That this is the true interpretation of the convention of 1801, was made evident in the course of the debate which took place in the British House of Lords, on the 12th of November, 1801, on the production of the papers relating to that convention."—p. 408.

"In order to complete our view of the controversy growing out of the armed neutrality, it is only necessary to add, that both in the preliminary treaty of peace between France and Great Britain, signed in 1801, and in the definitive treaty concluded at Amiens in the following year, a total silence was observed respecting the disputed points of maritime law. On the rupture which took place between Great Britain and Russia, in consequence of the attack upon Copenhagen and capture of the Danish fleet, the Russian Government published, on the 26th October, 1807, a declaration, for ever annulling the maritime convention of 1801, and proclaiming 'anew the principles of the armed neutrality, that monument of the wisdom of the Empress Catherine,' and engaging never to derogate from this system.

"The British Government published, on the 18th December, an answer to this declaration, proclaiming 'anew the principles of maritime law, against which was directed the armed neutrality under the auspices of the Empress Catherine.' It was stated that these principles had been recognised by all the powers of Europe who framed that league, and no one more strictly conformed to them than Russia

herself, under the reign of the Empress Catherine. It was the right, as well as the duty, of His Majesty to maintain these principles, which he was determined to do against every confederacy, with the assistance of Divine Providence. The subsequent treaties of peace and of commerce between the two powers are totally silent upon the disputed points."—p. 420.

Mr. Wheaton furnishes an account of various projects which have from time to time been started with the professed object of the *conservation of perpetual peace*. The first and most original of the projectors was the Abbé St. Pierre, who laid his scheme before the conference at Utrecht in the year 1713. He proposed a perpetual alliance between the members of the European League, guaranteeing to each other their possessions as fixed at the peace of Utrecht, each power renouncing the separate right of making war, and agreeing to submit all differences to the general assembly of the league, in which the votes of three-fourths should be requisite to a definitive sentence. Any state refusing to conform to the decisions of the assembly, was to be coerced and reduced to obedience by the rest of the league. In 1761, the Abbé St. Pierre's plan was further developed by Rousseau, and was afterwards still more ably advocated by Bentham in his essay on international law. Bentham, relying on such examples as the armed neutrality, the United States of America, the Germanic Confederation, and the Helvetic League, anticipated no difficulty in forming an European Confederation, which should govern the external movements of the individual states, and place under its ban any state disregarding the federal decisions. Kant, also, in his project published in 1795, declares his belief in the possibility of a permanent Congress of European Nations for the conservation of the peace of the world; adopting, in fact, substantially the idea of St. Pierre.

We are not among those who have faith in the practicability of such schemes, however desirable they may be; for supposing the majority of the states of the association to be always wise and enlightened, there is still no security against the dissent of a less enlightened minority; and if the unanimous consent of the body be once interrupted, what follows but war? Indeed, the scheme of St. Pierre will be found, upon the very face of it, to contemplate war, for it declares that any disobedient state *shall be coerced and reduced to obedience by the rest of the league*. There is really no possibility of establishing any sovereign arbiter of differences, except by special conventions, as the cases arise; nor any actual security for the permanence of peace, except by the mutual respect of states for each others' rights, and by their faithful observance of existing treaties. The great difficulty will always be to



determine what acts amount to violation of treaties or of recognized national independence, and this difficulty would exist as much under a nominally pacific confederation, as it does now in the existing circumstances and relations to each other of the civilized states of Europe and America.

Without any express compact, the refinements of modern societies have already done very much towards the mutual security of states and the mitigation of the horrors of warfare. Nations recognize the independent position of each other, even in war; consequently war has become, in general, limited to the combatants only, with an exemption to the persons and property of all other individuals. The entire cessation of the practice of killing prisoners, the respect to the rights of ambassadors, and the observance of truces,—all are proofs that war has lost much of its barbarous character, and partakes of the milder spirit of a civilized age. Nor ought we to forget that there is already to be found an important and powerful association for the preservation of peace in the Treaty of Vienna. For more than thirty years, the conferences of the five powers,—Great Britain, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France,—have been the successful instruments of assuring the repose of Europe. The declared principles of the alliance founded on the Treaty of Vienna, as between governments and governments, are excellent, and leave nothing to be desired but a provision (which could hardly have been expected) against any kind of interference between a government and a people in the regulation of their own affairs. In the declaration of the five powers signed at Aix-la-Chapelle on the 15th November, 1818, their objects are thus expressed:—

“L'objet de cette union est aussi simple que grand et salutaire. Elle ne tend à aucune nouvelle combinaison politique, à aucun changement dans les rapports sanctionnés par les traités existans. Calme et constante dans son action, elle n'a pour but que le maintien de la paix, et la garantie des transactions qui l'ont fondée et consolidée.

“Les souverains, en fondant cette union auguste, ont regardé comme la base fondamentale leur invariable résolution de ne jamais s'écarter, ni entre eux, ni dans leurs relations avec d'autres états, *de l'observation la plus stricte des principes du droit des gens, principes qui dans leur application à un état de paix permanent, peuvent seuls garantir efficacement l'indépendance de chaque gouvernement, et la stabilité de l'association générale.*” \*

We see the five great powers publicly pledged for the strict and permanent observance of the law of nations, as the only

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\* Martens, Supp., Tome viii. p. 560.

effectual security for the peace and stability of the general political system. Beyond this, we believe there is little that will be found practicable; and schemes of perpetual peace, we fear, must be regarded rather as the dreams of benevolent enthusiasts, than as serious projects which admit of being realized in our time, or indeed at any period, without a total change in the existing constitution of society.

Besides the great question to which we have already referred, relative to the rights of neutrals in time of war, there are some others which Mr. Wheaton notices in that portion of his history which recites the discussions between England and America, on the subject of the right of visitation of suspected slave-traders, and also in reference to the emancipation of the negroes on board the *Creole*. Both those questions were considered as practically settled in 1842 by Lord Ashburton's Treaty of Washington, and it is not likely that the British Government has any desire for their revival. It is, however, true, that notwithstanding Lord Ashburton's arrangement, England has never renounced the general principle of the right, alleged to be founded upon the slave-trade conventions, of visiting in time of peace ships carrying the American flag, in order to ascertain whether the flag truly indicates the vessel's nationality. The Americans, according to Mr. Webster's last declaration on the subject, made after the date of the Treaty of Washington, continue to dispute this right; and therefore, as a matter of principle, it may be considered as remaining *vexata questio*. The same may also be said of the general question, how far a slave, finding himself, either by accident or design, in a country of which the municipal law does not recognize slavery, ought to be delivered over to the Government to which he is a subject. According to the municipal law of England the answer is, of course, in the negative; and therefore, the slaves brought to the Bahamas in the *Creole* were set free. But, after all, the main point in such a case is what is the rule, not of municipal but of international law? And here Mr. Wheaton has shown that the practice of different States differs materially upon the rule of extradition. In Prussia, for instance, although slavery is not tolerated, yet a foreigner, bringing his slave for a limited time within the Prussian dominions, retains his property in the slave for that limited period. The general right of requiring the extradition of prisoners charged with crimes, has been asserted by some jurists and denied by others. Our own impression is that no such general right exists, independent of treaties; but it would be more satisfactory if so important a question could be definitively settled among all civilized nations, and especially that part of it which relates to slaves whom accident

or misfortune has driven to seek refuge in countries where slavery is illegal by the municipal laws.

Our author's history closes with the year 1842. But since that time there have occurred three very serious and difficult international questions, on which we ought not to omit saying a few words before concluding this paper. The questions we mean are those relating to the Oregon territory, the Spanish marriages, and the extinction of Cracow.

The dispute between Great Britain and the United States relative to the Oregon district has been happily settled by the Treaty of 1846, which defines the permanent north-western boundaries of the British and American dominions. Neither party had a clear title; and it was therefore reasonable that the principle of contiguity should have some weight, and that the 49th parallel of latitude, which separates the two powers over the greater part of the American continent, should be adopted as the basis of the negotiation. Considering all the difficulties and complexities of this question, the arrangement was perhaps as good a one as it was practicable to bring about.

The marriage of the Infanta of Spain with the Duke of Montpensier, has more recently given rise to a discussion between the British and French Governments, as to the true meaning and construction of the Treaty of Utrecht. It seems to have been admitted on the British side, that the marriage itself is not a contravention of the treaty; but it has still been contended that *the issue of the marriage* will be incapable of succeeding to the Spanish crown. This interpretation of the treaty is evidently erroneous. By the reciprocal renunciations contained in the Treaty of Utrecht, King Philip V., for himself and his descendants, abandoned his birth-right by blood to the crown of France, whilst his brother, the Duke of Berry, and his uncle the Duke of Orleans, for themselves and their descendants, abandoned their birth-rights to the crown of Spain. The Duke of Orleans was the son, and Philip V. and the Duke of Berry were the grandsons of Louis XIV. of France, who married Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain. Therefore, all these princes were capable of succeeding both to the French and Spanish crowns; and the object of their respective renunciations was to give effect to the cardinal principle of the Utrecht treaty—that the two crowns should never be worn at the same time by the same person. But they did not renounce any rights beyond those of consanguinity. They could not compel their descendants to abandon rights which they might obtain by marriage, or in any other way than by descent. The children of the Infanta will have rights of their own, as descendants of Philip V., and constitutional

heirs to the Spanish Monarchy, and cannot of course be deprived of such rights on account of the incapacity of their father, the Duke of Montpensier. If they could, then it must follow that no child of King Louis Philippe can inherit the throne of France; because all the children of that sovereign are, through their mother, descendants of Philip V. The reason why they can inherit in France is, because the rights which they derive from their father cannot be affected by the renunciation of the ancestor of their mother; and this reason applies exactly to the case of the possible issue of the Infanta, whose claims cannot possibly be extinguished by the renunciation of their father's ancestor, the Duke of Orleans, in 1713. The point is so clear that we are really surprised it should ever have been brought into dispute.

The question of Cracow has been, like most matters of foreign policy, completely misunderstood in England; and even an able writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' has entirely missed the point upon which the argument in favour of the right of the three powers turns. With the general views of that writer as to the injustice of the three partitions of Poland, and the impolicy of the appropriation made in 1815 of the duchy of Warsaw, we entirely concur. The views of Lord Castlereagh, which were just and liberal with regard to Poland, were entirely defeated at the Congress of Vienna; and the British cabinet reluctantly assented to Russia's retaining the sovereignty of that duchy, which the Czar claimed by alleged right of conquest, he having seized it from Saxony, the ally of Napoleon, during the war. But this concession to the views of Russia, although coupled with conditions for a Polish constitution, &c., was, in truth, the abandonment for ever by England and France of all pretensions to re-establish the Polish nation: it was the surrender of all claims which England and France might be supposed to have to interfere for the restoration of ancient Poland; in short, the Congress of Vienna was *finis Polonie*. As to the disposal of Cracow (being one of the frontier towns), that became a mere matter for arrangement between the three powers; it did not in any way concern England or France, nor did Lord Castlereagh take the slightest interest in the question. It is the very opposite of the truth, to say that Cracow was preserved as a remnant of ancient Poland, or to perpetuate the memory of Polish independence. Cracow was made a free state simply because the three powers could not agree about its disposal; and the proposal that it should be made a free, neutral city, under the protection of the three powers, was *originally made by the Russian cabinet*, as appears by Count Nesselrode's note, dated 31st December, 1814. Austria had previously claimed the place, but Prince Metternich, in his note of 10th December,

1814, had calmly remarked, "Dès que le sort du duché de Varsovie a cessé de former un objet de discussion, et que par sa destination a servi d'aggrandissement à l'empire Russe, la question se trouve réduite à la simple évaluation de quelques points de frontière." The arrangements about Cracow, as well as about Thoru, another frontier town, were left entirely to the three powers at the congress. England was indeed a member of the Polish and Saxon committee of the congress; but having assented to the main question—the assignment to Russia of the duchy of Warsaw—the British minister did not trouble himself about the minor arrangements of the frontier. France was not a member of the Polish and Saxon committee, and was not at any time allowed to take part in its proceedings. The members of the committee were Russia, Austria, Prussia and Great Britain.

The resolutions of the committee of congress, as regarded all Polish questions, were embodied in the three treaties between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, dated the 3rd May, 1815, and *by these treaties* (as M. Hassan, the French historian, has justly remarked) *the fate of Poland was sealed*. Neither Great Britain nor France were parties; and not being parties, their consent was not necessary to the annulment of the treaties by the three powers who were the 'contracting parties. This is a formal and legal justification of the act of the three powers, when they annulled so much of their engagements to each other as stipulated for the independence and neutrality of the republic of Cracow, of which they, the three powers, were the sole creators. Why Great Britain was not made a party to the treaties of the 3rd of May is, of course, unknown to us. Perhaps it was an oversight of Lord Castlereagh, or possibly the British cabinet had no desire to be a party to treaties which had not the most remote relation to any British interests. As to the city of Cracow being made a party—which the Edinburgh reviewer thinks would have ensured greater legal precision—the reviewer forgets that previously to the signature of the treaties of the 3rd May, Cracow, as a state, did not exist. It was from the will of the three powers, as expressed in those treaties, that the republic of Cracow derived its existence; and this very circumstance, that Cracow was not and could not legally have been a party to the treaties of the 3rd of May, is a sufficient legal vindication of the three powers, who have merely destroyed a political existence dependent upon their own pleasure, because the continuance of that existence was believed to be dangerous to the peace and safety of the surrounding monarchies.

But, says the Edinburgh Reviewer, the separate treaties of 3rd May were incorporated in the general act of the congress of

Vienna, by article 118; and, further, the principal dispositions relative to the independence of Cracow were repeated in articles 6, 7, 9, and 10, of the general act. We do not see how either of these facts at all alters the case. The general act of the Vienna congress, dated the 9th of June, 1815 (sometimes erroneously called the Treaty of Vienna), is a recapitulation or assemblage of the various treaties which, during the sitting of the congress, were signed between different contracting parties, whose rights as contractors were not at all diminished thereby. The general act is a ratifying or guaranteeing instrument of the different results of the negociations of the congress, as expressed in the preamble—*“afin de les revêter de leurs ratifications réciproques;”* it is not an eight-headed, over-ruling monster, entitled to dictate to Europe and to over-ride the rights of the different contracting parties. The parties to the general act were eight, viz: Austria, Russia, Prussia, Great Britain, France, Portugal, Sweden, and Spain (which last, however, did not sign at the time, but afterwards adhered); and, in the case of Cracow, the five last-mentioned powers were merely guarantees of the treaties of 3rd May, 1815, entitled to interfere only in case of disagreement between the contracting parties, but having no power whatever so long as the contractors should act in union. We hold that it is quite preposterous to have expected that, in a question purely Polish, and arising out of a tripartite treaty between Austria, Russia, and Prussia, those powers should be restrained from determining it, without the previous consent of England, France, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden; and we hope that the public treaties of Europe will never rest upon so insecure a foundation as the approbation or disapproval of such governments as those of Spain and Portugal! As to the doctrine of the Edinburgh Reviewer—that “when advantages guaranteed to a weaker state are mixed up with other considerations of public policy, which we and all other parties to the treaty are interested in maintaining, then those parties become more than guarantors; they are invested with a right of interference,”—we earnestly protest against a position which would practically substitute for law the utmost latitude of discretion.

As to the recognition of the free state of Cracow in the 6th and other articles of the Vienna act, that circumstance amounts to nothing. Other governments, besides the eight who were parties to the Vienna act, have recognized the republic of Cracow; and yet it would be hardly asserted that such governments, by such recognition, acquired thereby any right of interference on the recent occasion. And since we have already shown that the eight powers were not contracting but guaranteeing parties to

the general act, the recapitulation in the general act of some leading clauses of the tripartite treaty of the 3rd May could be of no possible importance, one way or the other.

What convinces us that the Edinburgh Reviewer does not see the *gist* of the argument which he attempts to answer, is that he imagines the case of Cracow to be similar to that of Geneva, and observes that Geneva was no party to any of the arrangements made by the congress with the king of Sardinia. Now the allies, finding Geneva a part of the French territory at the peace of Paris, reunited it to the Helvetic confederation; and by the declaration of the eight powers, to which the Helvetic diet acceded on the 27th May, 1815, the independence and neutrality of the Swiss cantons, Geneva included, was formally secured. Previous to the accession of the diet, the king of Sardinia had, by treaty with the allies, made certain cessions of territory to the canton of Geneva. Now, it is obvious that Geneva, as a member of the Helvetic confederation, was a party to the compact with the eight powers which re-established Helvetic independence: consequently, the political existence of Geneva cannot be legally extinguished without the consent, first, of herself; second, of all the other states of the Helvetic confederation; third, of the eight powers who re-established the independence of Switzerland by their declaration of the 19th March, 1815, viz.—Austria, Spain, France, Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Sweden.

With respect to the idea that the fate of Cracow affords a precedent for the extinction of Frankfort, or any of the small German republics, by the greater powers, it is sufficient to remark that Frankfort and the Hanseatic republics, *being contracting parties* to the act on the federative constitution of Germany, signed at Vienna the 8th of June, 1815, and having previously had an independent existence, they cannot be politically extinguished without their own express consent. The incorporation of Cracow, so far as we can perceive, cannot be made a precedent for the extinction of any other European state. The assumed necessity of the incorporation, and the moral right of the people of Cracow, whether previously existing as a state or not, to have a voice in the disposal of their own liberty, are questions which do not belong to our subject; we have confined our inquiry to the principles of international law as hitherto recognized.

W. J.

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ART V.—*A Popular Life of George Fox, the first of the Quakers.* By Josiah Marsh. London: Gilpin. 1847.

**T**HERE is no subject perpetually before our eyes more imperfectly understood than Quakerism. There is a prevalent idea, amounting perhaps to a knowledge, that Quakers are a sect addicted to broad-brimmed hats, collarless coats, a peculiar phraseology, silent meetings, and the acquisition of money; propensities which rarely engender any better feeling than contempt; for the man who is too well-bred to express it in the same way cherishes the same feeling as the boy who hoots after the drab-garbed Quaker in the street. Nineteen-twentieths of our countrymen believe a Quaker to be infinitely inferior to themselves: to the brutal, he is an object of abuse; to the rude, of ridicule; to the supercilious, of contempt; to the kind-hearted, of pity: but all agree in looking down upon him as from some very decided elevation. It is difficult to dissipate feelings which flatter our self esteem, and whatever places another permanently below us certainly administers to that quality: we are pleased to have an opportunity of despising, and often absolutely plume ourselves on despising, courteously and religiously, kindly and conscientiously.

We are willing to believe that this relative position between the Quaker and the man of the world arises entirely from the fact already adduced, that Quakerism is imperfectly understood: we see the husk, we taste it and find it unpalatable, bitter, chaffy: but so also is the husk of the cocoa-nut, and of fifty other fruits. Now we have no more right to judge the Quaker than the cocoa-nut by its exterior alone: it is not only unfair to the object but unjust towards ourselves. Let us, however, pause for a moment over the husk itself, the quaintness, oddity, perhaps ugliness, of the costume, the mode of address, &c.: it should be distinctly understood, that these peculiarities are not of themselves considered in the light of good deeds, but often serve as a protection against evil deeds. The true Quaker has a decided objection to amalgamate with that world whose fashions and excesses he has conscientiously renounced; and these peculiarities act as a universally accepted apology for his not mingling in scenes in which others can perceive no harm; races, hunting, theatres, balls, concerts, cards, drinking—occupations held to be almost necessary to people of the world, and, to use the most circum-spect phraseology, *tolerated* by their religious instructors—are forbidden to the Quaker: from his youth upwards he is taught to avoid them. Abstinence from these indulgences is inculcated with the first lessons of religion; and intellect has no sooner



dawned than his moral education begins. This abstinence from occupations common in the world has become so notorious, that the Quaker garb is a sufficient apology for non-indulgence. It would be out of place at all public amusements; in all scenes of riot and intemperance; so that, whatever the inclination, the Quaker, in Quaker garb, dare not mingle in such company. The husk, as we have termed it, worn under parental authority, thus becomes a safeguard and protection to the young,—a protection even against inclination; for we are not to suppose the youth of any sect devoid of the taste for amusement which is a characteristic of that period of our existence. In after years, the *man* has often to look back with gratitude on the protecting power of that garb, and those peculiarities, which he felt irksome as a youth; and seeing the service they rendered to himself, he inculcates their observance on his successors, indeed, enforces it, so long as parental authority endures. Thus, however much we may be inclined to dislike or censure these peculiarities, we shall find it difficult to deny their utility; and we shall also find that a portion of our feeling of contempt arose from an insufficiency of our own information. We are ever too ready to smile at what we do not understand; and, in our journey through life, we often feel the smile of scorn dissipated by an enlarged power of comprehension, and succeeded by respect, and perhaps even by admiration. While on the subject of dress, we may further remark that the Quaker garb is professedly a mere retention of the usual costume of that period when Quakers were first associated as a body, and a refusal to comply with the ever-changing vagaries of fashion. So much for the husk. We wish to place it in its true light, and to remove those erroneous impressions which result from mistaking it for the kernel.

Quakerism may be said to date its existence from the preaching of Fox; prior to this some Quaker doctrines had been vaguely promulgated, but, under the majestic and energetic mind of Fox, they received form and character; they became distinct and intelligible; so that to him alone must be attributed the establishment of the sect. It will be recollected by all who are conversant with the history of the Reformation, that the participators in that great movement aimed at a far more extensive subversion of the ceremonies of the Romish Church than they had the power to achieve; thus we find the more eminent of these reformers inveighing bitterly against certain observances, which, as they said, “plainly savour of popery.” Among such objectionable observances are enumerated, “figured music and organs, the forms of sponsors, the use of the cross in baptism, kneeling at the sacrament, sprinkling of infants, bowing at the name of Jesus,” &c.

But Queen Elizabeth, whose memory as a Protestant Reformer is so highly cherished by the Episcopalian Church, insisted on the re-introduction of these observances, and took care that they should be rigidly enforced. The Act of Conformity was passed in 1554, and by this all the Romish ceremonies which the Queen or her advisers were pleased to continue, became law, in opposition to the principles and entire spirit of the Reformation. This of course induced violent discontent; and very many of the true reformers refused to comply, and formed small associations on principles opposed to one or other of the prescribed forms. Hence arose those numerous bodies of Dissenters, which, in the time of Charles I., had become so powerful; and which, however they might differ on other points, were unanimously agreed in denying the divine right of Bishops, and thus rendered themselves obnoxious to ecclesiastical authorities. But, amidst all the distaste for *certain* forms and ceremonies, no sect ventured to proscribe them *all*; it was left for George Fox to found a religion on the New Testament alone; to dispense with *all* priestcraft and priesthood, with *all* forms and observances and ceremonies, and to declare that worship was a spiritual act between man and his Maker, a tribute to be offered independently of human assistance, and unaccompanied by any human inventions. Our author informs us that—

“No reformer, prior to George Fox, had altogether rejected ceremonies in the performance of public worship, or the observance of any religious rite upon admittance into a community of membership. But he, regarding worship alone in the light of a spiritual act, between the heart of man and his Maker, instituted a worship of silent waiting, and more particularly called upon his followers to rely upon that measure of divine light or grace which it has pleased God to place in the hearts of all men for their edification, guidance, and right understanding of his revealed law, provided they are willing to submit to its silent teachings. He considered that it is only by the free operation of this divine principle that the heart becomes sanctified, and that, by it alone, men can become spiritually baptized into the Church of Christ, or can become spiritual partakers of the body and blood of our Saviour. Which inward and spiritual participation is the only true essential of these ceremonies, as practised by most of the Christian churches. Neither had any one, before this, called the attention of mankind so particularly to the marked distinction between the old law of Moses and the new law of the Gospel; pointing out that the former, with its ceremonies and ordinances, was expressly given to the Jews, and to them only; and, as St. Paul says, is to be looked upon by us as a schoolmaster to prepare us for the better and more spiritual dispensation, which ended the old law,\* and in whose glad tidings

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\* Gal. iii. 24, 25.

the whole Gentile world are made participators as well as the Jews. Nor had any one before endeavoured to establish a system of public worship of a nature so entirely spiritual, allowing of no prescribed act, either of prayer or of exhortation. His object was to lead people back to the primitive simplicity and purity of the Gospel precepts, to which the superstitious ceremonies of the Romish Church were so glaringly opposed; to call them off from all dependence upon outward ceremonies, to that inward and spiritual religion by which alone they can know Christ to be their God and their Saviour; and to convince them that the mere knowledge and belief of what Christ had done and suffered for them when personally upon earth, was not of itself sufficient to obtain this, without a further knowledge, through the Holy Spirit, of his righteous government in their hearts."—p. 10.

Since Christianity was first preached by the immediate followers of Christ, no such doctrine as this had ever been broached. Peter, Mahomet, Luther, Wycliffe, Calvin, Wesley, and the thousand minor powers that have succeeded, all had their ceremonies performed by priests; all looked on the priest as a being whose offices were essential to the safety of the soul. George Fox alone, of all the world, repudiated priesthood and priestcraft, and dared to deny the right of a human mediator between God and man. He acknowledged but one mediator; one whose services were not to be doled out in pittance apportioned to the coin returned. It therefore is not remarkable that the priesthood of whatever denomination should rise as one man against the Quaker, and denounce him from the pulpit as an atheist and a traitor; an enemy alike to religion and to law. Such was the case; and when we remember how vast, how subtle, how ramified, how extended is that power and influence he attacked, we cannot wonder that the Quaker was hunted from place to place like a beast, was torn from his home and family, was thrown into the most filthy dungeons, was flogged, maimed, crippled, and murdered, merely on a false charge of irreligion and disaffection, originating entirely in the vengeance of a priesthood whose offices he declined, and with whose emoluments the spread of such opinions must of necessity interfere. The licence for marriage, the marriage form, the churching of women, the sprinkling of infants, the administration of the sacrament, the ceremony of confirmation, the funeral service, the consecration of churches and churchyards, all forms of prayer, written sermons; all were of no avail: churches themselves were superfluous, and the sacredness of any edifice declared a fable. This was atheism and treason in the eyes of the clergy, and of all over whom their influence extended.

The boldness with which Fox preached these doctrines is shown in his own '*Journal*,' but there are other authentic sources

of information, which bear ample testimony to the courage he displayed.

“When I heard the bell toll to call the people together in the steeple-house, it struck at my life, for it was like a market bell to gather people together, that the priest might set forth his wares for sale. Oh! the vast sums of money that are got by the trade they make of selling the scriptures, and by their preaching, from the highest bishop to the lowest priest. What one trade in the world is comparable to it? Notwithstanding the Scriptures were given forth freely, Christ commanded his ministers to preach freely, and the prophets and apostles denounced judgment against all covetous hirelings and diviners for money. But in this free spirit of the Lord Jesus was I sent forth to declare the word of life and reconciliation freely, that all might come to Christ, who gives freely, and renews up into the image of God, which man and woman were in before they fell.”—p. 46.

Here we are presented with the origin of the Quaker tenet against a paid clergy of any description; and from the doctrines of their founder the Quakers conceive themselves called upon to protest openly against such a ministration of the Gospel, as being contrary to the special injunctions of Christ, and the practices of the apostles and early Christian church. Hence, they refuse to pay all tithes or church demands, patiently submitting to the legal penalties attached to such refusals, and to the rapacity of their enemies, who, in the early periods of the society, carried their plunder to so great an excess as not only to involve many in total ruin, but also to subject them to long and cruel imprisonments, which, in many cases of particular hardship, terminated in death. Hence, in 1662, twenty died in different prisons in London, and seven more after their liberation, from their ill-treatment. In 1664, twenty-five died, and in 1665, fifty-two more. The number which perished in this way, throughout the whole kingdom, amounted to three hundred and sixty-nine.

It would be a subject of interesting inquiry, but foreign to the objects of a literary review, whether the grand features of this mission of George Fox, and the practice of his early followers resulting from it, are not based upon more solid principles of Christianity, and are not more closely allied to its pure spirit than the world at large generally admit to be essential? Quakerism is grounded on the passage—“that the grace of God which brings salvation had appeared to all men, and that the manifestation of the spirit of God was given to every man to profit withal.” Fox maintained, that by a faithful obedience to the inward teachings of this Holy Spirit we become God’s people, and by its aid alone acquire a clear understanding of the Scriptures; but which inward monitor, if continually neglected, or after the

example of Felix, dismissed for a more convenient season, will in time be withdrawn, leaving the heart reprobate, and abandoned to its own wicked devices; for God has declared, "my spirit shall not always strive with man." Gen. vii. 3.

This inward principle is the good seed, which being sown in all soils, flourishes in some, pines away or is choked in others, and in some individuals finds no root at all. Scriptural authority, if to be literally interpreted, is at least in favour of Fox's testimony against all oaths, and warfare, as being antichristian, and in direct opposition to the dictates of Christ, and the practice of the apostles and early church. And further, in accordance with his emulation of the noble and disinterested example of the early christian pastors, who ministered the word of life without fee or reward; and with his rejection of all outward ceremonies and forms of worship, because they had degenerated into religious rites, and which he considered as so many stumbling-blocks and impediments to that spiritual devotion required of man by his Maker. Again, it would appear to support his great christian principle, that no system of policy whatever should be founded on expediency; but upon that golden precept of Christ's, "of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us,"—a maxim that if faithfully acted upon would do away at once with all grounds of contention and warfare. The Quakers therefore as a body may be considered universal philanthropists; and in their christian love and good will to all men they are as much opposed to every measure which is injurious to the free and just rights of man, as they are often the foremost supporters of those devised for his good.

"The mission of G. Fox was no republican doctrine, disguised under the form of theology. It never interfered with the existing powers, whether monarchical or republican, but taught obedience to the magistrate, by enforcing purity of morals. It was a plain, honest, and zealous attempt to clear the gospel from the mist of error and superstition, which had long obscured it; to release the minds of the people from the shackles of school-wisdom, and the subtleties of polemical divinity; to hold out to them the true nature of that redemption which it offers to all mankind, a redemption depending upon faith in Christ, repentance from sin, and transformation from the world, but not upon outward rites and ordinances, or creeds drawn up by fallible men. He pleaded alone for religious liberty, for a free toleration of all religious opinions; a principle which in itself involves emancipation of mind, and lays the foundation for the universal and equal rights of all men, the privileged classes as well as those below them; and effectually resists the encroachments of either party upon the just rights of the other, by inculcating the great christian rule of doing as we would be done by."—p. 48.

The 'Journal' of George Fox was pronounced by the late Sir James Mackintosh to be "one of the most extraordinary and instructive documents in the world;" and he adds, that "no man of competent judgment can peruse it without revering the virtue of the writer." To his efforts, single-handed, or nearly so, we may ascribe the establishment and rise of the Quakers, which, as Bancroft in his 'History of the United States' declares, is "one of the most remarkable events in the history of man. It marks," says he, "the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally by the people as an inalienable birthright. It was the consequence of a great moral warfare against corruption; the aspiration of the human mind after a perfect emancipation from the long reign of bigotry and superstition."

In another passage, Bancroft describes how Fox arrived "at the conclusion that truth is to be sought by listening to the voice of God in the soul. This principle," says he, "contained a moral revolution. It established absolute freedom of mind, treading idolatry under foot, and entered the strongest protest against the forms of a hierarchy. It was the principle for which Socrates died, and Plato suffered; and now that Fox went forth to proclaim it among the people, he was resisted everywhere with vehemence, and priests and professors, magistrates and people, swelled against him like the raging waves of the sea."

It is worthy of remark, that this storm of persecution should have raged most fiercely during the protectorate of Cromwell, a man who has the credit of resisting the influence of priesthood and priestcraft when directed against himself. We are especially told by D'Aubigné, in his 'History of the Reformation,' that "the rise of plebeian sects, which swarmed in England, was encouraged by the freedom of the popular government under the Commonwealth." What this freedom could have been does not appear very obvious; imprisonment in dungeons underground, and beneath other dungeons occupied by felons, and so arranged that the lower dungeon received all the filth from the upper one; pelting with stones and rotten eggs in the pillory; beating with holly-bushes; laceration with pitchforks; threshing with long poles; these are feats, either performed by the executive or sanctioned by the administrators of the common weal. George Fox, however, went on his way whenever he was liberated, renewing, on all occasions, his testimony against a hireling ministry, payment of tithes, swearing, ceremonies and forms; and preaching his favourite doctrine of the divine light of Christ in the soul of man. His sufferings were renewed again and again, often without the slightest provocation, but sometimes from his own intemperate zeal; intemperate, because personal interference with the

mode of worship chosen by others is at all times of doubtful propriety, and in many instances concomitant circumstances render it perfectly unjustifiable. But Fox's day was one of all manner of religious excesses. Baptists, Presbyterians, and Independents, were struggling for the mastery, and all striving to possess themselves of some of the emoluments of priestcraft. Wild, blood-thirsty, and persecuting, all seemed to lose sight of the peaceful character of Christianity, and to contend with a fury more allied to the ravings of madmen than the behaviour of sincere disciples of a meek and peace-preaching master. All these wrangling Dissenters thought it an outward symbol of sanctity to wear their hair closely cropped; but Fox wore his very long, falling gracefully over his shoulders, a practice which obtained generally among his followers, and from a passage in his journal it would appear that he entertained some scruple against its being cut: he wished it to be understood that true religion did not consist in this outward mark, an observation which would lead one to believe that he eschewed rather than aimed at a peculiar assumption of holiness in his appearance or apparel. His long hair gave additional offence to the "crop-ears," or "roundheads" of the day.

The following extracts will give some idea of the treatment which this most sincere and truly pious man was made to suffer, and it will also exhibit his own character in its true light.

"The next morning he was summoned before the magistrates, to whom he gave further offence by declaring to them that the 'fruits of their priests' preaching were void of Christianity, and that, though they were great professors, they were without the possession of that which they professed.' He was, upon this, committed to gaol as a 'heretic, a blasphemer, and a seducer;' and, by order of the magistrates, he was shut up among the lowest class of felons, and the gaolers were encouraged to treat him with the greatest brutality, declaring to him that he should never come out again but to be hanged; and so confident were his enemies in accomplishing his ruin and death, that numbers visited him in prison as a condemned person, who was shortly to be executed."—p. 97.

"At Carlisle he suffered an illegal imprisonment for several months, and at the approaching assizes his enemies made sure of leading him to the gallows; but, not being able to substantiate any legal charge against him, he was never brought up for trial. The high-sheriff, and a company of bitter Scotch priests, were so misled by their rancorous feelings, that they had him guarded by three musqueteers to shoot him upon any pretence of escape. For a time they would suffer no one to have access to him excepting themselves; they sometimes came into his cell as late as the tenth hour, and their deportment was 'exceedingly rude and devilish; they were not fit to speak of the

things of God, they were so foul-mouthed ; and he grieved to think such people should call themselves ministers of God ; but the Lord, by his power, gave them dominion over them all, and let them see both their fruits and their spirits.' During this confinement he was often cruelly beaten with a large cudgel, at the caprice of the under-gaoler ; who, entering his cell one day, fell upon him without the shadow of an excuse for such abominable cruelty, and beat him most furiously, calling out all the time, as a pretext, 'Come out of the window,' although George Fox was on the opposite side of the room to it. While he was so beaten, 'he was moved of the Lord to sing psalms, being filled with joy :' upon which the exasperated gaoler brought in a fiddler to annoy him ; but while he played George Fox so overpowered him by his singing, 'being moved by the everlasting power of the Lord God,' that they were 'struck and confounded' and went away, leaving him to the unmolested enjoyment of his heartfelt hymns of praise, and rejoicing that he was thus found worthy to suffer for the sake of his great Lord and Master, whose precepts he had thus far totally and faithfully declared, without respect of persons. 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake, Rejoice, and be exceeding glad ; for great is your reward in heaven.'—Matt. v. 11, 12.

"In this prison he became acquainted with James Parnell, a youth of only sixteen years, but remarkable for his early piety and religious life. He had been so struck with Fox's preaching and doctrine, that he frequently visited him while in bonds, eagerly seeking instruction ; and 'the Lord quickly made him a powerful minister of the word of life, and many were turned to Christ by him.' Travelling soon after into Essex, as an acknowledged minister of the Quakers, he was imprisoned with many others in Colchester Castle, and subjected to the cruelty of a merciless gaoler, who was encouraged in his brutality by the magistrates themselves. At this time James Parnell was extremely debilitated by severe indisposition, and was confined in a place called the oven, a large hole in the wall, and so high from the ground that it was only accessible by a short ladder, and a rope, because the ladder was not sufficiently long. From this place he was constrained by the gaoler to come down every day for his food, refusing him the advantage of any assistance which his fellow prisoners would gladly have rendered him. Climbing up one day to this inconvenient dormitory, with his day's provision in one hand, he missed his hold of the rope through weakness, and falling down was so much shaken, that he died very soon afterwards in consequence of his fall. After his death, his persecutors, to cover their own cruelty, wrote a book, stating, 'that he fasted himself to death.' Thus he died a martyr to his religious convictions, about two years after he had joined the Quakers."—p. 98.

"During his confinement with those unfortunate and depraved characters, of both sexes, his sincere piety and kindly feeling united to his good example, had a great effect upon the minds of his wretched



companions ; they treated him with respect, and several of them became sincere and true penitents, so powerfully and so feelingly had he laid open to them the profligacy of their evil courses.”—p. 100.

“The assizes being now ended, and the prisoners refusing upon principle to pay a fine they considered most illegal, since nothing had been proved against them to justify their apprehension, \* much less their imprisonment, and judging from the malice of their enemies that they were not likely to be liberated very soon, demanded a free prison, and told the goaler they should discontinue to pay him for the hire of his room, for which they had hitherto given him seven shillings a week each person, as well as seven shillings a week for each of their horses. Upon this notification, the goaler, who was an abandoned character, and had been twice branded with a hot iron as a thief (as well as his wife and the under goaler), shut them up in a foul dungeon, called Doomsdale, which was noisome and pestilential, on account of its being the common sewer of the prison, the floor of which was so thick in mire, that it was over their shoes, and afforded no place where they could either sit or lie down. In this dreadful place they were denied by their exasperated keeper even a little straw or a light ; but some kindly disposed people of the town hearing of their sad condition brought them both a light and a few handfuls of straw, which they burnt to purify the air. The smoke arising upon this occasion penetrated through the chinks of the floor above, and found its way into the chamber occupied by the under goaler and some thieves, who immediately began to revenge themselves, by pouring down upon them through the chinks whatever they could obtain to annoy them, and make their condition still more deplorable ; at the same time abusing them with the foulest language. In this place they were sometimes left in want both of food and water, owing to the brutality of the gaoler and his wife ; who often abused and beat those who brought them a few necessaries and comforts. The whole particulars of the infamous treatment to which they were subjected, from the misconduct of their unfeeling keepers, are too offensive for recital ; and when such abuses no longer exist in our public gaols are best left untold.”—p. 131.

Cromwell, who was well acquainted with Fox, both personally and by reputation, was cognizant of all these proceedings ; and it certainly seems to us a lasting stigma on his character that he allowed them. On one occasion, after a long interview, when Fox was about to leave, Cromwell seized him by the hand, and said, with tears in his eyes, “Come again to my house ; for if thou and I were but an hour a day together we should be nearer one another ;” and he ordered that Fox should be conducted to the great hall, to dine with his gentlemen. This honour was, however, flatly refused by the unambitious Quaker : “Tell the

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\* They had been arrested for travelling and preaching by the way.

Protector," said he, "that I will neither eat of his bread nor drink of his drink." When Cromwell received the message he remarked—"Now I see there is a people arisen that I cannot win either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can." This anecdote and subsequent events show the exhibition of friendly feeling towards Fox to have been ostensible only; for he never raised a finger to assist him or to do him justice when so foully ill-used: the anecdote exhibits also the talent of the Protector in correctly estimating the hollowness and mercenary spirit of his self-righteous followers. The following short quotations show that Fox himself remonstrated with the Protector on the cruel oppression of his persecuted sect:—

"The travellers entering London by Hyde Park, met the Protector in his coach, attended by his life-guard, and surrounded by a great concourse of people. George Fox immediately rode up to the coach side, from whence he would have been repelled by the guards, had not Cromwell caught sight of him and beckoned him to approach. He then rode by the coach side, and spoke to him, 'Declaring,' as he says, 'what the Lord gave me to say to him, of the condition and of the sufferings of Friends in the nation; showing him how contrary this persecution was to Christ and his Apostles, and to Christianity.' At the park gate of St. James' they parted, and Cromwell invited him to come to his house."—p. 137.

"In the course of a few days he had an interview with the Protector at Whitehall, accompanied by Edward Pyott. George Fox was very urgent on behalf of the Friends, stating how unjustly they were persecuted, and how great were their sufferings throughout his dominions, for conscience's sake alone; he pleaded their right, in common with all peaceable subjects, to Cromwell's protection."—p. 137.

"A report was also spread of his (Cromwell's) intention to assume the crown. George Fox went to him and warned him against accepting it, and also of other dangers,—such as his suffering the innocent to be oppressed by the unjust, and that if he did not put a stop to this evil, he would bring shame and ruin upon himself and his posterity. Cromwell appeared to take his advice very well, &c."—p. 163.

"Appeared to take his advice very well;" but his course remained unaltered. The priests of all denominations, and the rabble whom they incited, continued their persecutions; procured the arrest and ill-usage of Fox, and all the leaders of his sect; and Cromwell remained as before a passive if not approving spectator.

Since the publication of Mr. Carlyle's very able '*Life of Cromwell*' it has become rather a fashion to suppose that powerful man greatly injured by the charge of hypocrisy formerly preferred against him, and to hold him up as a pattern of straight-forward-

ness and sincerity. Now, the elements of straight-forwardness and sincerity do not appear to us to consist in conduct like that of Cromwell, a sovereign prince, towards Fox, a peaceful and inoffensive subject. Sincerity does not, in our view, consist in wringing a man's hand, and, with tears in one's eyes, begging him to come again, when he had just permitted him to suffer the grossest indignities; neither in providing sumptuous dinners for him one day, and seeing him cast into a loathsome dungeon the next without raising so much as a finger to assist him. And be it recollected that dungeons and fair words were continually alternated with some regularity, not merely on one occasion, but times and oft; and the ruler knew the sterling worth of his subject, and lamented that he was not to be bought with a bribe. Let the reader repeat, again and again, Fox's answer to this powerful and crafty potentate—"Tell the Protector I will neither eat of his bread nor drink of his drink;" let the reader ask what was Fox's opinion, founded on dear-bought experience, of this sincere and straight-forward monarch. For what crime was Fox imprisoned? Alas! does not the termination of each imprisonment show? We have it recorded again and again—"At length he was freed without a trial, without a hearing, without a charge of any kind being brought against him." We doubt whether the annals of any nation under the sun can produce a match for the unrighteous persecutions borne for conscience' sake under that liberal government, the Commonwealth of England. Immediately before Cromwell's death Fox had a final interview with him, in the capacity of intercessor for the sect which he had founded. What impression he made is unknown; for the Protector's days were numbered—he was on the eve of that summons which the weak and the powerful alike obey. We give our author's brief account of the meeting:—

"George Fox went again to see the Protector, to try once more how far he could influence him to act with justice and impartiality to all his subjects, and thus put a stop to the sufferings of the injured Friends, who were now unjustly deprived of the liberties and privileges secured to all freemen by the great charter of England. He had often before warned him of his unjust neglect of this portion of his unoffending and innocent subjects, and had told him, that if he persisted in refusing any interference on their behalf, God would soon rend the power out of his hands; and 'that a day of reverse and thick darkness was coming over those high professions, even a day of darkness that should be felt.' Cromwell was at Hampton Court. George Fox says, 'I met him riding in the park, and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his life-guard, I saw and felt a waft (or apparition) of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like

a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him, according as I was moved to speak to him, he bid me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston; and the next day went up to Hampton Court, to speak further with him. But when I came he was sick; and one Harvey, who waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak to him. So I passed away, and never saw him more."—p. 168.

After the Restoration the persecutions of the Quakers still continued; but, as before, it appears to have proceeded entirely from the Round-heads, especially those who had turned renegades to their old faith, and put on the more fashionable religion established by law, in order to conciliate those in power, and obtain a share of the temporalities of the church.

Fox was arrested at Swarthmore, on a charge of "having great meetings up and down," and was kept a close prisoner in the "Dark House" in Lancaster Castle. He was committed by one Porter, a violent and bitter Round-head, but one who had just renegaded to the faith now uppermost. While in Lancaster Castle numbers of rude people were admitted to see him, merely for the purpose of abusing and insulting him. "One time," he says, "there came two young priests, and very abusive they were; the worst of people could not be worse." But perhaps the climax of abuse came from a woman whom he terms "old Justice Preston's wife, of Howker Hall." She told him his tongue should be cut out, and that he should be hanged; at the same time showing him a gallows, which we may imagine she had brought in her pocket in order to illustrate and point her invective. Having applied for a copy of his *mittimus*, it was refused him; but he appears to have gained a knowledge of its contents by two of his fellow professors, who had perused it. He owed his liberation on this occasion to the intercession of Margaret Fell, the lady at whose house he was staying, and whom he afterwards married. This excellent person went up to London, and appealed personally to the king on behalf of her ill-used friend. She met with a most gracious reception; and the application resulted in the liberation of Fox. There is in the narrative matter of the highest interest.

"Reverting to Margaret Fell's application to the king, it appeared from the nature of his commitment that the king could not release him; he therefore ordered a writ of habeas-corpus to be issued for his removal to London, in order that his case might be referred to the judges. The trouble now was how to get him removed to town; for if he was only sent under the care of two bailiffs, the charge would be considerable; but to send him under the guard of a troop of horse was quite out of the question; therefore, to save their pockets, the

magistrates told him, that 'if he would put in bail that he would be in London by such a day of term, he might go up with some of his friends.' George Fox told them, 'he would neither put in bail, nor give one piece of silver to the gaoler, for he was an innocent man, upon whom they had laid a false charge, and imprisoned wrongfully. Nevertheless, if they would let him go up with one or two of his friends, he would be in London such a day, if the Lord should permit, and would carry up the charge against himself.' So inconsistent was the conduct of his persecutors, that, to save themselves the charge of conveying him up to town under an escort, suitable for the dangerous character they had represented him to be, they liberated him upon his parole, to appear of his own accord, and deliver up his own accusation before the proper authorities in London; by this act tacitly acknowledging the injustice of their own proceedings, and the falsity of their charges against him; because, if they had been true only in part, nothing could justify their setting such a person at large upon parole. Thus he left Lancaster Castle, without the payment of a single fee, travelled at his leisure, visited his friends, and held many great meetings on his journey; committing over and over again the very offences for which he had been imprisoned, and in which offences his persecutors now silently acquiesced, since, by liberating him upon his bare word to surrender himself, they consented to that which they well knew would be his only line of conduct.

"Upon his arrival in London he found a great concourse of people assembled at Charing Cross, to witness the burning of the bowels of the late king's judges, who had been hanged, drawn, and quartered. The next day he went before the Lord Chief Justice Foster, and Judge Mallett, and presenting them his own accusation, they read it through till they came to the words, 'that he and his friends were embroiling the nation in blood,' &c. Upon which they struck their hands upon the table. George Fox told them, 'I am the man whom that charge is against, but I am as innocent of any such thing as a new-born child, and had brought it up myself; and some of my friends came with me, without any guard.' They then observed that he stood with his hat on, and said to him, 'What, do you stand with your hat on!' He replied, 'that he did not stand so in any contempt of them.' In consequence of the King's Bench prison being full, Judge Foster asked him, 'Will you appear to-morrow, about ten o'clock, at the King's Bench bar in Westminster Hall?' He said, 'Yes, if the Lord give me strength.' Then Judge Foster remarked to the other judge, 'If he says, yes, and promises it, you may take his word;' and then he was dismissed. The next morning, he says, 'I was brought into the middle of the court; and as soon as I came in I was moved to look about, and, turning to the people, said, 'Peace be among you;' and the power of the Lord sprung over the court. The charge against me was then read openly. The people were moderate, and the judges cool and loving; and the Lord's mercy was to them.

"But when they came to that part which said 'that I and my

friends were embroiling the nation in blood, and raising a new war, that I was an enemy to the king, &c.' they lifted up their hands. Then stretching out my arms, I said, 'I am the man whom that charge is against, but I am as innocent as a child concerning the charge, and have never learned any war-postures; and do ye think that if I and my friends had been such men as the charge declares, that I would have brought it up myself against myself? or that I should have been suffered to come up with only one or two of my friends with me? Had I been such a man as this charge sets forth, I had need to have been guarded up with a troop or two of horse! Then the judge asked me whether it should be filed, or what I would do with it? I answered, 'Ye are judges, and able I hope to judge in this matter, therefore do ye what ye will with it, I leave it to you.' Then stood up Esquire Marsh, who was of the king's bed-chamber, and told the judges, 'it was the king's pleasure that I should be set at liberty, seeing no accuser came up against me.' They then asked me, 'whether I would put it to the king and council?' I said, 'Yes, with a good will.' The writ of habeas-corpus and the mittimus were thereupon sent to the king."—p. 185.

The king being satisfied of his innocence, commanded his secretary to send the following order to Judge Mallet for his release:—

"It is his Majesty's pleasure, that you give order for releasing and setting at full liberty the person of George Fox, late a prisoner in Lancaster Gaol, and commanded hither by an habeas corpus. And this signification of his Majesty's pleasure shall be your sufficient warrant. Dated at Whitehall, the 24th of October, 1660."

"EDWARD NICHOLAS."

"For Sir Thomas Mallet, Knight,

"One of the Justices of the King's Bench."—p. 187.

It seems impossible in this case to avoid a comparison between the gay, volatile, and licentious Charles, and the rigid, austere, and sanctimonious Cromwell, a comparison which certainly results to the prejudice of the latter; not that we would palliate the excesses of Charles, or blame the austerity of Cromwell; but merely observe that the simple aim at justice, the germ of that first Christian principle of doing as we would be done by, *may* exist amid all manner of indulgence and excess, though it *must* expire when religion is made the bone of contention for ascetics and bigots to snarl and quarrel over. The feeling of the monarch in both cases was shared by those in authority under him.

Cromwell owed no less to his tact than to his sterling talent;—brave, cool, far-sighted, and fitted to command, he might have made an inefficient leader and ruler under any circumstances; but he had the tact to mount that religious night-mare with

which the nation was then oppressed; to ride it not only with invincible courage and consummate skill, but to ride it as a hobby of his own, and to sit identified with the creature, as man and horse are combined in the centaur; for from the moment he was in the saddle no one could distinguish the horse from the rider. Charles was a Roman Catholic in heart, although, yielding to that love of indolence for which his reign was so pre-eminently distinguished, he professed acquiescence in the supremacy of the Established Church. 'He well knew that this was the readiest way of retaining that sceptre which he had seen forcibly wrested from his father's grasp, and which might, at a moment's notice, be required at his hand. He took no kind of interest in the religious squabbles of the day; and no greater mistake could have been made, than that of those factious Roundheads who, renegading to Episcopalianism, persecuted their brother Dissenters, in the vain hope of ingratiating themselves with this ease-loving monarch. Charles was not deficient in personal courage; sufficient evidence on this point had been given years previously, at Worcester; but the desire of peaceably enjoying those luxuries and immoralities to which his inclinations led, and of which his position gave him the key, rendered him in every respect the very antipodes of his predecessor. Thus would he eschew as wearisome those very squabbles which his predecessor would take under his own peculiar care, to foment, inflame, discourage, or quash, as might be most expedient.

In 1663, Fox once more visited his excellent friend at Swarthmore. As soon as his arrival was known among his old Presbyterian enemies, a meeting was called, and it was resolved again to put him under arrest. It was, however, difficult to decide what charge was to be preferred against him—the old one, of holding "large meetings," would scarcely be sufficient, seeing that he had been liberated from his imprisonment on that charge, by the king himself, and *that* most unconditionally, and was allowed to go wherever he pleased, and to hold meetings large or small without let or hindrance. It however happened that about this time there was a great talk of a projected rising in the north, and Fox, ever on the alert in the cause of peace and good-will, had issued an address to the poorer country people, cautioning them against taking any part in the affair, and pointing out not only its unlawfulness, but the certain ruin that it would bring on themselves. **T**he truly benevolent and patriotic document was agreed on as the ground of arrest—by what ingenious perversion we have never learned—but for this was he thrown into prison and subjected to a series of persecutions and cruelties, the history of which might equal the choicest records of the Inquisition.

During this persecution, he underwent several mock examinations and trials, the recital of which has been graphically given by himself, and sets forth in so lucid a manner the character of the man, and the nature of the persecution, that we shall make no apology for extracting it at considerable length from the pages of his historian. At the first examination, one of the magistrates was a Roman Catholic, and he began by accusing George Fox of denying God, the church, and the faith. The following colloquy resulted.

"G. Fox. 'Nay, I own God, and the true church, and the true faith. But what church dost thou own?'

"George Fox was aware of his religion, and Middleton, feeling irritated by this retort, turned round angrily, and said, 'You are a rebel and a traitor.'

"George Fox. 'To whom dost thou speak, or whom dost thou call rebel?'

"Middleton was now so enraged, that it was some time before he could find utterance, but at last he said, 'he spoke it to him.'

"G. Fox, striking his hand upon the table. 'I have suffered more in the royal cause than twenty like thee, or any that are here; for I have been cast into Derby prison for six months together, and have suffered much because I would not take up arms against the late king, before Worcester fight. I have been sent up prisoner out of my own county, by Colonel Hacker, to Oliver Cromwell, as a plotter to bring in King Charles, in the year 1654; and I have nothing but love and good will to the king, and desire the eternal good and welfare of him and all his subjects.'

"Justice Middleton. 'Did you ever hear the like?'

"G. Fox. 'Nay, ye may hear it again if ye will. For ye talk of the king, a company of you; but where were ye in Oliver's days? and what did ye do for him? I have more love to the king, for his eternal good and welfare, than any of you have.'

"Justice Middleton. 'Bring the book, and put the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to him.'

"This was the usual snare to entrap the Quakers when other charges against them failed. George Fox shrewdly asked him, 'Whether he had taken the oath of supremacy, who was a Catholic and a swearer? as for us, we cannot swear at all, because Christ and his apostles have forbidden it.' This pointed query for the present warded off the blow, the oaths were dispensed with, and he was dismissed upon his bare promise to appear at the next Lancaster sessions.—p. 220.

And he kept his word. He presented himself at the winter assizes held at Lancaster. When called for, he entered, as usual, with his hat on, a matter in which he was very particular, never removing it on any occasion for the purpose of paying respect to



men. The court invariably objected to a proceeding so entirely at variance with custom.

"Chairman. 'Do you know where you are?'

"G. Fox. 'Yes I do? but it may be my hat offends you. That is a low thing, that is not the honour that I give to magistrates, for the true honour is from above; which I have received, and I hope it is not the hat which ye look upon to be the honour.'

"Chairman. 'We look for the hat too. Wherein do you show your respect to magistrates, if you do not put off your hat?'

"G. Fox. 'In coming when they call me.'

"An officer of the court was then ordered to take off his hat; and he was questioned again about the plot already alluded to; but finding they had no grounds on which to substantiate this charge against him, they tendered to him the oaths of allegiance and supremacy; and one of the justices asked him, 'Whether he held it was unlawful to swear?' an unwarrantable question, because the act imposed either banishment or a heavy fine upon any who declared it to be unlawful.

"G. Fox. 'In the time of the law amongst the Jews, before Christ came, the law commanded them to swear; but Christ, who doth fulfil the law in his gospel-time, commands, 'Swear not at all;' and the apostle James forbids swearing, even to them that were Jews, and who had the law of God.'

"He then produced the paper which he had written, and distributed it as a testimony against plots, and requested that it might be read out in open court, as it would shew, of itself, whether it contained anything of a treasonable nature. This proposition was rejected, and he was not permitted to make any other defence, but was committed to prison for refusing to swear. And addressing the court, he said, 'All people take notice that I suffer for the doctrine of Christ, and for obedience to his command.'—p. 221.

The gaol at Lancaster was literally crammed with Quakers, principally poor labouring men and small farmers, who had refused to pay tithes. Many of them had been zealous royalists, and, before their adoption of the peaceable doctrines of Quakerism, had fought and bled for the late king, and had remained true to him to the last. Their persecutors were fierce Round-heads, who had opposed them in former days, and who were overjoyed in the opportunity of wreaking their vengeance on them now, under the apparent sanction of the law. Many of these poor people died in prison. But we must proceed with the trials of Fox.

"1664. The assizes for this year commenced on the 14th of March, and G. Fox, who had lain in prison ever since the last quarter-sessions, held upon the 12th of January, was now brought up before Judge Twisden: his own account is as follows: 'when I was set at the bar, I said, "Peace be amongst you all."'

"Judge, looking at him. 'What! do you come into court with your hat on?' Upon which the gaoler then took it off.

"G. Fox. 'The hat is not the honour that comes from God.'

"Judge. 'Will you take the oath of allegiance, George Fox?'

"G. Fox. 'I never took any oath in my life, nor any covenant or engagement.'

"Judge. 'Well, will you swear or no?'

"G. Fox. 'I am a Christian, and Christ commands me "not to swear;" so does the apostle James; and whether I should obey God or man, do thou judge.'

"Judge. 'I ask you again, whether you will swear or no?'

"G. Fox. 'I am neither Turk, Jew, nor Heathen, but a Christian, and should show forth Christianity. Dost thou not know that Christians, in the primitive times, under the persecutions, and some also of the martyrs in Queen Mary's days, refused swearing, because Christ and his apostles had forbidden it? Ye have had experience enough, how many have first sworn for the king, and then against him. But as for me I have never taken an oath in my life. My allegiance does not lie in swearing, but in truth and faithfulness; for I honour all men, much more the king. But Christ, who is the Great Prophet, the King of Kings, the Saviour and Judge of the whole world, saith, "I must not swear." Now, whether must I obey Christ or thee? For it is tenderness of conscience, and in obedience to the command of Christ, that I do not swear: and we have the word of the king for tender consciences.\* Dost thou own the king?'

"Judge. 'I do own the king.'

"G. Fox. 'Why then dost thou not observe his declaration from Breda, and his promises made since he came to England, "That no man should be called in question for matters of religion so long as he lived peaceably?" If thou ownest the king, why dost thou call me in question, and put me upon taking an oath, which is a matter of religion, seeing thou or none else can charge me with unpeaceable living?'

"Judge, irritated, and looking at him. 'Sirrah! will you swear?'

"G. Fox. 'I am none of thy sirrahs, I am a Christian; and for thee, an old man and a judge, to sit there and give nicknames to prisoners, it does not become either thy grey hairs or thy office.'

"Judge. 'Well, I am a Christian too.'

"G. Fox. 'Then do Christian works.'

"Judge. 'Sirrah! Thou thinkest to frighten me with thy words.' Then checking himself, and looking aside, he said, 'Hark! I am using the word sirrah again,' and so checked himself.

"G. Fox. 'I spoke to thee in love; for that language did not become thee, a judge. Thou oughtest to instruct a prisoner in the law, if he were ignorant and out of the way.'

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\* Charles II. had pledged his word to the Quakers, that they should not be molested for their peculiar scruples, provided their conduct was peaceable.

"Judge. 'And I speak in love to thee too.'

"G. Fox. 'But love gives no nick-names.'

"Judge. 'Well, George Fox, say, whether thou wilt take the oath, yea, or nay?'

"G. Fox. 'I say as I said before, "whether ought I to obey God or man, judge thou?" If I could take any oath at all, I could take this; for I do not deny some oaths only, or on some occasions, but all oaths, according to Christ's doctrine, who hath commanded his followers, "Not to swear at all." Now, if thou, or any of you, or any of your ministers or priests here, will prove that ever Christ or his apostles, after they had forbidden all swearing, commanded Christians to swear, then I will swear.'

"Several priests were there but none of them offered to speak.

"Judge. 'I am a servant of the king, and the king sent me not to dispute with you, but to put the law into execution, therefore tender him the oath of allegiance.'

"G. Fox. 'If thou love the king, why dost thou break his word, and not keep his declarations and speeches, wherein he promised liberty to tender consciences? I am a man of tender conscience, and in obedience to Christ's command, I cannot swear.'

"Judge. 'Then you will not swear; take him away, gaoler.'

"G. Fox. 'It is for Christ's sake that I cannot swear, and for obedience to his command I suffer; and so the Lord forgive you all.'

"He was now re-conducted to prison, and on the 16th of March, two days afterwards, was again called into court.

"The judge asked him, 'whether he would traverse, stand mute, or submit.' He desired he might have liberty to traverse the indictment, and try it.

"Judge. 'Take him away, I will have nothing to do with him, take him away.'

"G. Fox. 'Well, live in the fear of God, and do justice.'

"Judge. 'Why, have I not done you justice?'

"G. Fox. 'That which thou hast done hath been against the command of Christ.' Upon this he was again consigned to prison to await the next assizes.—p. 223.

Fox appears to have felt himself much aggrieved by the word "sirrah," used on this occasion: so much so indeed that shortly afterwards he wrote and published a paper on the subject, addressed to "all judges whatsoever," and shewing that the use of such epithets was not in accordance with the usages of Heathens, Jews, or Christians. He cites a number of instances in support of this assertion.

"The next Lancaster assizes were held in the month of June, in the same year, and the same judges, Twisden and Turner, came the circuit; but this time Judge Turner sat on the crown-bench, where George Fox was brought before him. He says, 'Before I was called

to the bar, I was put among murderers and felons for about the space of two hours, the people, the justices, and judge, also gazing upon me. After they had tried several others they called me to the bar, and impanelled a jury; then the judge asked the justices "Whether they had tendered me the oath at the sessions?" They said, "They had." Then he bid, "Give them the book," that they might be sworn they had tendered me the oath at the sessions. They said, "They had." The judge bid them again "take the book and swear they had tendered the oath according to the indictment." Some of the justices refused to be sworn; but the judge said, he would have it done to take away all occasion of exception. When the jury were sworn, and the justices had sworn, "that they tendered me the oath according to the indictment," the judge asked me, "Whether I had not refused the oath at the last assizes?"

"G. Fox. 'I never took an oath in my life, and Christ, the Saviour and Judge of the world, saith, "Swear not at all."'

"Judge (not heeding this answer). 'I ask whether or no you did not refuse the oath at the last assizes?'

"G. Fox. 'The words that I then spoke to them were, "That if they would prove, either judge, justice, priest, or teacher, that after Christ and the apostles had forbidden swearing, they commanded that Christians should swear, I would swear."'

"Judge. 'I am not at this time to dispute whether it is lawful to swear, but to inquire whether you have refused to take the oath or no?'

"G. Fox. 'Those things mentioned in the oath, as plotting against the king, and owning the Pope's, or any other foreign power, I utterly deny.'

"Judge. 'Well, you say well in that, but did you deny to take the oath? What say you?'

"G. Fox. 'What wouldst thou have me to say? for I have told thee before what I did say.'

"Judge. 'Would you have these men to swear that you have taken an oath?'

"G. Fox. 'Wouldst thou have these men to swear that I had refused the oath?' At which the court burst out into laughter. 'I was grieved,' he says, 'to see so much lightness in the court, where such solemn matters were handled, and therefore asked him, "If this court was a play-house?" Where is gravity and sobriety? for this behaviour does not become you.'

"The clerk then read the indictment, and I told the judge, 'I had something to speak to it, for I had informed myself of the errors that were in it.' He told me, 'he would hear afterwards any reasons that I could allege why he should not give judgment.' Then I spoke to the jury, and told them, they could not bring me in guilty, according to that indictment, for the indictment was wrong laid, and had many gross errors in it.'

"Judge. 'You must not speak to the jury, but I will speak to

them; you have denied to take the oath at the last assizes, and I can tender the oath to any man now, and premunire him for not taking it, and the jury must bring you in guilty, seeing you refused to take the oath.'

"G. Fox. 'What do ye with a form? you may throw away your form then.' To the jury.—'It lies upon your consciences, as ye would answer it to the Lord God before his judgment-seat.' Then the judge spoke again to the jury, and I called to him 'to do me justice.' The jury brought me in guilty. Whereupon I told them, 'that both the justices and they had forsworn themselves, and therefore they had small cause to laugh as they did a little before.' Oh, the envy, rage, and malice, that appeared against me, and the lightness; but the Lord confounded them, and they were wonderfully stopped. So they set me aside, and called up Margaret Fell.'—p. 227.

We learn that Fox on this occasion very properly complained of the badness of his prison; and in consequence several of the justices visited it; but the floor was in such a bad state, and the room itself so completely open to wind and rain, that they were almost afraid to enter. All of them declared that it was "a most shameful place," and a better was promised. It is needless to say the promise was never fulfilled.

"The following day he was again brought up in company with his old friend and present fellow-sufferer, Margaret Fell, who employing counsel to plead to the errors of her indictment, the judge allowed them. George Fox was then called upon, but declined the assistance of any pleader. His narrative of the proceedings continues thus:—

"Judge. 'What have you to say why I should not pass sentence upon you?'

"G. Fox. 'I am no lawyer; but I have much to say if thou wilt have patience to hear.' At that he laughed, and others also laughed; and he said, 'Come, what have you to say?' and turning to the court, 'He can say nothing.'

"G. Fox. 'Yes; I have much to say, have but patience to hear me. Should the oath be tendered to the king's subjects, or to the subjects of another realm?'

"Judge. 'To the subjects of this realm.'

"G. Fox. 'Look into the indictment, ye may see ye have left out the word subject; so, not having named me in the indictment as a subject, ye cannot premunire me for not taking the oath.'

"Then they looked over the statute and the indictment, and saw it was so: and the judge confessed it was an error.

"G. Fox. 'I have something else to stop judgment,—look what day the indictment says the oath was tendered to me, at the sessions there.'

"They looked, and said, 'It was the 11th day of January.'

"G. Fox. 'What day of the week was the sessions held on?'

"'On a Tuesday,' was the reply of some one in court.

"G. Fox. 'Look to your almanacks and see whether there were held any sessions at Lancaster on the 11th day of January, so called?' So they looked, and found that the 11th day was Monday, and that the sessions were held on the Tuesday, the 12th day of the month. 'Look, now, ye have indicted me for refusing the oath in the quarter-sessions, held at Lancaster on the 11th day of January last, and the justices have sworn that they tendered me the oath in open sessions here on that day, and the jury upon their oaths have found me guilty thereupon; and yet ye see there was no session held in Lancaster that day.'

"Judge (to cover the matter) asked, 'Whether the sessions did not begin on the 11th day?' Some one in court answered, 'No; the sessions held but one day, and that was the 12th.'

"Judge. 'This is a great mistake and error.'

"Some of the justices were in a great rage at this, and stamped and said, 'Who hath done this? Somebody hath done this on purpose;' and a great heat was amongst them.

"G. Fox. 'Are not the justices here that have sworn to this indictment forsworn men in the face of the country? But this is not all, I have more yet to offer why sentence should not be given against me. In what year of the king was the last assize holden, which happened in the month of March last?'

"Judge. 'It was in the sixteenth year of the king.'

"G. Fox. 'The indictment lays it in the fifteenth year.'

"They looked and found it so, which was also acknowledged to be another error. Then, he says, they were all in a fret again, and could not tell what to say; for the judge had sworn the officers of the court that the oath was tendered to me at the assize mentioned in the indictment.

"G. Fox. 'Now, is not the court here forsworn also, who have sworn that the oath was tendered to me at the assize holden here in the fifteenth year of the king, when it was in his sixteenth year, and so they have sworn a year false?'

"The judge then bid them look whether Margaret Fell's indictment was the same, but found it not so.

"G. Fox. 'I have yet more to offer to stop sentence; ought all the oath to be put into the indictment or not?'

"Judge. 'Yes, it ought to be all put in.'

"G. Fox. 'Then compare the indictment with the oath, and there thou may'st see these words (or by any authority derived, or pretended to be derived from him, or his fee) left out of the indictment, which is a principal part of the oath; and in another place the words (heirs and successors) are left out.'

"The judge acknowledged these also to be great errors.

"G. Fox. 'But I have something further to allege.'

"Judge. 'Nay, I have enough, you need say no more.'

"G. Fox. 'If thou hast enough, I desire nothing but law and justice at thy hands; for I don't look for mercy.'

"Judge. 'You must have justice, and you shall have law.'

"G. Fox. 'Am I at liberty, and free from all that ever hath been done against me in this matter?'

"Judge. 'Yes, you are free from all that hath been done against you.' But starting up in a rage, he exclaimed, 'I can put the oath to any man here, and I will tender you the oath again.'

"G. Fox. 'Thou had'st example enough yesterday of swearing, and false swearing, both in the justices and jury; for I saw before mine eyes that both justices and jury had forsworn themselves.'

"Judge. 'Will you take the oath?'

"G. Fox. 'Do me justice for my false imprisonment all this while; for what have I been imprisoned so long for? I ought to be set at liberty.'

"Judge. 'You are at liberty, but I will put the oath to you again.'

"G. Fox then turned about and said, 'All people, take notice, this is a snare, for I ought to be set free from the gaoler and from this court.'

"Judge. 'Give him the book.'

"Then, he continues, 'the power of darkness rose in them like a mountain, and the clerk lifted up a book to me. I stood still, and said, "If it be a bible give it me into my hand." "Yes, yes," said both judge and justices, "give it him into his hand." So I took it, and looked into it, and said, "I see it is a bible, I am glad of it."'

"The judge caused the jury to be called, and they stood by; for after they had brought in their former verdict, he would not discharge them, though they desired it; but told them "he could not dismiss them yet, he should have business for them, therefore they must attend, and be ready when they were called." When he said so I felt his intent, that if I was freed he would come on again. So I looked him in the face, and the witness of God started up in him, and made him blush when he looked at me again; for he saw that I had discovered him. Nevertheless, hardening himself, he caused the oath to be read to me, the jury standing by. When it was read, he asked me "whether I would take the oath or not?"

"G. Fox. 'Ye have given me a book here to kiss, and to swear on; and this book, which ye have given me to kiss, says, "kiss the Son," and the Son says in this book, "swear not at all," and so says the apostle James. I say as the book says, yet ye imprison me. How chance ye do not imprison the book for saying so? How comes it that the book is at liberty amongst you which bids me not swear; and yet ye imprison me for doing as the book bids me.'

"I was speaking this to them, and held up the bible open in my hand to show them the place where Christ forbade swearing. They plucked the book out of my hand, and the judge said, "Nay, but we will imprison George Fox."

"Yet this got about all over the country, as a bye-word, "That they gave me a book to swear on that commanded me not to swear at all, and the Bible was at liberty, and I in prison for doing what the Bible said."

"The judge still urged him to swear, and G. Fox said, 'I never

took oath, covenant, or engagement in my life; but my yea and nay was more binding in me than an oath was to many others; for had they not had experience how little men regarded an oath? and how they had sworn one way and then another? and how the justices and court had forsworn themselves now? I was a man of a tender conscience, and if they had any sense of a tender conscience they would consider, that it was in obedience to Christ's command that I could not swear. But if any one of you can convince me, that, after Christ and the apostle had commanded me not to swear, they altered that command, and commanded Christians to swear, ye shall see I will swear. There being many priests in the court, I said, "If ye cannot do it, let your priests stand up and do it." But not one of the priests made answer.'

"Judge. 'Oh! all the world cannot convince you.'

"G. Fox. 'No; how is it likely the world should convince me? The whole world lies in wickedness. Bring out your spiritual men, as ye call them, to convince me.'

"Both the sheriff and the judge said, 'The angels swore in the Revelations.'

"G. Fox. 'When God bringeth his first-begotten into the world, he saith "Let all the angels of God worship him;" and the Son saith, "Swear not all."

"Judge. 'Nay, I will not dispute.'

"G. Fox, to the jury. 'It is for Christ's sake that I cannot swear, and therefore I warn you not to act contrary to the light of God in your consciences; for before his judgment seat you must all be brought. As for plots, and persecutions for religion, and popery, I deny them in my heart; for I am a Christian, and shall show forth Christianity among you this day. It is for Christ I stand. More words I had, both with the judge and jury, before the gaoler took me away.'

"In the afternoon he was brought up again, and placed among the thieves for a considerable time, where he stood with his hat on till the gaoler took it off. The jury having found this new indictment against him, 'for not taking the oath,' he was then called to the bar.

"Judge. 'What can you say for yourself?'

"G. Fox. 'I request the indictment to be read; for I cannot answer to that which I have not heard.'

"The clerk then read it, and, as he read it, the judge said, 'Take heed it be not false again;' but he read it in such a manner that George Fox could hardly understand what he read.

"When he had done, the judge said, 'What do you say to the indictment?'

"G. Fox. 'At once hearing so large a writing read, and that at such a distance that I could not distinctly hear all the parts of it, I cannot tell what to say; but if thou wilt let me have a copy of it, and give me time to consider of it, I will answer it.'

"This put them to a little stand; but, after a while, the judge asked, 'What time I would have?'



"G. Fox. 'Till the next assize.'

"Judge. 'But what plea will you now make? Are you guilty or not guilty?'

"G. Fox. 'I am not guilty at all of denying to swear obstinately and wilfully; and as for those things mentioned in the oath, as jesuitical plots, and foreign powers, I utterly deny them in my heart. If I could take any oath, I could take this; but I never took any oath in my life.'

"Judge. 'You say well; but the king is sworn, the parliament is sworn, I am sworn, and the justices are sworn, and the law is preserved by oaths.'

"G. Fox. 'Ye have had sufficient experience of men's swearing, and thou hast seen how the justices and jury had sworn wrong the other day; and if thou had'st read, in the *Book of Martyrs*, how many of them had refused to swear, both in the time of the ten persecutions and in Bishop Bonner's days, thou mightest see, that to deny swearing in obedience to Christ's command was no new thing.'

"Judge. 'I wish the laws were otherwise.'

"G. Fox. 'Our yea is yea, and our nay is nay; and if we transgress our yea or nay, let us suffer as they do, or should do, that swear falsely. This we have offered to the king, and the king said "it was reasonable."'

"Instead of obtaining his liberty by this clear exposure of the palpably gross errors of his indictment, he was re-conducted to prison, there to be immured till the ensuing assizes; and in order to make his case still harder, his sufferings were increased tenfold, by a second interference of Colonel Kirby, who gave particular orders to the gaoler 'to keep him close, and suffer no flesh alive to come at him, for he was not fit to be discoursed with by men.' In consequence of this order, he was removed into an upper chamber in an old and ruinous tower of the castle, so much more dilapidated than his former abode, that he was constantly exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and often had the greatest difficulty to preserve his bed and clothing (which was always damp and cold) from being wet through. He was also so much distressed by smoke, which penetrated into his room from other fires in the prison, that at times he was nearly suffocated by it, and often could scarcely discern the light of a candle from its density. In this inhuman place he was doomed to pass the whole winter (which was unusually long and severe) for no crime; and was at last so much affected by a continued exposure to the cold and wet, and the constant inhaling of such an impure atmosphere, that he was reduced to a state of great suffering: his body became swollen, and his limbs so benumbed, that he could with difficulty use them."—p. 229.

After fifteen months' close imprisonment at Lancaster, Fox was removed to Scarborough, where he was confined twelve months, and this, it will be recollected, without any act that would

constitute a misdemeanour in the eye of the law; without any proper charge being substantiated against him; without any fair committal; without being found guilty, by a jury, of any crime; but merely because it was the pleasure of a party to persecute and oppress him, partly from direct malice, and partly from the mistaken idea that they were currying favour with those in power. At last Fox appealed to the king himself, stating full particulars of his treatment, and relating the whole transactions from beginning to end. His innocence, and the motives of his persecutors, were at once obvious to Charles, who immediately ordered his release. From the complete success of the previous application to the king on his account, it is remarkable that Fox should not have written earlier; for he seems at all times to have had a kind and christian feeling towards his sovereign, and to have expected justice at his hands.

We cannot resist the temptation, in this place, of calling the reader's attention to the leading subject discussed between Fox and his judges—the taking of an oath. Of the value of such an oath nothing can possibly speak more decidedly than the fact that magistrates and jury, on the occasion in question, deliberately swore to false statements—not knowing them to be false, certainly, but not caring to inquire or know whether they were true: certain statements, technically false, are laid before them, and to the truth of these they unhesitatingly swear, *as a matter of course*. It is not for us to enforce the unlawfulness of swearing, in a religious sense, as pointed out by Fox, and as still maintained by the entire Quaker body; we object to it as tending to narrow the foundations of moral obligation; and we regard the maintenance of the law on this subject at the present day, and the refusal to receive any evidence except on oath, however contrary to the conscientious feelings of the witness, as a relic of barbarism which we shall rejoice to see destroyed. Quakers and Moravians, by their successful appeals to parliament, are exempt from a compulsory disobedience to a Divine command; but all others are compelled to disobey, or to have their evidence refused as unworthy of credit. We are well aware that a difference of opinion obtains as to the precise meaning of the words, "Swear not all,"—whether they refer to profane or judicial swearing; but, in the absence of any evidence that Christ referred exclusively to either kind of oath, those can hardly err who conscientiously take the words as written, without attempting any explanation; and surely to such, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Dissenter, the right should be given to take the affirmation instead of the oath. We would not enjoin on any the observance of a command to which they can conscientiously assign some other meaning than the words appear to convey; but those who take the more

obvious reading of the passage ought not to rest until they are freed from a compulsory violation of the dictates of conscience. On moral grounds we cannot understand how any man who views this subject with unsophisticated eyes can take a view different from our own. There lives not the man whose oath corroborates his assertion. If a man is determined to lie he will swear to a lie. Our courts of justice daily give us examples of witnesses who swear to speak the *whole* truth, and yet go into the witness-box determined to suppress such *part* of the truth as shall weaken the cause of the party who has subpoenaed them: a signal proof that the bad man is not bound by an oath; and every one knows that the good man requires no oath to induce him to speak the truth.

Whatever opinions may be held by the world concerning the Quakers of the present day, and whatever judgment the Quakers may deserve at our hands, there can be no doubt that Fox and his followers were imbued with the spirit of Christianity; that they were clear-headed, single-minded men, who preached the gospel in all sincerity, influenced solely by the idea that such preaching was required at their hands; that they were simply yielding to that inward spiritual light spoken of by St. John as "the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." This light they regard as greater than the Scripture itself, because the source whence those Scriptures flowed; and the influence of this inward light is a fundamental doctrine of Quakerism.

It must, however, be observed, that the belief in this inward light is *professed* also by every sect of Christians; but Quakers seem to stand out from the rest in having *real faith* in its existence. Did not this difference exist we should not find theological disputants alluding in derision to the Quaker terms of being "guided by the inward light," or being "moved by the Holy Spirit." Much misapprehension has occurred as to the Trinitarian views of the Society from the fact that the term Trinity is rarely if ever used in the sermons or works of their teachers. This omission appears not to result from any disbelief in the celebrated and elaborately discussed verse in St. John,\* which is taken as the authority for the doctrine, for concerning this verse, all Quaker writers agree in considering it explanatory of the entire spirit of the New Testament. The question of its authenticity is not discussed, because if it be a true explanation or summary of a doctrine already received as truth, it matters but little whether the explanation were given with the text, or subsequently. They assert that the word Trinity is not of Scripture origin, and therefore has no Divine authority for its use." The

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\* John v. 7.

charge that the Quakers doubted or denied the Divinity of Christ was met by Penn, Barclay, and all the more able writers of the sect. No sect is less liable to such a charge, and there is none which makes implicit faith in Christ a more constant and important theme of exhortation.

A few words as to the mode in which Mr. Marsh has acquitted himself of his task. It was no ordinary undertaking to compile such a life of Fox as should be readable to the public. What had previously been written concerning this remarkable man appears to have been designed more for the use of the Society itself than for the world at large; and is rendered so prolix, if we may use the term, by detailed accounts of meetings, that many who began the task of perusal in the spirit of fair inquiry, would relinquish it from a distaste to the almost unintelligible repetitions. Mr. Marsh's volume is the reverse of prolix; it has no repetitions to render it distasteful, and gives just so much of the history of Fox as is essential to the understanding and just appreciation of his character. He represents Fox as a man of inflexible integrity, of invincible courage, of perfect sincerity, of indomitable perseverance, of real piety, and of unquestionable loyalty: an unflinching friend, a forgiving enemy, a true subject, and above all, a perfect christian. Imagination, in all its vagaries, has rarely succeeded in drawing so spotless a character. There is one point, and only one in which we would venture to differ from our author, and that is the tone in which he speaks of the Romish church: the frequent allusion to the members of this church, as "papists," is uncalled for; it answers no good purpose, and must be offensive to many. Mr. Marsh is, we believe, a member of the Church of England: he writes with perfect candour of Quakerism: why should he seek to disparage a faith so much more nearly allied to his own, and one which at the present moment seems spreading her arms to receive his own, through the friendly portals of Puseyism? K.

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ART. VI.—*A Year of Consolation.* By Mrs. Butler (late Fanny Kemble). Two Volumes. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1847.

HAPPY the man who in his journey through life can derive the greatest possible amount of enjoyment from the roses profusely scattered around his path, with the smallest sum of annoyance from the thorns which ever accompany the flowers. The combination of good and evil, of pleasure and pain, in temporal affairs, has been recognised and written upon by philosophers and poets of every age; and he has ever been held to act

the wisest part who could temperately enjoy the blessings of life, without allowing their necessary accompaniment of ills to exercise more than a salutary caution upon his mind.

In addition to the real and unavoidable ills of life, every one seems to possess the habit of conjuring up a host of imaginary evils, for no other earthly purpose, as it would appear, than that of rendering himself most supremely miserable; for it is on all hands acknowledged that imaginary ills have that effect to a far greater degree than real ones. "Every man," as Scott somewhere says, "has his ain bubbly-jock;" and this phantom will assume different forms according to the temperament and idiosyncrasy of the individual. In one, it is the fear of want in the midst of plenty; in another, it is the fear of his pretensions to consideration not being recognised by the world; in another, perhaps, the unenviable faculty of seizing upon hidden defects, while more obvious beauties are overlooked; in all, whatever the shape in which this *dæmon* presents himself, his presence is obvious in the gloomy veil cast by him over all that is lovely and loveable: and while, perhaps, beauties, too obvious to be entirely hidden, will make themselves visible in spite of all his efforts, they are too often seen through a false medium, by which they are shorn of half their beams.

The above reflections, somewhat trite it must be confessed, have been forced upon us by a perusal of Mrs. Butler's volumes. No one could for a moment doubt that so lively a writer would make a most amusing and agreeable narrative out of the commonplace sights and occurrences of a twelvemonth's residence in Italy, and the journey thither by way of France; and accordingly we find in her published journal of that tour—for the 'Year of Consolation' is nothing more nor less than this—an exceedingly lively, readable book, full of original views of things that have been described over and over again. She has a startling oddity and freedom of expression, sometimes bordering on vulgarity; an effective way of telling a story; and the most successful artistic power of placing before her reader, with life-like reality, the various scenes, and personages, and daily occurrences of her sojourn in the Eternal City, together with the annoyances to which she was subjected, both during her residence there and on her journey to and from the land of consolation.

The numerous allusions to these annoyances form certainly not the least amusing portion of the narrative. Mrs. Butler's *dæmon* seems to have presented himself in the shape of a most intense horror of dirt; and his art of tormenting the unfortunate tourist was most ingeniously and pertinaciously exercised during the greater part of the twelve months he had the honor of accompanying her. He seems to have first got into full play at Paris,

where the author tells us "it was twenty years since she was last, as a school-girl." And here, in a few lines, we find a comparison, on the score of cleanliness, between the French, the Germans, the Americans, and the English, infinitely to the advantage of the latter.

"If I had travelled more on the Continent before I went to America, I should have been infinitely less surprised and amazed than I was at the various unpleasant peculiarities of its inhabitants. Since residing in the United States, I have returned to Europe and travelled in Germany, and have had some opportunity of comparing smoking and spitting on the Rhine to the same articles on the Hudson, and really hardly know to which to award the preference; and after raving at every inn I put up at in America for insufficient ablutionary privileges, find myself now in one of the best hotels in Paris, with a thing like a small cream-jug for a water-vessel in my bed-room, and a basin as big as a little pudding-bowl. Moreover, when I asked for warm water this morning for my toilet, they produced a little copper pot, with an allowance such as the youngest gentleman, shaving the faintest hopes of a beard, might have found insufficient for his purposes;—in short, I believe England is the only place in the world where the people are not disgustingly dirty; and I believe, as a dear friend of mine once assured me, that exceedingly few people are clean there."—p. 10.

Having set out for Chalons, in "a little cross-country coach, a diligence of an inferior grade, and with its head and tail cut off," our author was "shot out" of the doubly-docked vehicle at Chateau Chinon, midway between Chalons and Nevers, where she was told, to her "dismay and indignation," she must wait for the arrival of the coach to carry her forward to the former place. And here, she says,

"I heard that the devilish conductor and conveyance which had brought me to this horrid hole would return to Nevers the next day, at five o'clock, and making up my mind, if the worst came to the worst, to return by it thither, and, having blown the perfidious Chef du Bureau of the country diligence higher than he had sent me in his coach, take the Paris diligence on its way through Nevers, for Lyons straight,—this, of course, at the cost of so much money and time wasted."—p. 21.

This magnanimous and lady-like resolution was, however, rendered abortive by the production of a vehicle by the one-eyed master of the house (who also acted as postmaster), in which the author, her maid, bag and baggage, were to be conveyed to Autun. The said carriage is described as "a crazy, dirty, rickety sort of gig, or cabriolet, to which were harnessed, with chains, ropes, and packthread, in equal proportions, and tandem fashion, a crazy, dirty, rickety pair of miserable horses." In this concern

the party were to brave the ascent of the mountain, amid the wind, rain, snow, wild boars, and wolves, concomitant to winter in such a locality. In spite of bad roads, and the rest of the difficulties, the rickety equipage held out bravely to Autun, where, having paid her Polyphemus his sixty francs, as bargained for, our tourist enjoyed a clean, good dinner, and awaited the arrival of the diligence to Chalons; whence the diligence for Lyons conveyed her safely to the latter place without any especial misadventure having occurred on the road.

Here, however, the tormentor again comes into play at the ticket-office, which was "besieged with men and women, stinking of garlic, and otherwise so utterly foul and offensive," that in squeezing through them a fit of fainting was threatened; nor were matters greatly mended on board the boat, "the filth of which was really all but intolerable;" and gives occasion for the following apology for naughty things previously said about American manners:—

"Oh, my poor dear American fellow-citizens! How humbly, on my knees, I do beg your pardon for all the reproaches I have levelled against your national diversion of spitting, and the consequent filth which you create around you. Here I sat, in the cabin of this boat, surrounded with men hawking and spitting; and whereas spittoons have been hitherto the bane of my life in the United States, a spittoon here to-day would have been the joy of my heart, and the delight of my eyes."—p. 65.

Mrs. Butler fully corroborates Murray's account of the excellence of the accommodations, the moderate charges, and the civility of the host, at the Hotel de l'Europe in Avignon, where she stayed but a short time, on her way to Marseilles. At length, to her unspeakable joy, she gains sight of "a broad expanse of smooth brightness, reaching to the horizon—a silver shield set in ebony—it was the Mediterranean, the sea of many memories." And here she sums up her opinion of the French character in a passage too long for quotation, but which certainly is in no way flattering to our volatile neighbours.

At Genoa our tourist hired a coach, and,—

"Having made a bargain with a charioteer to drive us hither and thither for five hours, we proceeded, in regular traveller's fashion, to *do* all the churches, palaces, gardens, and fountains, that could be crammed into the time. The result of all which, in my mind, was one huge hodge-podge of black, red, and white marble, gilding, pictures, statues, pretty-coloured floors and ceilings. Fortunately, the divine blue sky, and the pleasant hanging-gardens, with their dark-green leaves and golden fruit, gave me some repose between each sight; but I think, to look at a kaleidoscope for an hour together is

nearly as pleasant, and quite as profitable as this sort of succession of sights. The time passed quickly in this pious manner, and at half-past three I returned on board.

"The town is beautiful in itself, and most beautifully situated. I should like to have stayed there for six months. The boat kicked like an old rusty fowling-piece; and, though the sea was as smooth as glass, and there was very little wind, the intolerable jerking and shaking of the wheel, close to which my cabin was, prevented my closing my eyes all night. I lay on my elbow, with my head on the sill of the little window in my berth, and watched the gradual departure of the night. The moon, after flooding the heavens and the waters with mellow light, dipped like a golden goblet beneath the waves; the stars grew pale, and seemed to withdraw into the depths of the sky as into their sockets; and, gradually, the victorious banners of the sun reddened the east, and threw their ruddy shadow upon the waters. It was a perfect pageant: the sky shows it every morning at day-break,—and it does not dim, nor alter, nor faint, nor fade, nor wear out,—a daily resurrection,—a miracle of wonder and beauty."—p. 102.

But we must hasten on in the diligence from Leghorn towards Rome, and give Mrs. Butler's lively account of her arrival at the "Eternal City" where, as will be seen at the conclusion of the passage, her old tormentor was awaiting her arrival; he seems not to have interfered with her comforts during the latter portion of her journey.

"Far on the distant verge of the huge, sunny plain, some ruins rose upon a forlorn hillock, against the blue sky, and a dark ilex wood, of apparently great extent, relieved the eye with its sombre colours, and the imagination with the idea of shade; beyond this, again, we presently saw the outline of the Sabine hills, reflecting the rosy tints which the setting sun was beginning to fuse his light in; full mellow golden moonlight gradually mingled with the last flush in the sky; and as the evening closed in, the aspect of the Campagna really did become desolate as the dreary interminable winding road led us over a grey waste of hillocks like the leaden ripples of a measureless lake. My weary spirits revived with the sight of the first vine inclosures; and as we presently began to travel between high walls, I remembered all the descriptions of travellers that I had read, and knew that we must be even at the gate of Rome; suddenly against the clear azure of the sky, a huge shadowy cupola rose up. I felt a perfect tumult of doubt, fear, and hope, such as I experienced when, through the overhanging thickets that fringe them, I first saw the yeasty waters of lake Erie, rushing to their great plunge. The great vision rose higher and higher, as we drove under its mighty mass; and as we turned within the Porta Cavallogieri, and stopped again at the barrier, St. Peter's stood over against us, towering into the violet-coloured sky,—and it was real,—and I really saw it; I knew the whole form



of the great, wonderful structure; I knew the huge pillars of the noble arcade, and the pale ghost-like shining of the moonlit fountains through the colonnades. I was in Rome, and it was the very Rome of my imagination.

"The dark, deep, dismal, stinking streets through which we now rattled, however, were new experiences. I never looked up from between houses and saw the heavens at such an immense height above me, as in these chasm-like streets, through which we seemed making an interminable progress, stopping at infinite places, till my impatience at these delays on the very threshold of arrival, became almost intolerable. Again to the custom house, to stand shivering on the cold stone pavement, under cold stone arches, while my trunks and carpet-bags were again rummaged. What an intolerable nuisance, to be sure, these disgraceful and vexatious hindrances are! My sister's servant met me here; and at length, transferred to an open carriage, we rolled through the streets, where the houses looked, by contrast of moonlight and shadow, like actual carvings of ivory and ebony,—up steep and slippery pavements to the Pincio, where, at a lighted upper window, I saw a woman's figure. I scrambled up three pairs of stone stairs, and so into my sister's arms, worn out, and ready to die with the fatigue of coming, and the emotions of being come."—p. 115.

The "cooing and chirping" of her sister's children awoke our traveller on the morning of the 10th of January to her first view of Rome from "the very top of the Pincio, where the city lay like a map at her feet, bathed far and near with glorious sunlight, against which, on the opposite horizon, the stone pines of the Doria Pamfili spread out their dark roofs." Her whole description of the beauties of the scene is highly poetical; we must give the conclusion of it.

"It is impossible to describe the soft beauty of everything that surrounded us here; the ilex trees, the graceful stone pines, the picturesque colour and outline of the house itself, the sunny far-stretching Campagna, with its purple frame of mountains; Soracte, standing isolated like the vanguard of the chain; the sullen steepes of the Sabine; the smiling slopes of the Alban hills; Frascati, Tivoli, glittering in the sunshine on their skirts; the light over all radiant and tender; the warmth and balmy softness of the atmosphere. Everything was graceful, harmonious, and delightful to the eye, and soothing beyond expression to the mind. Presently came two of the beautiful mouse-coloured oxen of the Campagna, slowly through the arched gateway of the farm-yard, and leaning their serious-looking heads upon the stone basin, drank soberly, with their great eyes fixed upon us, who sat upon the hem of the fountain; I, for the first time in my life, almost comprehending the delight of listless inactivity. As the water ran lullingly by my side, and between the grey shafts of the tall pine trees, and beneath the dark arches of their boughs, the distant landscape, formed into separate and distinct pictures of incomparable beauty,

arrested my delighted eyes. Yes, I think I actually could be content to sit on that fountain's edge and do nothing but listen and look for a whole summer's afternoon. But no more,—'up, and be doing' is the impulse for ever with me; and when I ask myself both sadly and scornfully, what? both my nature and my convictions repeat the call 'up and be doing;' for surely there is something to be done from morning to night, and to find out what, is the appointed work of the onward tending soul.

"Returning home, the arches of the aqueducts were all gilt within with the sunset. How beautiful they are, those great chains, binding the mountains to the plains with their veins of living water! The links are broken and the graceful line interrupted, and the flowing element within withdrawn to its heart in the mountains, and now they are only the most beautiful ruins in the whole world. Sometimes, when seen from a height which commanded a long stretch of their course, they reminded me of the vertebræ of some great serpent, whose marrow was the living water of which Rome drank for centuries."—p. 125.

As a matter of course, amidst the beauties and the grandeur of Rome, the mocking familiar finds full occupation in the filth, the misery, and the free-and-easy habits of the Romans: and while speaking of the "shameless wretched pauperism that disgusts and pains one the whole time," Mrs. Butler declares she "would not live among these people for anything in the world!" and is thankful, in thinking of England and America, that she "was born in one, and shall live in the other." Most unfortunately for her, "the great, wide, beautiful stairs leading up from the Piazz di Spagna," also led to the door of her lodging, and these stairs are the favorite haunt of all the painters' models; to the whole collection of whom, "old men with grizzled beards and hair," "lads with blue-black locks falling all round the most wonderful eyes ever beheld," and girls in their picturesque costumes, she applies the comprehensive epithet of "beautiful beastly creatures."

A charming "little bit" is given in the following lines.

"I rode out into the Campagna with——, and saw the sun and the clouds, and the lights and the shadows, play at hide-and-seek all over the vast tawny wilderness, and up the sides of the hills, till I was tired of exclaiming with delight and wonder. Sometimes every wrinkle in the whole hard-featured mountains came out under the pearly light like the lines on a deep-furrowed face; and then a shadow fell all over them, that looked as if you could have hewn great solid blocks of blackness out of it—it was a marvellous pageant."—p. 137.

All the frolics of the Carnival, in which our author took an active part, are described in a very lively style, especially the closing scenes, the fun of which consists "in everybody's endeavouring to extinguish everybody else's light, and keep his own

from being extinguished," which "was carried on with a frantic activity irresistibly ludicrous to a looker-on;" this is succeeded by a ball at the theatre, and then the cry is, "*Tutto è finito*;" the Carnival is dead, and Lent is begun.

We must pass over all Mrs. Butler's criticisms on art, and her descriptions of famous paintings, and of the cartoons of Cornelius; we would gladly pause, too, upon her "*Rides through the Campagna*," full of picturesque description; but a few scraps from her church-visiting experiences claim our attention. In these there is an occasional oddity which is very amusing; for example, when she says she cannot "refrain from a feeling of disgust and displeasure," when, in some of the ceremonies, "they set the Pope down, and take him up, and cover his legs, and uncover them, and kiss, and bow, and bend, and hand him here and there like a poor precious little old doll."

After describing some of the ceremonies witnessed at St. Peter's on the Thursday in Passion Week, she administers the following castigation, we fear not undeserved, upon her countrywomen:—

"I never saw anything more disgusting than the carriage of the various foreign women who surrounded us this afternoon; but principally, I am sorry to say, Englishwomen. Their indecent curiosity, and eagerness to satisfy it; their total apparent forgetfulness of the sacred purposes to which the place where they were was dedicated; the coarse levity of their observations and comments upon what was going on; their determined perseverance in their own flirtations and absurd conversation in the midst of the devotions of the people whose church they were invading; their discussions of their own plans of amusement, all really gave a most painful impression of their want of good feeling, good sense, and good manners."—p. 239.

And again, on Good Friday, at the ceremony of washing the feet of the pilgrims, on being ushered into the room where the pilgrims were to eat their supper after washing, Mrs. Butler, says:—

"The space was crowded with visitors like ourselves, most of them Englishwomen, and I again had to admire sorrowfully the exquisite bad taste of their deportment, and the comments they indulged in upon everything about them; but especially the dress, air, manner and looks of the gentlemen, who, in the livery of the Charity, *i. e.* the red blouse and white apron, guarded the outer door, through which we were to pass to the washing apartment, and who, when all things were in a due state of preparation, removed a bar and permitted our egress, not without, however, repeated and most necessary entreaties to the lady visitors that they would proceed gently and in order."—p. 246.

On her visit to the Armenian Church, on the Saturday pre-

ceding Easter Sunday, our author herself seems to have been sorely put to it to preserve decorum in consequence of the "grotesqueness of the intonations" in which was chanted the service, which had been described to her as "remarkably beautiful and imposing." She tells us that:—

"In spite of the most serious annoyance at experiencing such an effect from any worship, I found myself almost in convulsions of suppressed laughter, which I in vain endeavoured to control or conceal, and which painfully shook me from head to foot, at each renewal, after a pause of these extraordinary sounds. I have seen the uncouth and hideous religious gambols of the shaking Quakers, but even their most grotesque worship did not affect me as the howling and whining and nasal droning of this extraordinary nasal service. I dared not look either to the right or the left, and was in terror lest, by some sudden explosion of laughter, I should disgrace myself among my companions, and desecrate the solemnity. How I did repent coming to a church out of curiosity! \* \* \* The winding up of this extraordinary exhibition was worthy of the whole. One of the priests came forward with a basket of consecrated wafers, of which he presented one to each of the personages in the front row of the congregation—an immediate rush of the whole assembly followed—the basket and priest were all but annihilated—people got upon chairs and benches, and pushed each other, and thrust themselves, and struggled and kicked, and fought for these wafers; one poor man was thrown down, and in great danger of being converted into instantaneous dust under the feet of the pious crowd, and it was not without considerable difficulty that, without venturing to make the slightest pretensions to the possession of a holy wafer, we extricated ourselves, and made good our retreat with life and limb from the holy tumult."—p. 258.

A moonlight visit to the Coliseum gives rise to some natural and truthful reflections upon the various historical associations connected with that wonderful edifice and with the Forum; but our next extract must relate to the illumination of St. Peter's on Easter Day.

"We sat for some time gazing with undiminished wonder and admiration, when the great bell of St. Peter's tolled the hour. Suddenly the cornices, the friezes, the pediment, the dome, the lanthorn, the very ball and cross, high up in the dizzy neighbourhood of the stars, became alive with human figures; men, reduced by their fearful height above us to the size of black pigmies, ran like so many glow-worms, each carrying a light, all over the huge fabric, and the hitherto pale illumination became fiery red in the twinkling of an eye—it was marvellous! Five hundred men are thus employed twice every year, Easter-day and on the feast of St. Peter's; for three days previous they are not permitted to touch wine, and they all confess and receive absolution before ascending to their perilous task. After blunting the edge of our amazement with gazing—to have exhausted it would have been impossible—we turned homewards. Our carriage rolled slowly, or .

rather waded, through the crowded streets, at a foot-pace, and when we came to the Ponte Sisto, we beheld another illumination, which turned the pageant we had just seen into a splendid tawdry toy. The full moon hung above the river in a sea of mellow light, indescribably soft and powerful; the purple line of the Alban hills was distinctly visible against the pearly horizon, while the roses in the gardens near the bridge, showed their colours as though by day, so potent was the moonlight—with us, so wan and colourless. Opposite this great and lovely glory, St. Peter's flamed in the distance, like a huge gold filagree thimble. The pageant vouchsafed to us nightly is a fine thing;—it is well to see it confronting the yearly pageant of the great church of Rome, to be reminded how fine; what an insensible, brutish, dull, irreverend thing is custom.”—vol. ii., p. 3.

A visit was paid to the Vatican, in order to see the statues by torch-light; we extract the following description of the author's impressions on her first sight of the Apollo.

“From the moment I set my feet in the Vatican I was possessed with a sort of nervous terror, lest I should be utterly disappointed in it; this feeling increased with every chamber I entered, to such a degree as to cause me to feel absolutely sick with excitement; I feared to look round each new room, lest I should confront this great divinity, and remained unmoved; each time I experienced a sense of absolute relief when I found that we had not yet reached that shrine; and I believe if it had been proposed to me to leave the Vatican without seeing the Apollo at all, I should have been well pleased to have done so; and yet for all future time I shall know better. All that has been written, all that has been said, all that has been copied in drawing, painting, or sculpture, of this wonderful statue, has left the marvel of its beauty unimpaired; no foreknowledge can prepare one for it, nor any description give one an idea of its grace and lightness, nor any number of ecstasies rub off the bloom of its divinity. I could believe the legend of the girl who died for love of it; for myself, my eyes swam in tears, and my knees knocked together, and I could hardly draw my breath while I stood before it; the guides held up torches to shew the light through the marble drapery, while I was dazzled with the light shining through the marble face; and the French lady emitted opinions in a voice as sharp as needle-points. Heaven! what a witness to the glory of the human soul is such a conception as this! Man's thought devised, man's fingers wrought this God! This perfect creation had its origin in the yet fairer idea of a man's brain, for who yet ever worked as he imagined! There was a lovelier and a grander shape in the mind of him who made this, than even this that he has made! Oh, well may we thank the only true God for being formed capable of such things. I have no words to speak my sense of gratitude for these new revelations of beauty and of grace, vouchsafed to me in this the very mourning-time of my life;—angels have ministered, do minister, to me incessantly, and this enchanting presence, this divinity of the beauty-worshipping heathens, is to me a very messenger of my God, bidding me bless him who hath permitted me to behold it.”—vol. ii., page 10.

The second volume, upon which we have entered, is in every respect infinitely superior to the first. It is more natural, more equable in tone, and altogether more pleasing in character. The lovely scenery, the delicious climate, and the ennobling associations of the scene, seem to have had their legitimate effect in calming a troubled mind. The visits of the old tormentor, too, seem to have been far less pertinaciously obtruded; for we find comparatively few allusions to the dirt and filth of a city whose abominations in that way are almost proverbial. Indeed, with all Mrs. Butler's evident enthusiasm for the beautiful in art and in nature, and surrounded by such means of gratifying her taste as are abundantly afforded by Rome; and last, though not least, the continual presence of numerous loving and affectionate friends and relatives; it would have been strange indeed had not care and sorrow yielded for a time to surrounding influences. Who would not have felt the soothing power of such scenes as the following, which is only one of many similar sketches scattered throughout the volume!

"After leaving the gallery, I loitered in the garden while the gardener collected a nosegay for me; and certainly, if Heaven could come to one through one's eyes and nose, I might have imagined myself there during that half-hour. The fine mass of the Rospigliosi palace rose up against the brilliant blue sky; the little terrace-garden, lifted high up, as though to meet the sun, basked in the vivid light and potent warmth of its rays; fountains, some springing up like jets of moonlight, under cool, black, sheltering arches; others pouring out a whole gush of diamonds into a large basin glittering in the sunshine, made delicious conversation to each other; and, while I walked to and fro, screened from the intense heat by the broad, dark, polished leaves of a covered walk of lemon-trees, whose fruit and flowers hung above my head and perfumed the air, whiffs of warm fragrance were wafted to me from low beds of mignonette, and bushes literally bending under their freight of delicate pink and straw-coloured tea-roses. Such exquisite sensual enjoyment can neither be described nor imagined; nor, I think, out of Italy, enjoyed; for, joining to all this, the vision of the beautiful works of art I had just seen filled my fancy, and I really admired at the combination of pleasure comprised in one short hour in this pre-eminent home of all beautiful things."—vol. ii. p. 20.

We have a spirited description of the annual *fête* of artists at Cervara, about ten miles from Rome. All the actors were in masquerade-dresses, and the whole scene must have been highly amusing. The following is the muster:—

"Arrived at the open space at the Tor de Schiair, the spectacle was really a most singular one. Hundreds of artists, all in various eccentric and picturesque dresses, scoured about the Campagna, or mustered gradually in bands, whose badges and banners belonged to their several nations. Carriages, in crowds, were drawn up round the pictu-

resque ruin. A long line of dust, through which flashed, every now and then, the harness and wheels of other vehicles, or the brilliant colours of some belated masquerader, marked the way back to Rome. Donkeys brayed, horses neighed, human beings laughed loud and merrily; Cossacks, Turks, Albanians, knights of the middle ages, generals in powder and pigtailed, and gens d'armes, with paper helmets and wooden swords, pranced here and there between the carriages; the golden morning light touched the whole world with glory; the grand and melancholy Campagna spread itself all around, and the purple line of the Alban and Sabie hills framed in the splendid view and singular daylight masquerade. The concourse of artists had hardly ranged themselves, each about their national banner, and a species of disorderly order, such as is most common among volunteers, been obtained, when the great chief of the celebration and master of the revels, Mr. —, the head of the German school of artists at Rome, appeared in full costume of Henri Quatre, mounted on his triumphal car. His arrival was hailed with universal applause; and a speech which he made, and of which we were too far off to hear anything but the sound, appeared, by the bursts of laughter and the acclamations which interrupted it, to give very universal satisfaction."—vol. ii. p. 27.

The honesty of Roman shopkeepers is of very low value in the opinion of our author, who gives to English tradesmen a high place in that respect, and adds, that in point of punctuality, the latter, in her opinion, stand far higher than the Americans.

"English people are the only honest tradespeople that I am acquainted with, and I say it advisedly; for Americans are unpunctual, and an appointment is a contract with time for its object, and they are as regardless, for the most part, of that species of contract, as of some others of a different kind. I have now been six months in Rome, and have had leisure and opportunity to see something of the morals of retail trade; at any rate in matters of female traffic, among the shopkeepers here. In the first place, the most flagrant dishonesty exists with regard to the value of the merchandize, and the prices they ask for it of all strangers, but more particularly of the English, whose wealth, ignorance, and insolence, are taxed by these worthy industrials, without conscience or compassion. Every article purchased in a Roman shop by an English person, is rated at very nearly double its value; and the universal custom here, even among the people themselves, is to carry on a haggling market of aggression on the part of the purchaser and defence on that of the vendor, which is often as comical as it is disgusting.—vol. ii. p. 37.

A picture of the Three Graces:—

"As we drove out of Tivoli on our return to Rome, we met three girls walking with intertwined arms and bare heads, whose beauty was extremely remarkable; as they went singing and laughing down the street, they would have formed a splendid study for a painter, with

their fine heads and full figures, and free reckless bearing: they looked dirty and saucy, but most eminently picturesque."—vol. ii. p. 86.

Mrs. Butler relates some charming anecdotes of the present Pope, all confirmatory of the favorable impression produced by his evident earnestness in setting about reforms much-needed in his government; but we must pass over these, and her visit to Mount Algidus, the Italian villages, state of the peasantry, and much other equally interesting matter, to give, ere we close our notice, and by way of variety, Mrs. Butler's account of her first experience of an earthquake. It was at Frascati, on the breaking up of summer, when tremendous storms were of almost daily occurrence.

"Yesterday, for a wonder (now), the day was uninterruptedly clear and bright, the morning still and glorious, as was the wont of our former mornings; and towards the afternoon no storm arose, contrary to the later practice of the weather, to sweep over the sweet and lovely face of nature. My sister and — were out on horseback; I had remained at home, and was reading in my own room, occasionally raising my eyes to the spectacle of unequalled beauty which my window commanded. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the world seemed fallen into a deep trance of sunny splendour; suddenly all the windows of my room rattled, a sound like a gust of wind (though there was none) rushed round the house, the floor gave a very slight jig beneath my feet, and I turned excessively sick. Very much astonished at this peculiar process, I went to the next room to ask if any one had let any heavy thing fall, or had run violently across the floor; the answers, however, were unsatisfactory, and, after a moment's consideration, I became convinced that I had made my first acquaintance with earthquakes. Later in the day our other friends in the house, who have experienced these shocks before, spoke of it, and confirmed my surmise; and I suppose we have been enjoying the benefit of some sympathetic communication between the earth's interior economy here and at Leghorn and Pisa, where the late fearful earthquakes have caused such terror and damage to the dwellers upon its surface."—vol. ii. p. 249.

With this we must bid adieu to Mrs. Butler's '*Year of Consolation*,' assuring her that if we have sometimes been amused at her expressions of horror at the various unpleasant sights and smells which a traveller on the Continent encounters at every step, we yet admire her descriptive talent, and power of painting, by a few vigorous touches, scenes of surpassing loveliness, and the manners of the people among whom she sojourned.

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- ART. VII.—1. *On the Regulation of the Currency.* By John Fullarton, Esq. Murray.
2. *Financial History of England.* By Thomas Doubleday. E. Wilson.
3. *Memoirs of extraordinary Popular Delusions.* By Charles Mackay. R. Bentley.
4. *The Financial and Commercial Crisis considered.* By Lord Ashburton. Murray.
5. *Reply to the Objections of the 'Westminster Review' to the Government Plan for regulating the Currency.* By Col. Torrens. Smith, Elder & Co.

WE think too highly of the logical consistency of Sir Robert Peel and Sir Charles Wood, to regard their late defence of the Currency Bill of 1844 as a fair index to their real convictions. A gallant adversary may be beaten from post to post, and yet refuse to yield, but the failure of the professed object of the Act for the renewal of the Bank Charter—a failure now palpable to all the world—is a fact which cannot have escaped either the author of the measure or its supporters. Admitting, for a moment, the position we shall have to examine, that the Bill of 1844 has been innocent of the disastrous convulsions which have since affected the property of all classes of the community, is it expected that we can forget that the Act was not intended to be a nullity? To tell us that the measure has been simply innoxious is to abandon the high ground of its assumed necessity. The Bill was not introduced to the House as one of merely supplementary and *pro forma* legislation, which would do neither good nor harm. Sir Robert Peel did not propose to place in the statute-book another sheet of waste paper. His aims were high, and worthy of high statesmanship. We were told, as we had been told a thousand times before, that over-trading and its subsequent reaction, were principally if not invariably to be traced to redundant issues of paper money; and the public were led to hope, and many to believe, that the Bill would so regulate the currency as to prevent alike excessive speculation on the one hand, and the commercial derangement of a monetary crisis on the other. The panacea which was to place these evils for the future in the region of remote and improbable contingencies was recommended in the following terms.

“Some apprehend that the proposed restrictions upon issue will diminish the power of the Bank to act with energy at the period of a monetary crisis and commercial derangement; but the object of the measure is to prevent (as far as legislation can prevent) the recurrence

of those evils from which we suffered in 1825, 1836, and 1839. It is better to prevent the paroxysm than to excite it and trust to desperate remedies for the means of recovery."\*

Events have not answered to the anticipations of Sir Robert Peel. Whatever may be the causes which occasion a disturbance of the ordinary operations of commerce, their action has been more violent, and the paroxysms more frequent, during the last three years, than for any similar period of British history. The year 1845 was characterised by an extravagant spirit of speculation, surpassing in wildness not only that of 1825, but any mania for money-making witnessed in this country since the days of the celebrated South Sea bubble, now more than a century back. The cold fit, or panic, which followed the railway fever, was of course its natural attendant; but subsequently, and long after its symptoms had entirely subsided, when speculation in railways was entirely at an end, and railway shares had reached apparently their lowest point of depression, public credit sustained a shock unprecedented in this country, excepting at a time of war, or of apprehended invasion or revolution. We have seen the funds fall 1 per cent. per week, for six weeks in succession;—† the scrip of a government loan at £3 discount within a month of its issue;—the rate of interest rise in a fortnight from 4 to 6 per cent. on bills of exchange of the first class, and of short date;—private acceptances of the ordinary mercantile character rendered

\* Speech of Sir Robert Peel, May 20, 1844.—Murray, p. 76.

† At the close of the account on the 25th February, Consols were quoted 90½ to 1 as the highest, and 90½ as the lowest price of the day. The following table will show bi-weekly the range of prices subsequently to the close of the account for April 15.

					Highest price.		Lowest price.
March	2	..	..	..	91½	..	90½
"	5	..	..	..	90½	..	89½
"	8	..	..	..	89½	..	89½
"	12	..	..	..	89½	..	88½
"	16	..	..	..	88½	..	87½
"	19	..	..	..	89½	..	88½
"	23	..	..	..	89½	..	88½
"	30	..	..	..	89½	..	88½
April	1	..	..	..	88½	..	88½
"	6	..	..	..	88½	..	87½
"	9	..	..	..	88	..	86½
"	13	..	..	..	86½	..	85½
"	14	..	..	..	87½	..	86½
"	15	..	..	..	86½	..	86½

These quotations refer to money prices alone. The decline, therefore, from highest to lowest during the account now closed, has been equal to 6 per cent.—certainly a most extraordinary instance of depreciation of stock values in one account of seven weeks' duration only.—*Daily News*.

scarcely negotiable upon any terms of discount ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  and as much as 15 per cent. having in some instances been paid); and the Bank refusing to make advances of notes upon Exchequer Bills, and even upon silver bullion.

Sir Robert Peel, however, in 1844, was not more unfortunate in his calculations than the authorities upon whom he relied. One of them, Colonel Torrens, in his reply to the 'Westminster Review,' denied the possibility, under the operation of the Government measure, of the state of things which has arisen. In answer to the inquiry of Mr. Hawes, of what would be the effect of a drain of bullion to the amount of £7,000,000 in nine months, should it again occur? Colonel Torrens said:—

"The proper answer to this question is, that when the Government plan shall have been carried into effect, the abstraction of £7,000,000 of treasure from the coffers of the Bank, in a period of nine months, will be morally impossible. The violent fluctuation which occurred between December 1838, and September 1839, was the result of the system which the querist would desire to uphold."\*

In less than the period named the drain of bullion from the Bank reached the sum of £7,036,227; a decrease from £16,366,068 on the 29th of August, 1846, to £9,329,841 on the 17th of April, 1847, the amount of bullion then in the coffers of the Bank, according to the Gazette returns.

Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd looked to the separation of the departments of the Bank of England as the machinery for promoting in similar circumstances "an early and timely contraction of the circulation—founded on principle—certain in its effect—always under control—its nature and its effect known to everybody."† This early and timely contraction of the currency has been so little realized, that at the beginning and end of the drain of gold, which the bill was to have rendered impossible, the note circulation of the Bank of England, in the hands of the public, stood as follows:—

Aug. 29, 1846	..	..	..	£20,426,130
April 17, 1847	..	..	..	20,242,785†

There is an apparent anomaly in this, as the theory of the Bill was, that notes were to be made to dilate or to contract exactly in proportion to the afflux or efflux of bullion, and they have

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\* 'Reply to the objections of the *Westminster Review*,' by Colonel Torrens, p. 35.

† 'Thoughts on the separation of the departments of the Bank of England.' 1844.

‡ These figures are exclusive of seven days' bills.

accordingly done so, *in the Issue department*. The notes issued on the 29th of August were £29,875,890, and they had diminished on the 17th of April to £22,801,100. But the authors of the measure, when they assumed that this operation would affect the circulation, act upon the exchanges, and so prevent an excessive or sudden drain of bullion, appear to have taken for granted that the notes held by the *Banking department* would always remain the same, instead of which the amount there has not only varied, but has varied in an inverse ratio to the rule sought to be enforced. On the 29th of August, the reserve of notes held by the *Banking department* was £9,449,760; on the 17th of April, £2,558,315. So that the whole difference in the issue occasioned by the new system had, up to that date, been confined to the walls of the Bank.

For such a result, whether untoward or otherwise, the Directors of the Bank are in no degree accountable. The pretext of the Bill was their want of discretion in 1839, as regulators of the currency, and its avowed design was to substitute for that discretion an inviolable rule. When the Bill passed, the control of the Bank over the note circulation was intended to cease; money was to become cheap or dear, scarce or abundant, according to the laws which determined the supply and demand of bullion, and not at the will or caprice of Bank Directors, who were to be rendered powerless for interference. The blame, therefore, thrown by Sir Robert Peel upon the Bank for not having raised the rate of interest at the commencement of the drain, was both ungenerous and unreasonable. The danger of depending upon such a safeguard had been pointed out by Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd and other writers, and this danger was to be removed by the Bill. The panic of 1839 was expressly attributed to the Bank lowering the rate of interest in November, 1838, from 4 per cent. to  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , and continuing this lower rate till the April following; with unfavourable exchanges, and bullion running out. From such ill-timed liberality the public were now to be protected. The self-acting apparatus of the Bill would, it was contended, so tighten the money-market in the circumstances described that the rate of interest would rise mechanically till the bullion returned. With a total obliviousness of this argument, however, we find Sir Robert Peel addressing the House to the following effect:—

“The Bank should not be released from its obligations and responsibilities; and I say that if, in January last, the rate of discount had been raised to five or six per cent., or whatever might have been deemed necessary, instead of now imposing arbitrary distinctions upon bills of all dates, the present difficulties, if they would not have been altogether removed, would at least have been most materially

diminished. I am speaking, of course, from what I perceived myself of the signs of the times, and the rate of discount; and I think that continuing to discount at 4 per cent., with a great continuance of a drain of gold—I say it with all deference—was the chief cause of the embarrassments which have arisen within the last few months.\*

This practically amounts to an acknowledgment of error; for it appears that the Right Honourable Baronet was not himself, in January last, depending upon the “self-acting” machinery of the Bill to prevent the paroxysm which he thought was indicated by the signs of the times, but upon the discretion of the Bank directors in reference to the rates of discount; so that, after all, instead of having been placed by the Bill in a more secure position than in 1839, we are to consider ourselves “as we were.”

Such a confession almost leads to an inference that, in the opinion of Sir Robert Peel, rates of discount should be regulated by a legislative sliding-scale, and that the omission in the Bill of a clause to that effect was the only oversight committed. If so, we may look for a new set of usury laws, as the next “settlement” of the currency principle. And, assuming that the object can be so attained—that the salvation of the country depends upon keeping gold at home when it is wanted to buy food abroad—and that altering rates of discount will check a drain at the outset, and prevent paroxysms—we see not why the business of the Bank parlour should not be superseded by the same mechanical agency which has hitherto been employed for calculating the duty upon corn, as governed by the averages. Admit the principle, and nothing could be more simple than its rule of application. For example:—

Bullion in the Bank of Issue.			Rate of Discount	
£16,000,000	..	..	..	2 per cent.
14,000,000	..	..	..	4 „
12,000,000	..	..	..	6 „
10,000,000	..	..	..	8 „
8,000,000	..	..	..	10 „

Two little difficulties, however, present themselves in the way of this arrangement. The Bank proprietors would require a Government guarantee for their dividends, and the Government, to give it, must take measures to prevent any person discounting bills, here or abroad, at a lower rate than the Bank, so as to lessen its profits. These dispose of the proposition. The scheme would be about as impracticable as one for ensuring returns of 20 per cent. upon capital to every farmer and manufacturer in the United Kingdom; and yet the reasoning by which such a

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\* *Morning Chronicle*, May 1, 1847.

project might be supported would not be more illusory than that of Sir Robert Peel. His argument assumes that the Bank can command any amount of interest for the use of their money the Directors may ask. The fallacy lies in the conclusion, that because large temporary profits may sometimes be gained by a sudden departure from established modes of business, the same profits may be secured with equal certainty by a gradual process. The *non sequitur*, however, is obvious. It is easy to erect a turnpike and demand a high toll, which may be paid once or twice; but it does not follow that the public will continue to travel the same road. That the Bank may produce a violent disturbance of the money market, by withholding its usual accommodation, and that it has the power to charge an extravagant rate of interest while the embarrassment lasts, is undoubted, for we have seen it exercised; but the power ceases with the embarrassment, and could hardly exist at all, if the public had notice of the intention in time to contract their liabilities. It is clear that *permanent* rates of interest must be governed by rates of profit, and that whenever the former exceeds the latter both must come to an end. A merchant, unexpectedly refused advances upon good securities, may be willing to submit to any loss to meet his immediate obligations, but he will rather suspend his operations altogether than continue to pay charges which would terminate in ruin. A gradual advance of the Bank rate of interest, without a corresponding advance in the profits of trade, would mean a gradual sacrifice of business diverted into other channels, or a gradual contraction of the business of the country.

The Bank Directors, like all other bankers and traders, have always been ready to ask as much as they can get. When in September, 1844, the rate of discount had fallen to 2 per cent., they would have been much better pleased with 4 per cent. if Sir Robert Peel would have shown them how to obtain it. Circumstances enabled them to command 4 per cent. last January, and they would have required no urging to have raised it to 5 or 6 per cent., if there had been any evidence to convince them that the higher rate would be as productive as the lower. There was not, however, at that time, any very serious demand for money, and the drain of gold was not such as to call into action the motives of self-preservation which influenced their conduct subsequently, in April. Sir Robert Peel, wise after the event, now says "Why did you not foresee that bullion to the amount of £7,000,000 would be withdrawn in payment for corn?" The Directors may reply, "Why did your friend, Colonel Torrens, assure the public that under the new Bill such a drain would

be impossible?" But they have still another answer to the question. It is, that under the old system the subtraction of £7,000,000 of bullion from £16,000,000 would have occasioned no alarm nor inconvenience.

Besides the impossibility of maintaining permanent high rates of discount without diminished returns, there is another consideration which shows that the policy recommended involves a serious risk: *first*, as affecting the funds, and all kinds of government securities; because, the moment that a profit can be secured by advances to bill-brokers and others, many who hold 3 per cent. consols, or Exchequer bills, sell them to employ their money to greater advantage; and, *secondly*, as affecting the Bank itself, in the reduction (and for the same reason) of the available capital which would otherwise be left at its command.

The profits of every bank depend chiefly upon the amount of its customers' balances, or what is technically called "the deposits." These balances, or deposits, of course increase or diminish in proportion to the abundance or scarcity of money out of doors, and any attempt, therefore, to raise the value of money beyond the market rate by an artificial pressure, has a tendency to cause a run upon the deposits, and to strip the Bank of an important part of its accustomed resources. Thus it will be seen from the following table, that the stringent measures adopted by the Bank Directors made a difference in the private deposits left in their hands, usually the highest after the payment of the April dividends, of £1,500,000 as compared with 1845, and of £7,500,000 as compared with 1846.

## PRIVATE DEPOSITS.

1845.	£	1846.	£	1847.	£
April 12 ..	11,753,022	April 11 ..	18,069,993	April 10 ..	11,257,744
„ 19 ..	11,531,267	„ 18 ..	16,710,987	„ 17 ..	10,004,699
„ 26 ..	10,781,637	„ 25 ..	16,978,110		
May 3 ..	10,355,640	May 2 ..	16,780,380	May 1 ..	9,312,048
„ 10 ..	10,065,486	„ 9 ..	16,256,526	„ 8 ..	8,930,328
„ 17 ..	10,276,032	„ 16 ..	16,354,017	„ 15 ..	8,751,171

Nothing can be clearer than the fact, that it is not the interest of a banking corporation, the business of which is trading in money, to diminish trading facilities, offend its customers, refuse to lend money when it is most wanted, and only to offer it when it is not in demand. Whether banking profit be a sound rule for the regulation of the currency is another question; but the

Chancellor of the Exchequer, who supports a measure which has practically left this rule in operation to an unforeseen extent, and who is himself continually the cause of liabilities greater than the directors might otherwise incur, is perhaps the last person in the world who should be a party to these reproaches on the Bank. He has been enabled, in the middle of a severe winter, to borrow £8,000,000, at £3. 7s. 6d. per cent., which it is evident could not have been raised had the course suggested by Sir Robert Peel been followed. With interest at 6 per cent., a Government loan in the market, and food at famine prices, the difficulties of the country, great as they have been during the last six months, would have been fearfully aggravated.

We are far from entertaining a doubt of the soundness of that precautionary principle upon which the Bill of 1844 is professedly based. We fully admit that all paper money, that is to say, notes stamped with the authority of Government, *and made a legal tender*, should be issued only on the most solid securities, and rendered entirely independent of any capricious or speculative action. We should except from this promissory notes, *not a legal tender*, which are not money, but bills of exchange, even when payable on demand, like the notes of country banks, and which ought not, therefore, to have been confounded in the Bill with the notes of the Bank of England; but the propriety of separating banking operations from the working of a Bank of Issue, as far as it regards the issue of *a legal paper currency*, we hold to be as incontrovertible as the necessity of confining the privilege of coining to the Mint.

The startling conclusion, however, must now be forced upon the framers of the Act of 1844, that while effecting a very proper functional separation of departments, they have, by some means or other, contrived to multiply the chances of monetary disturbance, and to place in a state of perilous uncertainty the value, from day to day, of all property in the United Kingdom.

Yet it is undeniable that the capital of this country is rapidly on the increase; the wealth produced beyond that which is consumed is kept chiefly at home; a very small portion only being wasted in expensive wars, or sunk in doubtful foreign investments. Our command, moreover, of the precious metals is greater than at any former period of British history. The average amount of bullion in the coffers of the Bank of England, during the last three years, has been £15,000,000. In the panic of 1797, when the Bank stopped payment, its treasure had dwindled to £1,272,000; and to less than this amount in the panic of 1825. In 1839, the bullion of the Bank had sunk to £2,887,000, of which, two millions had been borrowed from twelve of the leading firms of the French capital; but in the late panic



(April, 1847), the amount of bullion left at the lowest point of the drain was £9,000,000, nearly £8,000,000 of which were in gold.\*

A severe crisis, threatening national bankruptcy, at a time of growing prosperity, with enlarged resources on every side, appears an enigma almost too inexplicable to be hereafter received by posterity as a fact. What was there in the Act of 1844 to account for such a case of seemingly groundless alarm, *besides* the separation of the Bank of England into two departments, *a Banking Department, and an Issue Department?*

There was this:—*The Act limits the amount of notes, to be issued upon other securities than gold, to £14,000,000.* Beyond this amount, every £5 note issued must represent five sovereigns actually existing in the Issue department, or coin, in the proportion of three-fourths gold to one-fourth silver, producible at the moment of demand.

At first sight, this would seem to make but little difference between the system now in operation and the old; for, in ordinary times, the Bank has rarely issued so large an amount as £14,000,000 of inconvertible paper; but the fact which concerns the public, is that the Bank Directors formerly held *the power* of issuing a larger sum than £14,000,000, upon Government or other securities, in cases of extreme pressure, and that the exercise of this power, *and that alone*, HAS THREE TIMES SAVED THEM FROM STOPPING PAYMENT WITHIN THE LAST TWENTY YEARS!

In the reaction which followed the bubble speculations of 1825, and which, by the intense demand for money it occasioned, led to the failure of innumerable country banks, the Bank of England only averted its own ruin by enlarging its issues of paper, at a time when all the gold in its coffers was reduced to a few thousand pounds. £8,000,000 of notes, practically inconvertible, were issued in the last fortnight of the December of that year; and in February, 1826, its total liabilities, in notes out and deposits subject to be withdrawn, exceeded its means of paying in gold on demand by £30,000,000! In February, 1837, after another drain of gold, the liabilities of the Bank exceeded the amount of bullion in its possession by £28,000,000! In October, 1839, the excess of its liabilities over bullion was £22,000,000.

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\* Week ending May 1st, 1847:—

Gold coin and bullion	..	..	..	£7,083,767	} <i>Issue Department.</i>
Silver bullion	..	..	..	1,442,816	
Gold and silver coin	..	..	..	831,131	
				<hr/>	<i>Banking Department.</i>
				£9,357,716	"

The whole of this would have been called "bullion," if made out in the old form.

In each of these cases it happened, that immediately after the pressure was removed the circulation began to contract of its own accord, and the bullion to flow back, without any attempt of the Bank of England to make it dearer here than abroad; so that within a few months it again possessed bullion to the amount of from eight to twelve millions. But this result was attributed, by the advocates of a metallic currency, solely to accident or good fortune. According to the currency theory the very contrary should have followed. Paper having supplied the place of gold *ought* to have supplanted it altogether; a calamity which it was contended a new legislative enactment was required to prevent. This enactment we have now got, and with the first demand for gold that has arisen since the measure was sanctioned we have all the experience that can be needed to judge of its effects—past and future.

To profit by it the reader should understand that, of the two departments named, the business of the *Issue* department is to give notes in exchange for gold, and gold in exchange for notes; and the business of the *Banking* department is to exchange notes, when wanted, for securities, by discounting bills or advancing loans at interest. To the Banking department, which is fed, not with gold but notes, a drain of gold would be of no consequence if it held, as the Bank did formerly, the power of creating notes *ad libitum*; but as this power has been totally abolished, and as gold can only be obtained by the public in exchange for notes, *a drain of notes precedes a drain of gold*. Whenever, therefore, the reserve of notes held by the *Banking department* is considerably below the amount of its customers' balances (the deposits), a sudden demand of its customers for a few millions of their own money could not, of course, be met; and if made and not met, the credit of the Banking department would be destroyed.

To prevent such a catastrophe, the Banking department is now obliged to regulate its business by the same rule as private bankers—never to allow its liabilities to exceed its reserve of notes in hand by more than two-thirds, at whatever loss of profit or sacrifice of capital the proportion may be maintained. This rule (it will be seen by the subjoined table)\* has, subsequently to the Act of 1844, not only been observed, but, with one exception,

\* BANKING DEPARTMENT.

LIABILITIES.				RESERVE.	
<i>Deposits and Seven-day Bills.</i>					
		£	£		£
1844, Sep. 7.	Public deposits..	3,630,809			
	Private deposits	8,614,348			
	Seven-day bills..	1,030,354			
			13,305,511	Notes and coin	9,032,709.

the Banking Department has held a much larger reserve than one-third against its liabilities; and that, in fact, the reserve has

LIABILITIES.				RESERVE.	
<i>Deposits and Seven-day Bills.</i>		£	£		£
1845, Mar. 8.	Public deposits..	5,879,753			
	Private deposits	10,379,610			
	Seven-day bills..	982,386			
			17,241,749	Notes and coin	10,177,178
„ Sep. 6.	Public deposits..	6,474,705			
	Private deposits	8,507,213			
	Seven-day bills..	1,021,689			
			16,003,607	Notes and coin	8,729,063
1846, Mar. 7.	Public deposits..	6,502,355			
	Private deposits	17,828,778			
	Seven-day bills..	898,176			
			25,229,309	Notes and coin	8,284,590
„ Sep. 5.	Public deposits..	7,318,919			
	Private deposits	8,557,109			
	Seven-day bills..	935,830			
			16,811,858	Notes and coin	9,744,052
1847, Mar. 6.	Public deposits..	6,571,731			
	Private deposits	9,288,661			
	Seven-day bills..	846,860			
			16,707,252	Notes and coin	6,316,390
„ Apr. 3	Public deposits..	6,001,947			
	Private deposits	9,502,091			
	Seven-day bills..	960,294			
			16,464,332	Notes and coin	4,391,470
„ Apr. 17.	Public deposits..	3,011,032			
	Private deposits	10,004,699			
	Seven-day bills..	910,068			
			13,925,799	Notes and coin	3,087,056

Before the division of the Bank into two independent departments by the Act of 1844, the proportion of its Reserve to its Liabilities, in years corresponding with the preceding, stood as follows:—

LIABILITIES.				RESERVE.	
		£	£		
1823, Feb. 28.	Circulation ....	18,392,000			
	Deposits .....	7,181,100			
			25,573,100	Bullion .....	10,384,230
1824, Feb. 28.	Circulation ....	19,736,990			
	Deposits .....	10,097,850			
			29,834,840	Bullion .....	13,810,060
1825, Feb. 28.	Circulation ....	20,753,760			
	Deposits .....	10,168,780			
			30,922,540	Bullion .....	8,779,100
„ Aug. 31.	Circulation ....	19,398,840			
	Deposits .....	6,410,560			
			25,809,400	Bullion .....	3,634,320
1826, Feb. 28.	Circulation ....	25,467,910			
	Deposits .....	6,935,940			
			32,403,850	Bullion .....	2,459,510
1827, Feb. 28.	Circulation ....	21,890,610			
	Deposits .....	8,801,660			
			31,692,270	Bullion .....	10,159,020
1837, Feb. 12.	Circulation ....	17,868,000			
	Deposits .....	14,230,000			
			32,098,000	Bullion .....	4,032,000
1838, Apr. 5.	Circulation ....	18,987,000			
	Deposits .....	11,262,000			
			30,249,000	Bullion .....	10,126,000
1839, Oct. 18.	Circulation ....	17,612,000			
	Deposits .....	6,734,000			
			24,346,000	Bullion .....	2,525,000

generally exceeded one-half. In the first quarter, however, of the present year the proportion began to change. On the 3rd of April the reserve had diminished to nearly a fourth, and, on the 17th, to *less* than a fourth of its liabilities. The directors, therefore, were placed under the necessity of refusing to lend or discount as freely as before (as far as they could safely refuse without further endangering their deposits), that they might keep by them every note it was possible to avoid paying away, and of selling a portion of such of their funded or other property as was the most readily convertible into notes.

This was the process which it was one object of the Bill to have brought into operation at the commencement of the drain of gold in September, in order to stop the drain by diminishing the circulation; but at that time the reserve of the Banking department was unusually high, amounting (as shown by the table) to nearly ten millions, while its liabilities were less than seventeen millions,—considerably lower than they had been in any preceding month of the same year. Under such circumstances, the directors were not called upon, even upon the principles laid down by Colonel Torrens, to contract their usual amount of business. The demand for gold might stop at any moment; the “circulation,” under the new Act, was to take care of itself: and it would be time enough to look about them when the reserve fell to £6,000,000, which did not happen till the third week in March. In March and April the drain of gold set in with increased severity; and if it had not ceased in May—if the drain had continued at the same rate for another month, as it probably would have done but for the £5,000,000 released by the Emperor of Russia—it is difficult to conceive how the Banking department could have obtained, with a rapidity corresponding to that of the drain, a sufficient supply of notes for its unavoidable payments. Forced sales of securities to the amount of millions would have ruinously depressed their value; and begging and borrowing would have converted the friends of the Bank into importunate creditors. *A run upon the private bankers, who are the chief holders of deposits*, might have stopped the Banking department in a week. And if we may assume that the consternation occasioned by such an event would create a *home* demand for gold, the next week a stoppage of the Issue department would have probably followed. Imagine the Banking department suspending payments, and the Issue department left with but three millions of bullion (which might be absorbed in an hour) against seventeen millions of notes, all equally payable on demand! Nothing but another Restriction Act could then save the system.

A question here arises out of the somewhat paradoxical complexion of the facts. It may be asked, how either the drain of

gold or the proceedings of the Bank could have produced a pressure in the money-market, when the Bill had failed, as we have shown, to contract the "circulation" in the manner intended; so that in point of fact, although the Banking department had become poorer, the public still held the same average amount of notes which had usually been found sufficient for all purposes of trade.

To explain the apparent anomaly, we should guard the reader against a fallacy in the use of the word "circulation," which has evidently obscured the perceptions of many currency writers, and those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The term is, by common consent, employed to mean Bank of England notes in the hands of the public, including seven days' bills, but not including the *reserve* of notes held by the Banking department; because notes locked up in the Bank drawers cannot be said to be actually *circulating*, or passing from hand to hand. Now, the state of things which we have lately seen realized is that of having the whole of our paper currency placed in the situation of the reserve of notes held by the Banking department, that is to say, locked up in drawers or in chests, and ceasing to pass from hand to hand. Money-changers, at a signal from the Bank, in April, 1847, as in December, 1825, became money-hoarders. Private bankers and bill-brokers sought to increase their *reserves*. A scarcity of money was apprehended from the combined action of the drain of gold and the currency bill, and the apprehension created it before the nominal amount of the circulation had undergone any diminution; all parties determining to meet the danger by holding fast what they had got. When, therefore, the opponents of the currency bill attacked the Chancellor of the Exchequer with maintaining a system which had led to a *contracted circulation*, they committed a verbal mistake, which enabled Sir Charles Wood to escape with the ready answer, "It is impossible, for the circulation continues to be equal to the usual average." And the fact was so, although it seemed inexplicable, in the middle of a pressure the severity of which could not be denied; not only private traders, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself being in a situation of unprecedented difficulty. The mischief complained of should have been, not that the circulation had been *contracted*, but that it had become *suspended*. The symptoms of the body politic were those of a human patient falling into a state of syncope. A patient in that state may not have been bled, and blood may exist in the system; but the danger is when it ceases to flow.

It seems like trifling with the gravity of an important subject to insist upon the truism that a currency which ceases to perform the functions of a currency—a *circulating* medium that will not *circulate*—cannot be an efficient one; but, although political

economists now generally admit the axiom that money is powerless when unemployed; sufficient attention has not been drawn to the fact that £100,000,000 of paper, issued in a time of panic, would scarcely suffice to do the business of £20,000,000 circulating with rapidity in a time of general confidence, and of universal enterprise. In ordinary circumstances, a £100 note may discount a dozen different bills of exchange of the same amount, within a week or a month. Thus A, the Bank of England, discounts a bill for B, a private banker; B discounts for C, a bill broker; C for D, a London merchant; D for E, a country tradesman, and so on through the letters of the alphabet. But A refusing to discount for B, B refuses C; C refuses D; D refuses E, and each is left to his own resources, while the £100 note, which might have sufficed for all, lies dormant.

This illustration will help us to a brief, and we hope, a clear explanation of the late monetary embarrassments, the nature of which must be understood before we can hope to discover either the cause or the remedy.

In every commercial community a large proportion of its mercantile transactions is represented by bills of exchange.—A West Indian planter advises his correspondent in London of the shipment of produce, and of a bill drawn for his acceptance on account of the proceeds. The cargo is perhaps sold to a merchant in Hamburg, who remits in payment a bill upon some other house in London. The second bill is set off against the first, but as bill number 2 does not in most cases become due till after bill number 1, it is commonly necessary to discount number 2 before number 1 arrives at maturity. The manufacturing system is carried on in a similar manner. The mill owner accepts bills for cotton, and receives bills in payment for cotton cloth. Cash payments are met by turning the bills into money at a sacrifice of interest, whenever the capital of the holder is insufficient to enable him to act in the capacity of his own bill broker.

From a statement published by Mr. Leatham, founded upon a return of stamps issued, it would appear that the present average amount of bills in circulation, within the United Kingdom, or held by the drawers, and subject to be put in circulation at any moment, is at least £100,000,000, a sum compared with which the amount of our note circulation is quite insignificant.\*

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\* In 1815 — 162,480,290

„ 1835 — 101,350,762

„ 1839 — 132,123,460

The calculation is based upon the supposition that each bill is drawn for only half the amount the stamp would cover—and that the average date of bills is three months.—(See the '*Westminster Review*,' Vol. 35, page 105.)

The power however of converting a portion of this £100,000,000 into notes at any moment is as essential to their negotiation, as the convertibility of notes into sovereigns is essential to the value of Bank of England paper; and any measures of the Bank by which this power is temporarily affected, and partially destroyed, must of course be disastrous to all parties relying upon the liquidation of bills to meet acceptances of their own; and must place more or less in jeopardy every merchant or tradesman under pecuniary engagements of any kind; excepting the very few who keep ready money always by them sufficient for the whole of their liabilities.

Thanks to the currency hypothesis, which, nominally, recognizes no valid securities but gold: the whole fabric of commerce is made, practically, to rest upon bills of exchange. The amount of notes kept in circulation by depositors of gold is comparatively small; the greater part is issued in exchange for government stock, exchequer and 'deficiency' bills, and mercantile acceptances. Private bankers, brokers, and others, discount that class of paper which, with their own indorsements, would be re-discounted by the Bank, should they require its assistance; but the moment that the talisman appears in danger by which the Bank holds the power of being the largest discounting establishment in the world, all minor discounting or loan establishments begin to contract their accommodation; bills of the second and third class cease to be negotiable; drawers and acceptors are consequently driven by necessity to postpone all payments that can possibly be avoided, till the bills have been met, and, at the same time, to contract their liabilities and collect their book debts.

It would be difficult to arrive at even an approximate estimate of the amount of book debts (exclusive of acceptances) owing at any one time by merchants, traders, and others; but it must greatly exceed the amount of bills of exchange. Mr. Smee calculates the *income* of the people of Great Britain at 488 millions sterling: but buying and selling transactions are not limited to income; and the *capital* of the country is estimated at 5,000 millions. We have no means of ascertaining how much of this capital is covered by mortgages, nor how often the whole changes hands; but we know that every bale of cotton, bag of hops, or quarter of corn, may be many times bought and sold within a twelvemonth; and that ready-money dealing, or cash at the moment of delivery, is the exception rather than the rule, for all sums exceeding a pound. Invoices have to be examined before they can be settled; many people only pay once a year; and in the city, what is called a ready-money shipping house means a firm that will allow a tradesman to call for his account

on the last Saturday in the month—a month after shipment; when, perhaps, if anything should be wrong at the Bank, an error is discovered, requiring the account to be postponed. It will suffice for our purpose to keep a long way within the mark, and to assume 200 millions as the amount of book debts not represented by bills of exchange, leaving out of sight railway calls. But let the reader put down the amount at any sum he pleases. *A monetary crisis means a suspended circulation, a contraction of credit, and a pressure for payment of immense masses of debt.* Everybody calls upon everybody for payment, and everybody puts off everybody. Orders are countermanded; sales are submitted to at ruinous sacrifices; and trade for an interval is paralysed.

The alarm in the present case began, not with the Bank, but with the public out of doors, on observing a rapid diminution of the reserve of the Banking department. The measures it would be compelled to take, through the operation of the bill of 1844, were to some extent anticipated; but the panic did not reach its *acme* till they were finally adopted. On the 8th of April, the drain appearing to increase, (the reserve having diminished £2,000,000 within three weeks), the Bank raised the rate of interest to 5 per cent. The Editor of the Bankers' Magazine writing on the 28th says:—

“Since the 15th instant, the Bank has exercised a most rigid selection in their discount business. They have both curtailed the range, and they have cut down the extent of the accommodation afforded to their most established connexions, and they have done this as rigidly at the country branches as in London. The effects out of doors, of course, have borne a corresponding complexion. Money has become excessively dear; advances have become exceedingly limited, and engagements have been contracted into the smallest compass.”

Lord Ashburton gives the following description of the embarrassments which were the immediate result of this policy:—

“A very short time ago the interest of money was at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  and 3 per cent. Everybody found it difficult to employ their capital: now nobody can obtain it for the best security under 8, 10 or even 12 per cent. The stagnation of the most legitimate trade is complete; the manufacturer stops his works; the Minister is obliged to double the interest of his Exchequer-bills, and is still at a loss to give even a decent appearance to public credit; while Mr. Brown, a merchant of the first credit and character, representing South Lancashire, tells the House of Commons “that the alarm and want of confidence were such that orders for human food to the United States and other countries were in many cases countermanded, prudent houses not choosing to risk their credit by being drawn upon, until they should see what steps Government might take to restore the healthy action of trade.”



On the other hand, orders for the manufactures of the country cannot be executed, by which we were enabled to pay for this food, because the entire stagnation of the circulation prevented the ordinary operations of credit by which alone such transactions can be conducted. There is no class in a country, where the machinery of its economy is so complicated, who do not suffer under this strange state of things, from the richest capitalist to the poor mechanic who lives by his daily labour.”\*

In the facts stated, and the order of their occurrence, we have sufficient data for resolving the problem of the power to be ascribed to the Bank of England circulation. In a buoyant state of trade, a handful of notes, more or less, does not affect prices to any appreciable extent, nor in any other sense than as a drop of water may be said to alter the level of the sea; the reason being, that in a rising market, the demand is less for money than commodities, and that sales and purchases are settled by accounts, which then mostly balance each other. But, with a falling market, the demand for money gradually increases. At such a time a very slight diminution in the quantity of notes in circulation is sensibly felt, and any sudden interruption of the supply, real or apprehended, produces an equally sudden depreciation of all kinds of property, of which there may be at the moment, either from distrust or from any other cause, more sellers than buyers.

This, however, is a position which may need some further support and elucidation, for it involves no inconsiderable abatement of the power generally ascribed to money by some of the highest authorities in political economy, and by the great majority of all parties to the controversy of paper and gold; one class of whom attack paper because of its presumed tendency to raise prices indefinitely, while another class defend paper because they wish prices so raised. The question whether either party is right or both wrong is most material to that of any further modification of the Bank Charter; and that it should be further modified, and with the least possible delay, few persons now would be disposed to deny; if they could agree upon the mode. It is plain that the terms upon which the Charter was last renewed have left public credit, as before, wholly in the keeping of the Bank Directors, with this additional danger to the community, that they have no longer the power of saving it, or themselves, from the consequences of any act of indiscretion. Holders of property are placed in the situation of Damocles at the table of Dionysius. A sword is suspended over their heads, which may fall without an

instant's warning. The fate of commercial enterprise hangs by a thread.

It is safe to calculate that a scarcity of food will generally lead to an export of gold; but no man can predict its exact extent, nor foresee with certainty the demand which might spring up from other causes; as for instance, measures in some part of the continent, like those of President Jackson in America, to enforce the substitution of gold for a paper currency, or as a war between Austria and Russia; and no man can foretell how seriously, upon any given day in the year, such a demand might affect the liabilities of the Bank. Admitting, but for argument's sake only, that a gradual contraction of the "circulation," if otherwise unobjectionable, would check a drain at the outset, that object may be defeated again, as we have seen it lately defeated, by the natural desire of the Directors to take advantage of the opportunity to make a profit by their unemployed notes. Some change then is indispensable, even upon the principles urged by the promoters of the Act of 1844. What are the alterations required?

Before we discuss these, what if we suppose the dream realized of a Banking department compelled by law to regulate its business by the foreign exchanges, and able to do so in such a manner as effectually to prevent gold leaving the country. At what after all are we aiming? If gold in a time of famine be the readiest means of obtaining large supplies of food, do we really wish the people to starve till we have obtained a supply by more roundabout methods—adapted perhaps to answer the same end, but a month or two later? To what amount of cost, or to what extremity of suffering are we prepared to submit, to keep a fixed quantity of gold, not in our own pockets, but in the coffers of the Bank? This question is asked by Lord Ashburton, and we join in the inquiry, without intending to pursue it, as suggestive of an *a priori* conclusion that there *must* be a fallacy, whether we can detect it or not, and a wild exaggeration in the importance attached to gold as money, or as the only security for paper money, and in the assumed necessity, in all cases, of *immediate* as well as ultimate convertibility of notes into metallic coin.

We hold, however, that the theory of a gradual check is entirely delusive. To be valid it should be proved, first, that a drain of gold always arises out of a gradual demand; instead of which the demand, when extensive, has invariably been characterized by suddenness. In the case of the late drain it will be seen by the returns of the Issue department to have proceeded

entirely by starts\*. The first demand ceased on the 7th of November, and was not renewed till after an interval of two months; the second demand appeared to have expired on the 6th of February; the third commenced at the end of the same month, and continued throughout March and April:—

### DECREASE OF BULLION.

Six weeks ending	Nov. 7, 1846	..	..	£1,629,075
"	Feb. 6, 1847	..	..	2,937,705
Nine	April 24, 1847	..	..	2,909,325

By what prescience could the Directors of the Bank have been made aware, at Christmas last, that after the drain of bullion had entirely ceased for two months, and the tide began to turn, it would suddenly set in against them with such increased severity that three millions of gold would be drawn out of the Issue department within the first six weeks of the present year? And when the drain again stopped, on the 6th of February, by what intuition were they to discover that it had not, after all, reached

\* ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Increase of Bullion.		Decrease of Bullion.		Increase of Bullion.		Decrease of Bullion.	
1846.	£		£	1847.	£		£
Sept. 5..		..	115,020	Car. forward	358,970	..	1,792,830
„ 12..	104,090	..		Jan. 2..		..	183,770
„ 19..		..	106,345	„ 9..		..	706,160
„ 26..		..	102,760	„ 16..		..	326,765
Oct. 3..		..	296,060	„ 23..		..	459,075
„ 10..		..	281,660	„ 30..		..	593,390
„ 17..		..	336,490	Feb. 6..		..	668,545
„ 24..		..	304,400	„ 13..		..	33,060
„ 31..		..	127,350	„ 20..		..	12,800
Nov. 7..		..	74,010	„ 27..		..	108,645
„ 14..	10,410	..		Mar. 6..		..	355,935
„ 21..	71,545	..		„ 13..		..	207,545
„ 28..		..	4,295	„ 20..		..	298,405
Dec. 5..		..	44,440	„ 27..		..	167,595
„ 12..	141,630	..		April 3..		..	765,700
„ 19..	2,265	..		„ 10..		..	318,300
„ 26..	29,030	..		„ 17..		..	435,240
				„ 24..		..	257,960
				May 1..		..	42555
				„ 8..	282,270	..	
	<u>£358,970</u>		<u>£1,792,830</u>				
					<u>£641,240</u>		<u>£7,728,275</u>

The Bullion of the above includes both the gold and silver of the Issue department, the proportions of which were :—

On the 8th of May, Gold ..	£7,307,716	Aug. 29, 1846, Gold ..	£13,199,102
Silver ..	1,481,239	Silver ..	2,676,788

**£8,788,855**

**15,845,890**

its final limit, but that another three millions would be withdrawn in the two months following? The history of all drains is that of the same causes which produce the alternations of commercial enterprise and distrust. With every opening of profit there is a rush to realise it, whether in selling gold or selling cotton; with every anticipation of loss there comes a panic; and the measures to relieve it must be as prompt as the occasion.

A gradual preparation for a coming evil might apply, if we had the gift of prophecy to foretell *when* it would come, and what would be its exact extent. But with regard to the efficient working of the remedy proposed, we have already shewn, that the Bank of England has not the power of raising at discretion the rate of interest out of doors in an easy state of the money market, and the principle, therefore, of a gradual check would necessarily fail as a means of acting upon the exchanges, unless accompanied by a general contraction of credit from other causes.

Alarm, and a general contraction of credit, would undoubtedly tend to keep gold at home; but the science of the 19th century might surely do something better for us than produce one evil to counteract another; and alarm, and a general contraction of credit might not after all keep gold *in the Bank*. In the late instance we have no means of judging to what extent the drain was caused by merchants and private bankers increasing their own reserves of bullion at the expense of the Issue department, from motives of precaution, but we know that in many former cases, the whole of the drain of gold from the Bank has been occasioned by a home demand. In 1797, the drain arose from a fear of invasion. In 1825, the chief cause of the drain was a run upon the country banks. In 1832, £2,000,000 were withdrawn in nine days, through placards posted about the streets, with the words, "To stop the Duke go for gold."

We need not go back to the march of the Pretender upon Derby to multiply facts tending to the same conclusion. Our opponents must concede that the causes of a drain of gold are numerous; that their action is generally sudden, and as embarrassing as sudden, from the magnitude of the sum to be suddenly replaced; and that although the probability of a drain may be sometimes foreseen, this wisdom is of little practical use, since it will not enable us to learn whether a drain will come in October or April, nor when it comes how long it will last. The true policy is to be always prepared for such an emergency, and so prepared, that a drain of gold, however unexpected shall produce no violent disturbance of commercial operations, and no permanent inconvenience.

And here let the reader note and well consider the proposition,

that the embarrassments occasioned by a drain of gold are not the consequence of paper money (which has a tendency to obviate them), nor of a mixed system, partly of paper and partly of gold, but belong to the principle of a metallic currency. The advantage of having in the precious metals a representative of value recognised all over the world, becomes a disadvantage when we determine to use them as money to the exclusion of every other medium. All over the world the demand for the precious metals is constantly varying; and every wind that blows, by the advices it brings of foreign exchanges, may alter here the proportions of the supply to the commodities for which money is paid. Symbolical, or paper money, may be worthless abroad, but this very circumstance gives comparative steadiness to it at home. The only demand that can affect it is a home demand; and the supply might be always regulated by our wants if we could only find out how to exercise the power without abusing it. With a purely metallic currency there could be no means of preparing for the contingency of a drain, or of obviating the commercial derangements which a great contraction of the currency might occasion, whether sudden and brief in its operation, or gradual and permanent. If there were no bank notes, and no *cash credits* (the equivalent for notes), there would of course be no *reserve* of treasure to meet such promissory or credit engagements; a drain of gold therefore in such a case would act directly upon the public, and the inconvenience or difficulties it might occasion could not be warded off for an instant. Those who had gold by them would part with it at a profit; those who might be seeking to obtain it would find their commodities unsaleable at former rates, and without the reason being very apparent; for, as no returns can be kept of a metallic currency, five or ten millions of sovereigns might leave the country before any deficiency in the gold circulation had become suspected.

The dictate of common sense seems to be, that a deficiency in the medium of exchange, as soon as discovered, should be made good by the best substitute for gold that can be obtained. But "No," say the currency theorists, "we will consent to no substitute, lest your substitute for gold lead to an inflated currency, with high prices and over-trading. Rather than this risk should be incurred, let all classes of producers submit to a certain loss. The sooner they are ruined by a falling market, the sooner shall we get gold back again from foreign countries in exchange for the commodities thus made artificially cheap."

Here we see the ground on which to join issue. Does the principle of *expansion* involve that of *excess*? Does every enlargement of a paper circulation necessarily lead to increase of

price or to speculation? Are there no possible means of preventing depreciation in the value of symbolical money, without dispensing with the use of it at the precise time when it is most needed? These are the questions which currency legislators, and all in search of a remedy for existing evils, should be prepared to answer, and to which therefore we will now direct our inquiry.

First, then, of that great bugbear of the bullionists—the *danger of an inflated paper currency*. Every one who has followed the reasoning of the advocates of restriction, would be prepared to trace the mania of railway speculation which arose in 1845, to an excessive issue of Bank of England notes, and would experience no surprise to hear that in that year the circulation had at least been doubled.\*

It is not, however, a little curious, as at variance with notions formerly received on trust, that in the height of that frenzy the circulation, as represented by Bank of England notes, should

\* We quote a brief reference to this period from a paper by Mr. Danson, in the May Number of the 'Statistical Journal':—

'Between March and September joint-stock speculations for the immediate investment of capital were set on foot, involving a larger aggregate amount than had ever before been so involved in this country. The amount to raise which, for railways alone, the sanction of Parliament was actually applied for in the following session, exceeded 340 millions. And if we include all the other schemes on which scrip or letters of allotment were actually selling in the market at a premium in July, August, and September, 1845, the amount cannot be estimated at less than 500 millions.

Many of the schemes of 1845 reached a high premium within a few weeks; and all those first in the market, and having any substantial merit, were raised considerably above their true value. For instance, the Leeds and Thirsk railway, £50 shares, with only the deposit of £2 10s. paid, were selling in March at £3 10s., in September at £23 15s., and in November at £4 15s. per share. Again, the Bolton, Wigan, and Liverpool, £40 shares, with £4 paid, were selling in January, 1845, at £4 10s., in September at £42 15s. and in December, when £9 had been paid, at £20 per share. If we assume an average premium of £10 per cent. upon the schemes then in the market, the property temporarily created by these speculations (and the repeated purchase and sale of which, on commission, furnished employment to some thousands of brokers) must have been at least 50 millions. And to this there is to be added an increased value during the same period of the shares in the established lines of railway. For instance, the Midland stock—amount £4,180,000—was selling in January, 1845, at 114 per cent.; and in July, at 188 per cent.; showing a rise of 74 per cent., and an increase in the aggregate value of the stock of £3,098,000. The Great Western—share capital issued £8,160,000—£100 shares selling in January, 1845, at £156, and in July at £228; and (allowing for a call of £5 per share in the interim) showing a rise of 67 per cent., and an increase in the aggregate value of the shares of £5,467,000. The Manchester and Leeds—share capital £4,660,000—£100 shares selling in January, 1845, at £126, and in August at £215, showing a rise of £89 per cent., and an increased value in the aggregate of £4,147,000.'

scarcely have exceeded the usual average, and that it should have reached its greatest amount when the frenzy had not only subsided, but given way to the consternation of panic.

June 21, 1845, the circulation was £21,315,717. And so amply sufficient was this for all the purposes of trade (an infinitude of share transactions included), that although the rate of discount was but  $2\frac{1}{4}$  per cent, the Bank offered its money in vain, and its unemployed reserve of notes amounted to £9,837,175. On the 29th of August the circulation was £22,109,221, and the reserve of notes in the Banking department £7,959,390. On the 18th of October, when the storm had burst, and a thousand castles in the air had been scattered to the winds, the circulation was £23,377,281, the reserve of notes but £5,525,510.

It is impossible to imagine a more decisive proof than this that the primary causes of speculation or overtrading have no relation to an excess in the currency, real or supposed; and the demonstration is the more perfect, because the Bill of 1844 had but just been passed, which although it has failed to contract the circulation in the way proposed, really put an end to the chance of an inflated paper currency as far as it regards the paper issues of the Bank of England and the country banks.\*

The increased value in railway shares, and the imaginary value of the scrip of imaginary lines, existed not in notes, but in figures. The dealings in them consisted in the transfer of stock from A to B and B to A, and the payment of differences by cheques. The quantity of money in circulation did not influence these transactions, for money, that is to say, notes and sovereigns, were not the medium through which they were effected. The medium was the account book or ledger of a broker. Those who sold out of one line did so only to buy into another, and this operation could have been effected if one-half the notes and sovereigns in circulation had not been in existence. Money was only required when a falling market produced an anxiety to realize. With falling prices, dealers became anxious to be holders of notes instead of holders of scrip. Hence, in October there was naturally a greater demand for money than in July, although at higher rates.

We should distinguish here between railway speculation and railway investment. The present extreme depression of the most solid railway securities, in common with securities of every other description, has but a slight and a very remote connexion with the speculative action of 1845. It would be some consolation to the friends of the Currency Bill if, after failing to check overtrading by a legislative restriction of paper issues, they could

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\* The latter now limited to an issue of £8,000,000.

trace, as some have attempted to do, the late fall of the funds and almost total paralysis of every branch of industry, to either railway calls or the high prices of food. The uneasiness felt as to the effect of railway calls, from the magnitude of this class of the national liabilities, and the uncertainty still felt of the prospects of the next harvest, have doubtless tended to prevent a perfect restoration of public confidence; but as railway calls are spread over the year, and are not, like bills of exchange, engagements which cannot be put off from week to week or month to month, if need be, it is quite idle to ascribe the paroxysms of March and April to this cause.\* The dearth of provisions had also no further connexion with the crisis than as leading to the drain of gold. The drain, and consequent disturbance of the money-market, came suddenly, but not the scarcity.

But our legislators need not to have waited till 1845 to have learnt the impotency of restriction to prevent the class of evils against which they have been the most desirous of protecting the public. History abounds with similar examples, and to some of them we are here tempted by the works under review briefly to refer.

The Mississippi scheme of Law, in the early part of the last century, was connected with an inundation of fictitious paper-money, issued by the French Regency on a principle which Law had himself declared to be unsound, and has therefore been often quoted as an instance of the ruinous speculations into which a nation may be led by paper. The truth is, that the case might be as fairly adduced to show the danger of a metallic currency; for the reputation of Law as a financier, which gave a prestige of success

\* The railway difficulties now experienced we believe to be occasioned by distrust, not an insufficiency of means. Heavy calls, at a time when shares are unsaleable, affect the weaker class of holders, and more or less all who have bought on speculation and not for investment; but there will be no want of capitalists ready to come forward and pay up all arrears of calls the moment there shall appear a reasonable prospect of a rising market. The evidence of this is the facility with which funds were raised for the gigantic expenditure of this country during the war, and the fact that we are now in the possession of a large additional capital accumulated during thirty years of peace. Whatever difference may have been occasioned by the return to cash payments, it will afford, if reasonably allowed for, but a slight support to the hypothesis of our present poverty as contrasted with the seemingly inexhaustible resources of the nation in 1814.

"The amount expended in the fourteen years, from 1800 to 1814, upon the *Navy, Army, and Ordnance* was £633,634,614. In the last year of the war (1814) the sums so expended amounted to £71,686,707; and if to this sum is added the interest of the debt, all of which had been incurred in the prosecution of wars, it will be seen that these branches of expenditure amounted in that one year to £101,738,072, a large part of which was expended in foreign countries, and consequently was abstracted from the capital of the nation."—*Porter's Progress of the Nation*, vol. ii., p. 330.



to the Mississippi project, arose entirely out of the depreciated state of the coin of the realm, which had been continually tampered with by the Government.\* Law established a bank, the notes of which were paid in gold or silver of an uniform standard, the result of which was that the notes of his bank rose in a year to a premium of 15 per cent above specie, while the Treasury bills were at a discount of  $78\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The government, seeing this, took the direction of the bank into its own hands, and used Law's name to cover the same kind of fraud of which it had been guilty in debasing the coin. It issued notes to an unlimited extent, for which it had no assets in either money or goods; and of course they ceased to be negotiable when their worthlessness was discovered. The mania for stockjobbing in Mississippi shares had no necessary relation to, or dependence upon, the fraudulent paper issues of the Regency. The South Sea Bubble of the same period produced similar consequences in England, and was clearly not an effect of the paper-money system, for at that time, 1720, the circulation of the Bank of England was under two millions,† and its notes were not issued for sums under £20 till the year 1759.

The South Sea Company, when founded by Harley, Earl of Oxford, in 1712, was designed to be simply a Company trading to the South Seas, upon the model of the innumerable trading corporations which had existed in Europe subsequently, and even prior to the days of the Hanseatic League, formed by the free towns for the protection of commerce in the twelfth century. In the middle ages under the feudal system, and in England down to a very late period, the condition under which all trading corporations were permitted to exist was that of lending or giving money to the Crown. The exclusive privileges they possessed had always to be bought; and whether those privileges were

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\* In the beginning of the year 1716 the specie circulating in France was supposed to amount to about £40,000,000 sterling, or 800,000,000 of *livres*; the *mark* of silver, which is worth about 40 English shillings being coined into 40 *livres*. But for some previous years the quantity of silver denominated a *livre* had been constantly varying. In 1715 the *mark* had been coined into 28 *livres*. In 1709 it had been coined into 40. In 1689 it had been coined into 28; and between 1689 and 1709 had been subject to constant alteration.

—Senior, on some Effects of Paper Money.

†CIRCULATION OF BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES AND POST BILLS.					
1718	..	..	£1,829,930	1798	.. £10,077,990
1721	..	..	2,054,780	1804	.. 17,066,675
1730	..	..	4,224,990	1816	.. 26,594,360
1761	..	..	6,001,810	April, 1818	.. 27,042,040
1784	..	..	6,392,730	April, 1819	.. 24,816,380
1795	..	..	10,139,905	July 5, 1822	.. 17,286,705
1797	..	..	9,204,500		

Subsequent to the Restriction Act of 1797.

—History of the Bank, by J. M' Cay.

ultimately confirmed or abolished depended upon the terms of the bargain whenever it had to be renewed. The first East India Company, formed in 1600, was broken up in 1701, and compelled to unite itself with a new East India Company, which obtained a charter by outbidding its predecessor, and offering to lend the government a sum of £2,000,000 at 8 per cent. The South Sea Company followed in the same track, and obtained, in 1719, a charter of exclusive privileges, by offering to relieve the government of a portion of the National Debt, as it stood at the time,—five years after the accession of George the First.

“As soon as the Act had fairly passed the Houses, the stock of the Company at once rose to *three hundred and nineteen per cent.*, and a mad epidemic of speculative gambling seemed at once to seize the whole nation, with the exception of Mr. Hutcheson and a few others, who not only preserved their sanity, but energetically warned the public of the ultimate fate of the scheme and its dupes. The public, however, was deaf. The first sales of stock by the Court of Directors was made at *three hundred per cent.* Two millions and a quarter were taken, and the market price at once reached *three hundred and forty*—double the first instalment, according to the terms of payment. To set out handsomely, the Court voted a dividend of *ten per cent.* upon South Sea Stock, being only a half yearly dividend, payable at Midsummer, 1720! To enable persons to hold, they also offered to lend half a million on security of their own stock; and afterwards increased the amount to a million, or nearly so. These bold steps gained the whole affair such an increase of credit, that upon a bare notice that certain irredeemable annuities would be received for stock, upon terms hereafter to be settled; numbers of annuitants deposited their securities at the South Sea House, without knowing the terms! About June, when the first half-yearly dividend was becoming due, the frenzy rose to such a pitch that the stock was sold at *eight hundred and ninety per cent.* This extravagance, however, made so many sellers, that the price suddenly fell, and uneasiness began to be manifested; when the Directors had the inconceivable audacity to propose to create new stock at *one thousand per cent.*, to be paid in ten instalments of one hundred pounds each! Strange to relate, this desperate villainy turned the tide again, and, to use the words of Anderson, in a few days the hundred pound instalment was worth *four hundred*!

“This last act was the zenith of the bubble mania, and the tide flowed in upon all the other schemes of the day. The price of Bank Stock advanced to *two hundred and sixty*; and of East India Stock to *four hundred and forty-five per cent.*; while the prices of a host of minor bubbles were dragged up by the success of the greater. The pretended value of all the sorts of stock in the scheme market was at this time computed to be equal to *five hundred millions sterling*!

"After Midsummer the madness began to decline, and doubt to take the place of frenzy. The minor bubbles burst first; when the South Sea schemers were foolish enough to apply for a '*scire facias*' against their projectors, on the ground that *their* schemes injured the success of the grand scheme. This turned *quondam* allies into furious enemies. The stock fell at last to *one hundred and seventy-five*. A panic ensued, and all went to the ground together, totally ruining thousands, and nearly dragging the Bank and East India Company along with it."\*

We quote the above from Mr. Doubleday's 'Financial and Monetary History of England,' while adopting opposite conclusions to those of the author. Mr. Doubleday is one of those numerous disciples of Cobbett still extant, who would trace all evils under the sun, including the pauperism of this century and the South Sea Bubble of the last, to paper money and the funded debt. We accept his evidence, but must decline the task of meeting arguments founded upon assumed facts, which he has himself controverted by his own figures. Speculation to the extent of 500 millions sterling must have had some other cause than an excess of the currency, at a time when notes under £20 were unknown, and the currency was almost exclusively metallic.†

It belongs to the same doctrine that the joint-stock bubbles and speculative prices of 1825 were occasioned by paper issues. Mr. Doubleday observes that wheat, in January, 1825, had risen 10s. per quarter as compared with the price in January, 1824; and then assures us (p. 284) that "the same cause that raised wheat and meat"—that is to say, the multiplication of bank notes in

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\* 'Financial History of England,' by T. Doubleday, p. 93.

† Among the innumerable bubbles of the day, the most absurd and preposterous of all, and which showed, more completely than any other, the utter madness of the people, was one started by an unknown adventurer, entitled "A Company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." Were not the fact stated by scores of credible witnesses, it would be impossible to believe that any person could have been duped by such a project. The man of genius who essayed this bold and successful inroad upon public credulity, merely stated in his prospectus that the required capital was half a million, in five thousand shares of £100 each, deposit £2 per share. Each subscriber paying his deposit would be entitled to £100 per annum per share. How this immense profit was to be obtained, he did not condescend to inform them at that time, but promised that in a month full particulars should be duly announced, and a call made for the remaining £98 of the subscription. Next morning, at nine o'clock, this great man opened an office in Cornhill. Crowds of people beset his door; and when he shut up at three o'clock, he found that no less than one thousand shares had been subscribed for, and the deposits paid. He was thus, in five hours, the winner of £2000. He was philosopher enough to be contented with his venture, and set off the same evening for the Continent. He was never heard of again. Mackay's '*History of Popular Delusions*.'

circulation—"soon raised everything else." On turning to a former page (279) we find it admitted that this multiplication of Bank notes amounted but to an increase of £1,000,000 upon the circulation of the preceding year;\* surely, a very inadequate explanation of the facilities then existing for the formation of 532 new companies, with a nominal capital of 440 millions, and for raising Greek, Austrian, Columbian, and other foreign loans, to the amount of £55,794,000, upon eighteen of which loans no dividend has ever been paid.

CIRCULATION.			
Feb. 28, 1824	..	..	£19,736,990
„ 1825	..	..	20,753,760

With the autumn of 1825, and the recoil of speculation, came a drain of gold, when the Bank of England gradually contracted its note circulation to £17,477,290, the amount at which it stood on the 3rd of December; but, alarmed at the crash which ensued, it then raised the circulation again, and not only did so, but increased its average amount upwards of £5,000,000, to fill up the void left by the failure of country banks. On the 28th of February, 1826, the amount of the circulation was £25,467,910, yet, says Mr. Tooke:—

“Notwithstanding the great contraction of the circulation of the whole kingdom during the last six weeks of 1825, the price of all grain, wheat excepted (of which there had been a large admission of foreign), was higher than it had been during the excitement and speculation of the first three months of that year. The prices of meat, too, appear to have been influenced by the state of discredit and the great pressure on the money market at the close of 1825. *In the first three months of 1826 the price of wheat fell from an average of 60s. in January to 55s. 6d. in March.*”—‘History of Prices,’ vol. 2, p. 136.

The last winter and the spring of the present year have witnessed great speculations in corn, but the speculative spirit of 1825 did not extend to either corn or animal food, although it embraced cotton, silk, wool, flax, coffee, spices, and many other commodities, on some of which prices rose from 100 to 200 per cent. The cause was not an expansion of the currency, nor even an expansion of credit, but an expansion of confidence. Trade had for some years been in a torpid state. Stocks of goods had become exhausted. The demand began to improve. Business could be done at a profit; and with the realization of moderate gain came indefinite anticipations of greater.

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\* There is no evidence that the country Banks had increased their issues in 1825 over the year 1824 in a more than corresponding proportion; but many of them had embarked in the speculations of the day.

The railway speculations of 1845 had a like origin. The success of the Liverpool and Manchester and Birmingham lines was a legitimate success, and well assured. A new prospect was opened. Who could set bounds to it? An expansion of credit followed in both cases, and with it the ruin of those who, with slender means, had incurred excessive liabilities; but it was a symptom only, not a cause of the phenomenon. An expansion of credit has no necessary connection with issues of paper money. The advocates of an exclusively metallic currency would shut their eyes to all the facts of history, were they broadly to assert that which their reasoning implies, that before the introduction of notes and bills of exchange there were no means of running into debt. Laws relating to usury, and debts and debtors, form one of the subjects of the earliest human records. The governments of antiquity, it is true, knew nothing of the funded debt system, which would have enabled them to borrow that which they were in the habit of stealing; but we see no reason to regret that modern governments have hit upon the more ingenious contrivance for attaining the same end. The system of feudal tenure, by which the personal service of every man in the kingdom stood mortgaged to the crown in a time of war, was practically a national debt, and one infinitely more burdensome and oppressive to the people than that of which fundholders now receive the interest in quarterly payments.

A promissory note, or a bill of exchange, when not a legal tender, differs only from a book debt in being easily transferable, and payable at sight or on a given day; an engagement so generally respected, that bills of exchange are often taken, not to be paid away, but because they diminish the average term of credit rather than extend it, comparing it with that of ordinary book-debts, the payment of which is postponed from time to time at the convenience of the debtor. The greatest of all currency delusions is the notion that to put down private promissory notes would be to put an end to the system of credit, and destroy the power of contracting improvident engagements. It would do nothing of the kind. The form only would be changed. A farmer who pays his seedsman in the spring with the notes of a country bank, would without them take credit for the seed till harvest-time, and wages would probably be more frequently paid in kind than in money, as in the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors. Mr. Fullarton observes, that "there is not a single object at present attained through the agency of Bank of England notes, which might not be as effectually accomplished by each individual keeping an account with the Bank,

and transacting all his payments of five pounds and upwards by cheques.”\*

Further evidence, however, if more be wanting, that ruinous liabilities may be incurred, and the action of speculation on prices operate to as great an extent with a metallic currency as with one of paper, may easily be supplied; and the tulip mania of 1636 is a striking instance in point.

We learn, from Mr. Mackay's ‘History of Extraordinary popular Delusions,’ that tulips were first introduced in western Europe about the year 1559, and, as rare exotics, annually increased in reputation until it was deemed a proof of bad taste in any man of fortune to be without a collection of them.

“In 1634, the rage among the Dutch to possess them was so great that the ordinary industry of the country was neglected, and the population, even to its lowest dregs, embarked in the tulip trade. In the year 1635, many persons were known to invest a fortune of 100,000 florins in the purchase of forty roots; it then became necessary to sell them by their weight in perits, a small weight, less than a grain. A tulip, of the species called Admiral Liefken, weighing 400 perits, was worth 4,400 florins; an Admiral Van der Eyck, weighing 446 perits, was worth 1,260 florins; a shilder, of 106 perits, was worth 1,615 florins; a viceroy, of 400 perits, 3,000 florins; and, most precious of all, a Semper Augustus, weighing 200 perits, was thought to be very cheap at 5,500 florins. The latter was much sought after, and even an inferior bulb might command a price of 2,000 florins. It is related, that at one time, early in 1636, there were only two roots of this description to be had in all Holland, and those not of the best: one was in the possession of a dealer in Amsterdam, and the other in Harlaem. So anxious were the speculators to obtain them, that one person offered the fee-simple of twelve acres of building ground for the Harlaem tulip; that of Amsterdam was bought for 4,600 florins, a new carriage, two grey horses, and a complete suit of harness. Munting, an industrious author of that day, who wrote a folio volume of 1,000 pages upon the tulipomania, has preserved the following list of the various articles, and their value, which were delivered for one single root of the rare species called the viceroy:—

	Florins.		Florins.
Two lasts of wheat .. ..	448	Brought forward .. ..	1,948
Four lasts of rye .. ..	558	Two tons of butter .. ..	192
Four fat oxen .. ..	480	One thousand lbs. of cheese ..	120
Eight fat swine .. ..	240	A complete bed .. ..	100
Twelve fat sheep .. ..	120	A suit of clothes .. ..	80
Two hogsheds of wine .. ..	70	A silver drinking cup .. ..	60
Four tuns of beer .. ..	32		
	1,948		2,500 "

Here we have a case of simple barter; so that we find it

possible for the world to run mad in commercial transactions without the intervention of either gold or paper, or even the assistance of a Bank; for the Bank of Amsterdam was not founded till 1659; and it is a curious fact to note, that if the Legislature were, in its zeal for interference, or regard for the pockets of the public, to prohibit dealing in shares and jobbing in the funds, jobbing in *bulbs* might still be carried on with all the forms of the Stock Exchange, and with the same results.

"Nobles, citizens, farmers, mechanics, seamen, footmen, maid-servants, even chimney-sweeps and old clothes-women, dabbled in tulips. The operations of the trade became so extensive and so intricate, that it was found necessary to draw up a code of laws for the guidance of the dealers. Notaries and clerks were also appointed, who devoted themselves exclusively to the interests of the trade. The designation of public notary was hardly known in some towns, that of tulip notary usurping its place. In the smaller towns, where there was no exchange, the principal tavern was usually selected as the show place, where high and low traded in tulips, and confirmed their bargains over sumptuous entertainments."\*

When at last a conviction spread that somebody must lose in

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\* A wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his rare tulips, received upon one occasion a very valuable consignment of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought him by a sailor, who presented himself for that purpose at the counting house, among bales of goods of every description. The merchant, to reward him for his news, munificently made him a present of a fine red herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions, and seeing a bulb very like an onion lying upon the counter of this liberal trader, and thinking it, no doubt, very much out of its place among silks and velvets, he slyly seized an opportunity, and slipped it into his pocket as a relish for his herring. He got clear off with his prize, and proceeded to the quay to eat his breakfast. Hardly was his back turned when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth three thousand florins, or about £280 sterling. The whole establishment was instantly in an uproar; search was everywhere made for the precious root, but it was not to be found. Great was the merchant's distress of mind. The search was renewed, but again without success. At last some one thought of the sailor.

The unhappy merchant sprang into the street at the bare suggestion. His alarmed household followed him. The sailor, simple soul, had not thought of concealment. He was found quietly sitting on a coil of ropes, masticating the last morsel of his "onion." Little did he dream that he had been eating a breakfast whose cost might have regaled a whole ship's crew for a twelve-month.

Another story is told of an English traveller, which is scarcely less ludicrous. This gentleman, an amateur botanist, happened to see a tulip root lying in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman. Being ignorant of its quality, he took out his pen-knife, and peeled off its coats, with the view of making experiments upon it. When it was by this means reduced to half its original size, he cut it into two equal sections, making all the time many learned remarks on the singular appearances of the unknown bulb. Suddenly

the end, and prices began to fall, an universal panic, of the same character as in modern times, seized upon the dealers.

"A had agreed to purchase ten *Semper Augustines* from B, at 4,000 florins each, at six weeks after the signing of the contract. B was ready with the flowers at the appointed time, but the price had fallen to 300 or 400 florins, and A refused either to pay the difference or receive the tulips. Defaulters were announced day after day in all the towns of Holland. Hundreds, who a few months previously had begun to doubt that there was such a thing as poverty in the land, suddenly found themselves the possessors of a few bulbs which nobody would buy, even though they offered them at one-quarter of the sums they had paid for them. The cry of distress resounded everywhere, and each man accused his neighbour."

Here it is obvious that if abundance of money had been the cause of the high price of bulbs, the same money existed, and would have sustained the price, at least until the supply of the rarer sorts had greatly increased. And when the price fell it was not money but faith that was wanted—faith in a rising market. Faith, in the worship of Plutus, as in religion, will remove mountains; but it had ceased to exist even as a grain of mustard seed.

It is perfectly clear from these facts, that in seasons of average prosperity, it is not the quantity of money in circulation that chiefly determines the activity of trade. The great stimulus alike of speculation and of prudent enterprise is the anticipation of profit; and an indefinite amount of business may be transacted on a narrow basis. But it is yet true that a sudden contraction or stagnation of the circulation, or an artificial restriction to prevent its expansion when required, will throw trade into confusion, and spread for a time distress and ruin among all ranks of the community. Any interruption of established modes of business is like the damming up of a river. The stream may ultimately flow in one channel as well as another, but before it can work for itself a new bed, it may overflow its banks, and devastate the surrounding country.

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the owner pounced upon him, and, with fury in his eyes, asked him if he knew what he had been doing? "Peeling a most extraordinary onion," replied the philosopher. "Hundert tausend duyvel," said the Dutchman, "it's an Admiral Van der Eyck." "Thank you," replied the traveller, taking out his note book to make a memorandum of the same; "are these admirals common in your country?" "Death and the devil," said the Dutchman, seizing the astonished man of science by the collar; "come before the syndic and you shall see." In spite of his remonstrances, the traveller was led through the streets, followed by a mob of persons. When brought into the presence of the magistrate, he learned, to his consternation, that the root upon which he had been experimentalizing was worth four thousand florins; and, notwithstanding all he could urge in extenuation, he was lodged in prison until he found securities for the payment of this sum.—*Mackay's 'History of Popular Delusions.'*



In tracing the action and the causes of speculation, we make some progress towards a conviction,—that in the currency principle, or that theory of money and price which has passed, until lately, almost unquestioned by economists, there is a fundamental error; but we must advance a step further and endeavour to discover precisely where the fallacy lies; for until the question is settled of what the power of money is, in altering the value of commodities, it is impossible to determine satisfactorily what is, or is not an inflated currency—that is a currency issued in excess—and upon what securities other than gold, if any, a paper money might be based.

The theory is that in all cases of an uniform proportion between the supply and demand of commodities, their exchangeable value is entirely governed by the amount of the circulating medium. So that, *cæteris paribus*, as the quantity of money increases or decreases, prices rise and fall. With regard to the influence of speculation, it is argued that these merely occasion *perturbations* of value, but that ultimate and permanent values are regulated solely by money; quantity against quantity. Were the quantity of silver in the world to be suddenly doubled, and our supply of wheat to remain the same, the loaf, it is contended, which now sells for a shilling, would be sold for two shillings.\*

If this were so it would follow, that in estimating the property of the United Kingdom at five thousand millions, statistical writers have been under a great delusion. The real value is only thirty millions—the amount of the gold and silver into which the property of the country is actually convertible. And when we are informed by Mr. Senior, that the total amount of the precious metals in the world is about two thousand millions, that sum we are to assume is the value of all the property the whole world contains. The globe, if it were sold, would fetch no more than two thousand millions, because no more exists; but if the quantity were doubled it would realize four thousand millions.

The error lies in the confusion created by the double acceptance of all money terms,† which, in reference both to their deri-

\* Mr. Senior, in his pamphlet upon some effects of government paper money, observes :—"It appears to us obvious, that when the currency of the country was suddenly trebled, prices must have experienced at least an equal rise." An opinion not probably intended by the distinguished Oxford professor to be received without some qualification, but expressed in a form which best conveys a clear idea of the currency doctrine.

† Mr. McCulloch, in the article on "Money," in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' has the following remark :—"Coined money has been said to be both

vation and to the convertibility of notes, signify given quantities of metal, but which are also, and the more frequently employed, to denote general relations of value; that is to say, not given quantities of metal, but the value for which given quantities of metal exchange.

Money, as a standard of value, may be said to be of two kinds,—the *real* and *ideal*. *Real*, when certain coins are present, and handed across the counter in the payment of commodities, and *ideal*, when their presence is only supposed, as in the case of all estimates of value, and of all transactions settled through the medium of accounts. Thus, when a surveyor values a house at £1,000, his £1,000 are not *in esse*, but *in posse*. He remembers that £1,000 were paid on some former occasion for a similar house, and presumes that the same amount would be paid again. This standard is *real* in respect to the past, *ideal* in regard to the future, and may or may not correspond with the value ultimately realized. The house may sell for £1,500, or but for £500. Money again becomes a *real* standard or measure of the value of the house at the moment when the sale is completed by the actual barter of the title-deeds for the notes or coin agreed upon.

When a shilling is taken into a baker's shop, and paid for a loaf, the shilling is a real standard of the value of the loaf, and the loaf a real standard of the value of the shilling; but when a baker and a butcher settle a weekly account, in which seven loaves at one shilling are set off against 14 lbs. of mutton at sixpence, or when the bread of the one or the mutton of the other is sold upon credit, the shillings and sixpences in their bills are ideal shillings and sixpences, used in the sense of general values, as measured by former dealings.

This distinction is most material; for it will be at once perceived that the purchasing power of metallic money must be

a *sign* and a *measure* of value. In truth, however, it is neither the one nor the other."

In the position here affirmed and denied we have a double inaccuracy, and his want of precision presently leads Mr. M'Culloch into a self-evident contradiction. Almost in the next sentence he tells us "that everything possessed of value may either measure or be measured by everything else possessed of value." So that a sovereign, being possessed of value, is, after all, a *measure* of value, although not so in an exclusive sense. It would certainly be a blunder to call a sovereign the *sign* of a sovereign; but the term "*sovereign*" is used as a sign to express the *value* of a sovereign, and this was the correction Mr. M'Culloch should have made. Money is a measure of value; money terms express relations of value, and are used symbolically to measure the value of other commodities.

dependent upon the extent to which *general* value, as represented by money terms, or the £ s. d. figures of accounts, are employed to answer the same end. In a state of society in which the baker would refuse to trust the butcher, and the butcher refuse to trust the baker, and every shopkeeper in every village insist upon a real shilling being paid for every shilling's-worth, the quantity of silver required for such an object would be incalculable; but, *vice versa*, in an opposite state of universal credit,—village shopkeepers trusting labourers till harvest time,—labourers trusting farmers till the same period,—the middle and upper classes settling all transactions with cheques,—and the amount of purchases balancing that of sales,—the quantity of metallic coins that would really suffice for the business of a nation would be inconceivably small. It follows, in the latter case, that whether twenty, fifty, or one hundred millions of general values, as expressed by money terms, take the form of book debts, bills of exchange, or promissory notes, is quite indifferent; and that where these are practically the chief means, or media of exchange, even doubling or tripling the quantity of metallic coins in the country would produce no sensible impression upon price.

The power of money—that is, of metallic values—begins at the point where that of credit, capital, and money terms ends; and this explains the fact, variously accounted for, of the low rate of interest which always prevails at the time of greatest commercial activity. Those who imagine that at such a time money is literally more abundant than usual have only to look at the Bank returns to convince themselves of their mistake. Those who attribute the improvement of trade, or a fever of speculation, to a low rate of interest, confound the effect with the cause. The cause of a low rate of interest is that money is least in demand when there is the most employment for other capital.

Some writers tell us that a currency is required to expand in proportion to the increase of business transactions. Facts prove the antithesis of this proposition: an expansion of the currency is most required as the amount of business transactions diminishes; the aggregate demand for money is governed by the aggregate balances of sales over purchases, or purchases over sales. Were the amount of sales always equal to that of purchases, whatever their magnitude, *no money would be wanted*. As, for example—

Silk sold by A to B . . .	£1,000
Cotton sold by B to A . . .	£1,000
	<hr/>
Balance to be paid in money	£0,000

Great Western Shares sold by A to B	£900
Caledonian „ sold by B to A	£300

Balance to be paid in money	£600
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With these illustrations before him, the reader will understand how it happens that on the “settling days” of the Stock Exchange, after an aggregate of business transactions in shares or consols amounting to millions, the “settlement” is said to pass off “easy,” with no demand for money. The millions which have changed hands have been represented by figures and money terms. Money itself is only wanted by the brokers, for the payment of “differences,” that is, for the balances of their accounts as buyers and sellers, including both their time bargains and *bona fide* dealings; and those accounts, however large, sometimes so nearly balance each other, that there are, comparatively, no differences to settle. When we are told in city articles, that on “settling day” *continuations* were “high,” and “money difficult to be procured upon any terms,” it means, that sales have preponderated over purchases, and that the “differences” to be paid in money, or carried over in *continuation* of the account, are unusually large.

The embarrassment which then arises, and the source of all pecuniary embarrassments, is, it will be seen, the infinite disproportion of general values to real or metallic values. In other words, the amount of property, in the aggregate, is so vast as compared with the amount of metallic coin, that the merest fraction of the one is literally convertible into the other. Whenever convertibility is required upon a large scale the nominal amount of property must be proportionately reduced.

This is the root of the matter, and it gives apparent strength to the reasoning of some of the extreme advocates of a metallic currency, who would not hesitate, if they had the power, to reduce the value of all property in the world down to the amount of coin by which it could be literally as well as figuratively represented, at any moment; and would, at the same time, put an end to notes and bills of exchange; and not only to them, but to every form of credit. They would argue thus:—“Call the property of the United Kingdom 30 millions, instead of 5,000 millions; it will then be adequately represented by the gold and silver coin really existing in the country, and ‘convertibility’ will not be a fraud but a fact. Let no man be allowed to incur a debt; and before any purchase is concluded let the buyer be compelled to give evidence of the possession of a bag of coin to the required amount.”

It is quite true, that if these principles could be carried out

we should never hear of a "monetary crisis," and that, if there were no debt there could be no difficulties of debtors; but this remedy, to stand upon all-fours, must provide for an increase in the aggregate quantity of the precious metals, *pari passu* with that of production; otherwise the wealth of the country would be for ever limited to the 30 millions now existing, and an effectual check would be interposed between present agricultural and manufacturing improvements, and their further progress. But the fact, hitherto, has been, that the annual supply of the precious metals has been scarcely more than sufficient to make good their continual loss by wear; and although now somewhat on the increase, the aggregate quantity may be said to be absolutely stationary, as compared with the rapid increase of other commodities, as articles of clothing, furniture, houses, ships, &c. From the days when Abraham purchased a burying-place for Sarah of the Children of Heth, for "400 shekels of silver current money with the merchant," down to the present time, the necessity of exchanging increasing quantities of wealth against stationary quantities of the precious metals has created a commercial dilemma. This dilemma has been the parent of credit, credit accounts, credit banks, and of *credit notes*,—all alike contrivances for making the ideas conveyed by money terms stand in the place of that unlimited supply of the precious metals which would otherwise have been required, and without which, or a substitute for which, production would have stood still, and the earth have been cursed with sterility.

Let us here enumerate and state methodically the propositions necessary to a clear apprehension of our argument.

1.—Value is the relation between supply and demand :—supply as governed by the cost of production—demand as governed by the wants of society; both also governed by considerations of profit and loss.

2.—*Price* is the nomenclature of value, borrowed from metallic coins, to denote different degrees of value, in the same manner as the *hours, minutes, and seconds* of a clock denote different degrees of time.

3.—*Pounds, shillings, pence, and livre sterling, franc, sous*, are names both for given weights and qualities of metal, and names for the *value* of those given weights and qualities of metal. Money terms have therefore both a particular and a general acceptance. They may denote an object limited to the metal itself, as when a purchase is made of gold for exportation; and they may be employed with a general view to the purchasing power over other commodities which gold, coins, notes, or other

tokens, passing under the names of *pounds, shillings, pence*, are supposed to convey. It is in the latter sense that they are the most frequently used. Few seek money for its own sake; all desire a command over the necessities, comforts, and luxuries of life. The *value* of gold is coveted; not the gold itself.

4.—The power which gold, coins, notes, or other money-tokens, definitely possessed in the last transactions in which we have known them to be employed is the power which we assume them to retain in after transactions. In commercial calculations—as, indeed, in all other—the past is our only standard\* for the

\* When currency writers speak of the importance of gold as a “fixed standard of value,” they appear not to reflect that, in the nature of things, it is impossible that any commodity possessing intrinsic value can remain fixed, for this, in other words, is saying that the supply of that commodity or the demand for that commodity would never change. All that there is fixed about gold, or any other measure of value, apart from weight and quality, is the value it has had in transactions concluded; *that* being a fact which cannot be altered. A sovereign paid last week for a hat is thus a *fixed* standard, by which we may calculate the probable price of a hat next year; but next year we may possibly buy two hats with the same sovereign, and this difference may arise either from a change in the value of hats or in the value of gold. The supply of hats may have doubled in reference to the demand, or the supply of gold may have diminished one half.

The fact that all our reasoning in commercial transactions is from the past to the future, is an important consideration, for it is that which gives definiteness to what otherwise would be vagueness in the use of money terms in a sense distinct from the coins themselves. And it appears to have been inattention to this circumstance that misled Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Horner, and all the members of the bullion committee in their celebrated report of 1810. Mr. Huskisson, writing on “depreciation” in 1819, and complaining of the opinions of the Bank directors, says, “There are those who reason as if they had persuaded themselves that Bank paper is the real and fixed measure of all commodities, and that gold is only one of the articles of which, in common with others, the value is to be ascertained.” The directors were partly right, and Mr. Huskisson was wrong. Bank paper having been the medium of past dealings, was at least as good a standard as gold could be by which to regulate future dealings; and in fact a better standard than gold, of which the value was not at that time equally fixed in public estimation, by not having been employed in an equal number of transactions.

This may help to remove the perplexity into which Sir Robert Peel is fond of plunging his opponents, without clearing up the difficulty himself, by his perpetually recurring question of “*What is a pound?*” A pound means, as he explains it to mean (that is in its primary sense), 5dwts. and 3grs. of standard gold: but it also means a given value, distinct from the gold itself;—the value or purchasing power which 5dwts. and 3grs. of gold have usually possessed. And the term “pound,” as represented by a Bank of England note, is employed in the same general acceptance. In Scotland, where £1 notes still form a part of the circulation, few people even know that each *one pound* note is convertible into precisely 5dwts. and 3grs. of standard gold. If they were told it meant only 2dwts. 5grs. the majority would not be able to contradict the statement. What *they* mean when they bargain for a *pound*,

future. When we part with property to be paid in money a month hence, whether coins or notes, we do not mean merely nominal values, but money possessing the same purchasing power over commodities generally which the notes and coins had when our contract is concluded. If we should be ultimately paid in coins or notes of the same nominal amounts for which we stipulated, but really possessing a different purchasing power to that upon which we calculated, we have deceived ourselves, or been deceived, by the use of false terms.

5.—The purchasing power of money is continually changing, from two causes:—(1) food and other commodities becoming sometimes scarce and sometimes abundant; and (2) money itself becoming sometimes scarce and sometimes abundant, in reference to demand.

6.—The demand for money (upon which its comparative scarcity or abundance entirely depends) is not governed by the extent of business transacted, but by the proportion which may subsist between the amount of goods bought and the amount of goods sold. The interchange of commodities is chiefly effected through the medium of accounts, with the use of figures and money-terms. Money itself is only required for the payment of *balances*, and for the smaller class of retail transactions.

7.—When the average balances required to be paid in money increase or decrease, the supply remaining the same, money rises or falls in value.

8.—The evidence of a rise or fall in the value of money, that is, of its comparative scarcity or abundance in reference to demand, is marked in two ways. 1st. By variations in the rate of interest. 2nd. By an alteration in the price of commodities generally, in circumstances when prices would otherwise remain the same.\*

is to be paid that which will convey to them the same power over beef, mutton, and vegetables, or other commodities, which they have seen a £1 note possess in the hands of their neighbours.

The assertion of the bullionists, that the Government loans during the war were engagements to pay for every pound borrowed 5dwts. 3grs. of gold, is one of those narrow and strictly technical interpretations of a contract which we often see in a court of law, but which a court of equity at once sets aside. No loan contractor during that period ever thought of 5dwts. 3grs. He thought of the *value* of a pound. The pound gold was the letter, but not the *spirit* of the contract.

\* This may be seen in the newspaper quotations of the Foreign Exchanges, where we sometimes read that the oz. of gold, worth £3. 17s. 10½d. in London, is worth £4 in Hamburg, and £4. 10s. at New York; the meaning of which it may be desirable to explain.

When money has to be remitted from one country to another, the value of a bill of exchange is greater than the value of the same amount in gold by the

9.—The influence upon prices of promissory notes, employed as money, is identical with that of credit. He who can buy upon credit, may by doing so affect prices more or less; but it is the fact of his purchase that affects them, not the payment of his purchase by a note of hand. Promissory notes, however, may affect prices to some further extent, by their convenience as transfers of debt from one to another, and as therefore tending to facilitate and multiply the transactions of which the original debts were the basis; but the form of a credit transfer, whether that of cheques, bills, or bank notes, is wholly immaterial. A cheque for £100, drawn by Rothschild, or a bill accepted by Rothschild, passed from hand to hand, has precisely the same purchasing power (without being a legal tender) as a £100 note of the Bank of England.

10.—An increase in the quantity of either credit notes, or metallic money, has no *appreciable* influence on prices, unless that increase is not merely large in itself, but large in comparison with the amount of business transacted through the medium alone of figures and money terms, which may be almost infinite.\*

difference of freight and insurance. 104 sovereigns are, therefore, sometimes given at New York for a bill of £100, payable in London. When the same bill, drawn, we will suppose, on the house of Baring, can be purchased for 103 sovereigns at New York instead of 104, it is not that the credit of the House of Barings has been shaken, but that the value of sovereigns at New York has risen. The purchasing power of gold in respect to bills has become greater than before, in the proportion of 104 to 103.

\* Mr. Blake, one of the authorities quoted by Mr. Tooke, in his 'History of Prices,' observes:—

"It was the want of connexion between the amount of bank notes and the price of bullion that first led me to suspect the accuracy of the theory that attributed the high price of gold to the over-issues of the Bank; and the suspicion gave way to absolute conviction, upon the events that took place on the Peace in 1814, and the return of Bonaparte from Elba in 1815.

"When the war ceased in 1814, the price of gold bullion was five guineas per ounce, that is nearly 30 per cent. above the Mint price, and it had been at that price, upon an average, ever since the latter end of the year 1812. From May, 1814, it fell gradually, and was at £4. 9s. an ounce before the following March, the Exchange experiencing, *pari passu*, a corresponding improvement. On the arrival of the news of Bonaparte's landing in France from Elba, the Exchange varied at once 10 per cent., and continued falling, whilst the price of gold mounted as rapidly to £5. 6s. per ounce. All the symptoms that had been considered as indicating a depreciation of the currency previously to the peace of 1814, immediately manifested themselves, and continued during the 100 days of Bonaparte's power. The battle of Waterloo again put an end to the war, and from that moment the Exchange gradually recovered. The price of gold fell back proportionately, and in the course of the following year was at £3 18s. 6d. per ounce, that is, within 7½d. of the Mint price.

"During the whole of this period there was but little variation in the Bank issues, the numerical account of the notes, in the beginning of 1814 and the end of 1815, being about £25,000,000. They had been, at one time, in the course of two years, as high as £28,000,000; but, by a perversity most unfortunate for the theory of



But a decrease in the supply required for the payment of *balances* produces a much more than corresponding effect,—it stops for a time the whole mass of business transactions out of which the balances arise, and subjects to ruinous losses those who have incurred heavy liabilities, even when those liabilities have not been largely disproportioned to their capital.

If these propositions be true (and they are not thoughts hastily penned), the conclusion is irresistible, that *the fluctuations of a metallic currency are necessarily destructive of all stability in property*; and that the principle of a *paper currency, made to fluctuate as a metallic currency fluctuates, must often operate disastrously upon the interests of a trading community.*

Safety must be sought in the very opposite direction. We want a currency regulated on the compensatory principle of the balance wheels of a chronometer, in which the expansion of one metal is made to correct the contraction of another. In other words, when a rising rate of interest proves that money is becoming dear, and that the legitimate profits of producers are sacrificed to the gains of the monied classes, paper substitutes for metallic money should be issued in sufficient abundance to bring down the value of money to its former standard.\*

It remains to inquire what substitutes can be found of the required solidity; and what is, or is not, a false or insecure foundation for a paper currency.

Bearing in mind the fact, that value exists intrinsically in all commodities in precisely the same sense as it exists in me-

depreciation, the issues of notes were continually augmenting, whilst the Exchanges were improving, and the price of gold falling; these events speak volumes. In the midst of peace, when all the symptoms were gradually subsiding, when commodities were selling at prices corresponding with the amount then in circulation, a great political event occurs, entailing the probability of a new war, and of a great foreign expenditure. In an instant, without any change in the amount of circulation, or of consumable produce, the exchanges fall between 20 and 30 per cent., and the price of gold mounts in the same proportion above the Mint price. This state continues for one hundred days, and, at the expiration of that period, when the battle of Waterloo, and the march of the Allies to Paris, put an end to all further expectation of a continuance of the war, the currency still maintaining its relative proportion to commodities, all the movements begin to retrograde, and everything returns to its former state of quiescence.

\* It is denied by many writers that varying rates of interest prove any change in the value of money. Our reply is this:—If a farm which formerly let for £25 per annum, now lets for £50 per annum, we say that the value of the farm has improved. It must be equally correct to say, that the value of £1,000 has improved when we are enabled to obtain £50 per annum, or 5 per cent., instead of £25 per annum, or 2½ per cent., for the use of the money.

tallic coins, it is clear that any commodity would answer the purpose of money which could be made equally portable with the precious metals, and of which the value could be rendered sufficiently uniform. Thus, if a hat or a house could be carried in a pocket book, the pocket book would always contain the value of a hat or house, as long as hats or houses remained articles of demand. The value contained in the pocket book would, of course, fluctuate with the value of hats and houses, which would be an objection to the use of such commodities as money; but this, although an important consideration is a subordinate fact. The first point to secure, is that our substitutes for metallic money shall always retain *some* value. The second, is to secure, as far as it may be possible to attain it, their *uniform* value. We cannot carry hats and houses in a pocket book, but we can carry paper substitutes for them, and it is clear that our paper substitutes would represent precisely the same value as that of hats and houses, provided the representation was honest or *bona fide*, and not that of imaginary hats and houses. A paper currency representing imaginary hats and houses would be a factitious and fraudulent currency,—and of course “inflated currency,” or a currency “issued in excess.”

We would have the reader pause upon this argument, and consider well its bearings, because it involves the whole question of the importance of convertibility, in that sense in which the term is usually employed. The theory is, that without the restraint of convertibility—that is the payment of gold on demand—an unlimited issue of paper money would be subject to unlimited depreciation, even when founded upon the basis of real property; and one of the most esteemed contributors to this review, from whom we never differ without much diffidence and hesitation, has unguardedly (we think) expressed a somewhat similar doctrine in the following passage:—

“There are some who see no harm in emancipating a paper currency from the restraint of convertibility, and from every definite principle of limitation, provided only that it is grounded on the security of actual property: forgetful that even the *assignats* were issued on no less a security than the principal portion of the soil of France, and that a paper so guaranteed is no more protected from depreciation, if issued in excess, than the land itself would be, if offered for sale in unusual quantity.”\*

It is quite certain that land and every other commodity,

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\* *Westminster Review* for June, 1844, p. 581.

including gold itself, becomes depreciated, that is, falls in value, when offered for sale in unusual quantities; and that, therefore, the French *assignats*, if they had really been based upon national property, would have fallen in value with the property they represented when forced upon the market; but how was it assignats did not *rise* with the value of that property when it was withdrawn from the market? In what way are we to account for the fact, that while the national property of France is at this day equal to that of England, the assignats upon which it was said to be founded became slips of waste paper? There is but one explanation, and it upsets the whole of the argument founded upon this illustration,—the *assignats* of the revolutionary government were *not* founded upon the national property, nor upon property of any kind.\* The only sense in which they represented national property was in the power they conveyed of purchasing a confiscated estate at a government sale, the government having agreed to accept assignats in payment; but the estate once sold the power of the assignats was gone, as the buyer could not be compelled to part with it again. The issue of assignats was therefore merely a roundabout mode of defraying the government expenditure with confiscated estates, which of course could only be done while the government had estates to give away.\*

\* The revolutionary Government possessed great wealth in confiscated property, but wanted money. To supply this want, and create a market for the confiscations, they issued notes in the following form:—

“National property, Assignat of 100 francs.”

These notes were a legal tender, and in that respect resembled every other paper currency having a forced circulation; but they differed from all others in not even proposing to represent any specified thing. The words “national property” signified that their value might be obtained by purchasing with them the confiscated property at the auctions of such property, which were constantly occurring; but there was no reason why that value should have been called 100 francs. It depended on the comparative quantity of the property so purchasable, and the number of assignats issued; which at different dates stand as follows:—

September, 1790	..	1,200,000,000 francs.
“ 1793	..	3,626,000,000
“ 1794	..	8,817,500,000
“ 1795	..	19,699,500,000
“ 1796	..	45,579,000,000
(£182,316,000 sterling.)		

*Senior on Government Paper Money, (p. 79.)*

A forgery of assignats, by Pitt, manufactured at Langton paper-mills, completed their discredit, which, however, under no circumstances could have maintained a value proportioned to such excessive issues on a foundation all but nominal.

An assignat, really based upon national property, might have taken somewhat of the following form :—

“ ASSIGNAT  
OF  
TEN THOUSAND FRANCS.

“ PARIS, APRIL 19, 1790.

“ The owner of this note is the proprietor of the estate standing in the books of the Registrar-General as No. (1478,) described at page (353) of vol. (xiv.), and otherwise known as the (Chateau Mignon,) situate in (the Commune of St. Pierre, Normandy;) and WHEREAS the rents and profits arising from the estate so known and described and transferable by this form, have been officially surveyed, and certified to be of the value of TEN THOUSAND FRANCS, this note is made a legal tender for that sum.

“ 10,000 Fr.

“ By Order of the Constituent Assembly.  
“ MIRABEAU.”

Supposing the assignats of the Constituent Assembly to have really conferred a title over real property, as in the above simple form of a transferable title-deed, their value must always have corresponded with the value of the property they represented. The particular assignat which represented and *transferred possession* of the *Chateau Mignon* might sometimes have been at a discount, and sometimes at a premium, in respect to the given number of metallic francs, but under no circumstances could it have lost *all* value, unless, indeed, the *Chateau Mignon* had fallen to the ground, and the plot on which it stood had been swallowed up by an earthquake.

Omitting the words “ legal tender,” short transferable titles like the above (which might be adopted at once for all estates of which the crown lawyers could guarantee the legal ownership, and to the detriment of nobody but conveyancers), would greatly facilitate the sale and purchase of real property,—one of the objects of money; but their want, not of value, but of uniformity of value, would occasion inconvenience, and so far be an objection to their use as a paper currency. The *Chateau Mignon* might not be burnt to the ground, but it might fall out of repair, and the value of the note representing it could only be accurately determined by continued surveys.

In the case of merchandize, *Dock Warrants* are paper titles of this description. A dock warrant is an order for the delivery to “ bearer” or the party named in the warrant, certain goods lying in the dock (say ten pipes of wine in vault C), and is a form of value almost equivalent to money, often extensively passed from hand to hand before the property itself is removed. No merchant would hesitate to recognize in a dock warrant (call it, if you will an *Assignat*) a valid security; but the precise amount of its value could of course only be ascertained by a special examination. Ten pipes of wine represented by a warrant might be worth £200 or £500.

We may see, however, from these examples, what is and is not "depreciation" in reference, not to the accidents of price as governed by a varying demand for the precious metals, but to general value and the honest fulfilment of a contract. If we sell a meadow to feed a cow, and the meadow really supplies the feed of a cow, and continues to do so year after year, it is a confusion of language to say, when the money value of the meadow may have fallen, that the meadow is "depreciated." The worth of the meadow remains the same in its relations to all commodities excepting money, but money has risen in value (has become *appreciated*) in respect to the meadow.

If a government, in disposing of crown property, issue, to separate parties, two titles to the same estate (say the *Chateau Mignon*), and the parties, after some contention, agree to divide the property between them, we have clearly a case of "depreciation." The two titles are worth no more than one title. In the same manner, if the owner of ten pipes of wine in the docks issue a dock warrant for twenty pipes, the value of his dock warrant becomes "depreciated" one-half, the moment it is known that only ten pipes of wine can be delivered. "Depreciation" means, therefore, fraud. An "inflated" currency is a fraudulent currency. And this gives us a very simple rule for avoiding the evils of paper money "issued in excess." We have simply to be honest, and to abstain from trading "under false pretences." Our paper substitutes for money must really mean what they profess; they must represent property really in existence—not imaginary property. Our dock warrants for wine must represent wine really to be found in the dock vaults, and then, no matter whether the order for delivery be issued for ten pipes, or for ten thousand, the value of our dock warrants will always correspond with the value of the wine.

The supposed evil of what is wrongly called a depreciation of paper, in reference to the price of gold, when the relation of paper to all other commodities remains the same, is altogether a phantom; but it is one of those phantoms which, like the fear of witchcraft in the early part of the sixteenth century, when many thousands of aged women, innocent of crime, were burnt to death,\* may produce, by an anxiety to avoid it, the most grievous calamities. Not only is it not an evil that paper money should sometimes circulate below the *par* value of gold, but it is a positive advantage to have such a means of determining that the value of commodities generally has not

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\* See the account of the Witch Mania in Mackay's 'History of Popular Delusions,' vol. ii., page 197.

changed *relatively to each other*, although gold has risen in value in reference to them. Why are we to cheat ourselves into a belief, that because a demand for gold has suddenly increased the whole property of the community has in some mysterious manner undergone a process of deterioration? As if a meadow would no longer feed a cow, or one bushel of wheat exchange for two bushels of oats, because the value of the meadow, the wheat, or the oats, as expressed in paper, no longer corresponds with the amount of gold the paper will procure!

Our present monetary arrangements, founded upon what is mis-called "convertibility," will not stand the test of the simple rule we have applied. There is no *honesty* in giving promises to an extent greater than we know can be redeemed, even if we may be right in our calculations that we should never be called upon to fulfil more than a third of our engagements (a purely gratuitous assumption.) We allow the Bank of England directors to issue, upon Government securities, 14 millions of paper money beyond their power of paying in gold; and yet the whole of this amount is issued in the form of promissory notes, "convertible," it is said, into gold on demand! This at least is a wrong basis for a currency, whatever may be a right one. The interests of a nation, and certainly its moral dignity, cannot be dependent upon a falsehood. Fourteen millions of our paper money being strictly inconvertible, the fact should be made to appear; and with this we put out of court all who would condemn the principle of inconvertibility in respect to gold, and yet uphold the present system. The principle may be of questionable application, but truth is not.

The basis of our present paper currency is also unsound, inasmuch as it rests entirely upon credit. Now, credit is of two kinds: credit limited to capital; and credit beyond capital—the latter being the most rotten of all foundations upon which any superstructure can be reared. Trading with credit beyond capital is promoted by existing arrangements in the following manner. The *Issue department*, under the Bill of 1844, is not, in respect to notes, an Issue department after all. Notes, to the public, are only issued by the *Banking department*, and this, as we have already explained, by the discount of bills. The consequence of a circulation based wholly upon discounts is, *first*, the forcing into existence a greater amount of bills of exchange than would be required if merchants could obtain advances upon other securities; and, *second*, a direct encouragement to the practice of incurring heavier liabilities than would be possible if notes were only issued upon the securities of capital. The system of discounts keeps afloat a large amount of merely accommodation

paper, and out of this arises another mischief of a serious character. We have seen the universal paralysis of trade produced by the stoppage of discounts on the part of the Bank of England in April last; but a partial paralysis of trade, produced by the same cause, is the common event of every year. The directors, when they have reason to suspect the prevalence of what is technically called "kite-flying" to an unusual extent, endeavour to discountenance it, by throwing out indiscriminately the whole of the bills offered them connected with any particular branch of industry which may appear to have been infected by a spirit of speculation. Thus a decision of the Bank parlour sometimes causes the rejection of all bills drawn on account of corn; at another time of all bills drawn on account of cotton. Sometimes the bills of booksellers are under a ban, sometimes those of leathersellers; and in every such case it is not speculators only who suffer—who, of course, cannot be separated from the mass—but also the honest and fair trader, who suddenly finds his resources cut off, with no means in the emergency of realizing his capital, however large, without a sacrifice.

Clearing the ground as we go, we set aside at once, as equally dangerous in principle, a paper *money* issued at discretion by a government, and a paper *money* based upon the promissory engagements of either joint-stock companies or private individuals. Supposing that such a corporation as the Bank of England would never trade beyond its capital, there is yet no propriety in increasing its facilities of doing so. If the directors have capital to trade with, that capital is a better security for their notes than their credit.

In this objection to the principle of promissory engagements is necessarily involved an opinion unfavourable to the plan put forward as a remedy for our present difficulties by Mr. James Wilson, in a series of able articles in the 'Economist,' which have attracted much attention. He would substitute £1 notes for the sovereigns now in circulation to the extent of £30,000,000, retaining £10,000,000 in the Issue department as a reserve for their convertibility. Strictly speaking, however, the word 'substitute' is not correct. Mr. Wilson would *add* £20,000,000 of practically inconvertible paper to the currency of the kingdom in order to release for exportation £20,000,000 of sovereigns, which sovereigns would continue to circulate in the market of the world as before. This is of course another case of "depreciation" in our sense of the term,—the adding of fictitious capital to real capital, and "trading under false pretences." It matters little that the £20,000,000 of inconvertible paper are, by the plan proposed, to be secured by government stock; we agree in the

validity of the securities, but how is the government stock to be obtained? Why, by the paper itself! That is to say, in plain language (not intended to convey the slightest personal disrespect), *by forgeries to the required amount*. The Bank of England broker is to appear on the Stock Exchange with 20 millions of accommodation-paper, or fictitious notes, as a buyer of 20 millions of 3 per cent. consols, which, when obtained, he deposits as securities for the repayment of 20 millions of sovereigns. What is this but stealing the consols, or stealing the sovereigns? In less forcible language, it is the case of a man without money or capital buying a house with his own promissory note, and then depositing the title-deeds of the house as security for the payment. In what sense could a nation be benefitted by a similar bargain on a larger scale? The buyer, it is true, has got the use of a house for nothing, but the seller has parted with it for nothing; and the account is equal.

A further objection to the plan lies in the fact, that monetary embarrassments, as traced by us to their origin, and as explained even in the pages of the 'Economist,' are not such as to require large *permanent* additions, either to the metallic or paper currency of a kingdom. If the Bank of England circulation, as it stood in 1845, sufficed for all the business transactions of a year of extravagant speculative enterprise, it might surely suffice for an average of years of ordinary commercial activity. An increase of money is not required to meet an average demand or an average supply, but an exceptional demand and an exceptional supply. And we marvel that a writer who has devoted much painstaking to an elaborate distinction between "fixed" and "floating" capital, should have missed the true remedy for the commercial derangement he has described; that remedy being, not the creation of fictitious capital, but the conversion of fixed capital into floating (money) capital, in the proportions required, and re-conversion of the latter into the former when the object has been attained.

For example, when the Bank stopped discounts the first week in April, a merchant, with bills coming due the week following, drawn upon him on account of produce lying in the docks, found himself (in many cases) in this dilemma:—He had to choose whether to pay an usurious interest to a money-broker, or to force a sale of the produce in the docks at any sacrifice, or to part with 3 per cent. consols, which had cost him 94, at 86,—or dishonour his acceptances. If he could have gone to a *public* Issue department and said, "Here are dock warrants, title deeds, 3 per cent. consols, and other securities to the amount of £15,000—lend me upon them for a given period, notes to the amount of £10,000,



at 3 per cent." there would have been an end of his difficulties at once, while the 3 per cent. paid to government, so long as the notes were required, would have been equivalent to a corresponding reduction in the burden of taxation.

What is there to prevent the adoption of this common-sense proposition? Absolutely nothing but the imaginary benefits to be derived from maintaining the price of paper and gold at *par*; and bullionist blindness, almost (as it appears to us) as great as that of bullion itself, to the causes which chiefly determine the importation of gold; causes which are entirely independent of that partial and temporary afflux and efflux, which is regulated by the foreign exchanges. It seems not to be understood that when, after a drain of gold, public securities are unnaturally depressed by forced sales, and gold comes back again in the shape of foreign investments, the operation is one by which the English capitalist loses, and the foreign capitalist gains; and that the same afflux of gold would as certainly result from the usual course of trade, if left to itself, and with an advantage wholly on the side of British industry. For what is gold but an article of foreign produce, bought with manufactured goods, like the coffee, or sugar, or pimento, which are imported in exchange for English cutlery? And as a high price of coffee, or sugar, or pimento, leads to larger importations, must not a high price of gold equally lead to larger importations, with corresponding exportations, in both cases, and corresponding profitable returns? The ultimate destination of the gold when imported is a question about which we need give ourselves no concern. The profit upon an export of linen to Jamaica, paid for in coffee, is just the same to the British merchant, whether he ultimately sells the coffee in London or in Hamburg. What we have to do is to sell our linen and cutlery, and not to trouble ourselves about the place of deposit of a few tons weight of metal. This we may safely leave to be determined by the accidents of the seasons, and the social and political changes of communities and governments.

The practical conclusions to which we have been conducted by this inquiry are the following:—

1. That the promissory notes of the Bank of England should be gradually withdrawn from circulation and cancelled, or cease on a given day to be a legal tender.

2. That the paper money of the country should be of two kinds: 1. *Gold Warrants*, or orders for the delivery, on demand, of gold actually in deposit (like the transferable goldsmiths' receipts in use among merchants before the institution of the

Bank of England); 2. *Annuity Notes*, or *Value Certificates*, for sums of £5 and upwards, made a legal tender, and convertible, not into gold, but into annuities of 3 per cent.

The principle upon which the *Annuity Notes* should be issued we would have expressed in the body of each note, that its true character might be fully understood; as, for example:—

“ ANNUITY NOTE  
OF  
ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

“ Issued pursuant to Act of  
Parliament, 12th Vict. c.  
86, and a legal tender.

“ No. 5040.

Note may, on demand, exchange the same for One Hundred Pounds of 3 per cent. Convertible Annuity Stock, the interest of which will be payable by quarterly instalments.

“ NATIONAL BANK OF ISSUE,  
JULY 9, 1849.

“ WHEREAS, in consideration of the sum of One Hundred Pounds advanced by Her Majesty's Commissioners, securities have been deposited in the National Bank of Issue for the Payment of Interest at 3 per cent. upon the said sum into the fund called the Convertible Annuity Fund,

NOTICE is hereby given that the owner of this

“ By Order of the Commissioners,  
\_\_\_\_\_, Secretary.

\_\_\_\_\_, Under-Secretaries.”

“ £100 : 0 : 0

The form might be more or less specific in its details; but the above will sufficiently explain our meaning, and suggest the mode by which a paper symbol may be made to represent not only value, but *precision* of value, and the latter in a sense infinitely more trustworthily than gold. The plan would substitute for the principle of discounts that of mortgages, without the expense. The commissioners of a National Bank of Issue would become the universal mortgagees. Advances would be made to a reasonable amount, but never to the full amount of the value of the securities; and they would be for limited periods; so that if the value of the securities were to fall, the subsequent loans could be proportionately reduced. The period of advances on perishable commodities, as produce in the docks, would be short—that on landed estates, or property in the funds, might extend over a term of years. The payment of interest would be secured by the power of “foreclosing” in default, and selling the property upon which the advances had been made by public auction; and the interest of the loans, while the notes remained out, would go into the public purse. The amount issued would depend upon the number of persons willing to pay 3 per cent. interest for the use of money, and having property to pay it with. It would not tend to keep more paper afloat than under the present system, but, on the average, less, for it would reduce the number

of bills of exchange. With the proper facilities, merchants would prefer to borrow money upon capital, when they required it, to giving their acceptances; but the circulation would possess the required principle of expansion, and might be doubled at the time of a drain of bullion, or in a season of commercial depression. *Depreciation* would be impossible; because the moment that the holder of a note found that by the use of it, as capital, he could not obtain a profit above the interest it cost, he would return it to the Issue department in exchange for 3 per cent. stock.

The plan would leave undisturbed our present metallic currency, as more convenient than paper for the payment of small sums, but would not invest it with the power of a legal tender for sums above £5. The reason is, that gold would sometimes be cheaper and sometimes dearer than the paper, and that but one rate of payment could be enforced in a court of law. Leaving gold and silver as merely marketable commodities, excepting for sums under £5, the result would be that whenever the quantity of gold and silver in a country became a drug, or in excess of the quantity required for small change, the paper in reference to them would bear a premium; whenever the gold and silver became really deficient (the exceptional case), the paper in reference to them would be at a discount;—the difference of premium, or discount, would be paid in shillings.

The principle of abolishing promissory notes as *money*, that is, as a legal tender, we do not apply to the promissory notes of joint-stock banks, nor those of private bankers, which involve no compulsory obligation. We hold that all state interference with the right of individuals to give and receive credit in any form they please belongs to the fallacies of Protection—always delusive and often mischievous. We would put an end to all banking monopolies, and all restrictions upon issue, and leave the public to protect itself (which it is able to do better than the legislature) from the consequences of all debts of their own voluntary creation. And this perhaps would be the first practical step towards a better system. Let our economists and statesmen, until they have again studied their theories of currency, and have recognised some certain means of relieving the country from the embarrassments of a drain of gold without plunging the nation into greater embarrassments, at least allow the commercial world to meet them in its own way. Let not those who advocate freedom of industry insist upon restriction and a monopoly of the credit industry could command; but whether for corn or for banking be consistent with their own doctrines, and carry out the principles of **FREE TRADE**.

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We have anticipated, in the preceding pages, every point of importance in the new pamphlet of Colonel Torrens,\* which reaches us on the eve of publication. From the general candour of a writer of high reputation, some frank acknowledgement of error might have been expected of the striking miscalculation by Colonel Torrens, upon which we have commented, of the influence of the Banking department as a counterpoise to the intended operation of the bill of 1844. The pamphlet however contains nothing of the kind, and nothing but a tenacious clinging to the ground which has given way beneath his feet. All the difficulties of the late crisis are attributed, as usual, to the mismanagement of the Bank directors, or to deficient supplies of potatoes and cotton; and in the spirit of one of Job's comforters we are told that

"Should these causes continue in operation, a further drain, and a further contraction, will inevitably ensue; and the further contraction must inevitably cause a pressure upon the money market, a decline in the value of securities, and a limitation of commercial credit more aggravated than those which now exist."

With this, unless the system be changed, we fully concur; but not with the extraordinary perversion of facts and startling example of inconsequential reasoning which we find in the concluding passage of the pamphlet.

"The act of 1844 for the renewal of the Charter of the Bank of England has preserved our monetary system in a sound and healthy state, through a period of unexampled difficulty; and a relaxation of its provisions during an adverse balance of foreign payments, instead of mitigating the pressure upon the springs of industry (as the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce erroneously contend) would cause a protracted drain of bullion, a rapid exhaustion of the reserve of treasure, and a panic more fearful and destructive than that of 1825."

We are here reminded of that force of prejudice and strength of obstinacy in preconceived opinions which led to the rebuke—"They have Moses and the prophets, and will not hear them; neither would they believe though one rose from the dead." The panic of 1825 is a remarkable instance, and perhaps the strongest case upon record, of a pressure arising out of the natural recoil of speculation, aggravated by an attempted contraction of the circulation, immediately relieved, and as if by magic, by an unlimited issue of notes, practically inconvertible,

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\* \* 'On the Operation of the Bank Charter Act of 1844.' By R. Torrens, Esq., F.R.S. Ridgway.

and founded upon no other basis than the credit of the capital of the Bank of England!

It is true, however, that, at the time, the foreign exchanges were favourable, but upon this part of the subject it is scarcely necessary to add, to what we have already said, a single word.

Colonel Torrens has a watch in his pocket, composed of the precious metals, which he insists upon making mankind believe is a correct measure of time. But unfortunately it happens that this watch is often fast or slow by the sun. Upon which what says Colonel Torrens? "Give me an act of parliament to regulate the whole solar system, and the stars in their courses, by my watch, and then my watch and the sun will agree." Sir Robert Peel, struck with an argument so irresistible as the fact that the sun *would* always be right by the watch, if the object of Colonel Torrens could be attained, grants him the act of parliament desired. The act fails however to regulate the motions of the sun quite to the satisfaction of Colonel Torrens, and we see it producing (in April last) a decided disturbance of that portion of the planetary system which is most nearly connected with the affairs of this earth. Still the fault we are to understand is with the sun, or with the act of parliament. It is not with the watch!

Great is the faith of the teacher, but we doubt whether a belief in the infallibility of the watch is now quite as strong as formerly on the part of his disciples. We have some hope that the life of Sir Robert Peel will not close without yet one more change of opinion, and that in the right direction. So must strong minds obey the law of progress. It is the privilege only of ignorance never to waver. Our hope is in part founded upon the sentiments expressed by the father of Sir Robert Peel in opposition to those of his son; and as we are now in a position to judge of both by the fruits of experience, the reader may be glad of an opportunity of re-perusing the letter of the former on the subject of the currency, addressed to the members of both Houses of Parliament, in 1826.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—Will you permit an old man to address you on the subject of our Currency? I sat in Parliament thirty years, during which time I frequently heard this important question discussed in the House by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, and other distinguished characters. On the passing of the Bank Restriction Act, I was entrusted by the merchants and citizens of London to present their petition against the measure. Though my opinions were embodied in their case, my best endeavours to serve them were not successful. Having been long and extensively engaged in commercial dealings, I often witnessed a national embarrassment arising from a defective and impure currency, which resembled the present stagnation in trade; and I lamented to observe that suffering and experience have failed, in this instance, of producing

circulation alone ever did and ever will fail us. Gold, though it is often disappears in consequence of war, or speculation; nay, the breath of rumour itself is sufficient to disperse it. Our domestic concerns are interrupted, and confidence lost, for want of an ample and approved medium of traffic.

"I am no friend to an unrestrained issue of paper money, and saw with concern, in the absence of a due quantity of specie, bills admitted into due circulation issued by persons of respectability, possessing property, but evidently unable to meet a sudden and large demand upon them. More than two years ago I mentioned to a friend high in his Majesty's councils, my fears of the mischief likely to ensue if the practice were not discontinued; accompanied with a suggestion to confine future issues of paper money, or tokens, to the Bank of England and other competent bodies of men, who would give security in land, the public funds, canals, buildings, or other tangible property, amounting at least to one-half of the value of their bills, or tokens, in circulation. My proposition was not favoured with any notice; yet, had it been adopted, I am of opinion that most of the panic and distresses now so severely felt in the nation would have been avoided. If such an improvement in the banking system could be made available, gold would become less requisite, and the country be supplied with a stationery medium of exchange, originating with ourselves.

"Whilst directing the energies of State in war, Mr. Pitt evinced equal ability in discovering, improving, and applying our internal resources. The war drained the country of its specie, and our enemies entertained sanguine hopes that our ruin would sooner be effected by want of pecuniary means, than the want of courage, discipline, and conduct in our armies. Mr. Pitt was more than a match for all contingencies. With the aid of the Bank of England, and other opulent houses, the energies of Great Britain were maintained in full activity, and the importance and utility of paper money were clearly established. Ingenious machines were introduced into our manufactures, and the encouragement and protection afforded them greatly increased the demand for our goods at home and abroad. Our superiority at sea gave our merchants easy access to foreign markets, and the wealth derived from trade and commerce (though to some persons it may appear paradoxical) more than covered the whole expenses of the war. When the minister had recourse to loans, they were speedily raised by British capitalists, and the increase of the Public Debt was due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolved itself into a family account, without impairing the national property. Mr. Pitt having succeeded in securing peace and independence to the empire, whilst devoting his sole attention to the affairs of the public, suffered his own to be very much embarrassed. Many of his friends wished to extricate him from his difficulties, and requested me to learn from Mr. Rose in what way we could best relieve him. His reply was, 'Mr. Pitt was the most unaccountable of human beings, and will prefer living in a garret to being indebted to the bounty of his friends.' Though disappointed, the opinion I had long entertained of this able minister's high character was not diminished.

"The present panic and distress in the country have been declared by high authority to proceed from 'over-trading' and 'wild speculation.' Infant nations and establishments are liable to miscarry from want of experience and solidity. Trading and speculation being natives of this island, and parents of our wealth and independence, are surely exempt from such an imputation. The same authority has declared that 'gold and paper-money are incompatible with each other, and cannot exist together.' The population and trade

of the empire having been much increased, a proportionate increase in the medium of circulation is called for: and when gold is found insufficient, recourse must be had to paper, which if improved on the principle already suggested, the two substances would be found in the same pocket without disunion.

"Anxious to see our situation ameliorated, I trust the currency may be mended without changing or impairing the national and commercial character; which measure, if resorted to, would resemble the policy of diverting from its course a powerful river that had long given fertility and happiness to a large district, merely because, from excessive rains, it had sometimes exceeded its natural limits, and produced partial injury.

"I am, my Lords and Gentlemen,  
"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"Drayton Manor, April 3."

"ROBERT PEEL."

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# FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## INTELLIGENCE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

### LIFE AND WRITINGS OF RUDOLPH TÖPFFER.

1. *Nouvelles Genevoises*. Par M. Töpffer. Paris. 1842. *Rosa et Gertrude*, par R. Töpffer. *Précédé de notices sur la vie et les ouvrages de l'auteur*. Par MM. Sainte Beuve et De la Rive. Paris. 1847.

IF the critic possessed the privileges of the natural philosopher,—if he might deal with spiritual entities as the chemist does with the material elements, what an interesting experiment it would be to put together certain measures of French and German nature in due atomic proportion, so that a new psychological and literary type might be produced by the combination. Given such a laboratory of moral and intellectual chemistry as our fancy conceives, it is not a mere exchange of outward forms we should seek to effect—imitation of foreign models is the bane of every national literature—but a mutual interpenetration of the respective primary elements. The probable result might then be compared to a neutral salt, in which French petulance and superficial grace, intimately coalescing with German bookishness (*gelehrtheit*) and reverie, like acid with alkali, should give birth to a *tertium quid*, different in all qualities from both ingredients, and perhaps more wholesome and of a more pleasant savour than either. But critical philosophy lacks one of the two great instruments of induction; it can only observe, but not experimentalise. Some such progress as we have suggested has already been exemplified, but in a more complicated shape, in the formation and growth of the English mind; and the banks of Lake Lemman appear to exhibit another similar instance. Geneva is a focus in which many heterogeneous elements are fused together into one composite mass. The main constituent is indigenous; with this are mingled large influxes from France and Germany. Italy contributes a notable proportion, and England helps, in a lesser but still sensible degree, to modify the whole product.

Geneva is peculiarly circumstanced with regard to its language, which is a thing of native growth, and not, like the English, more or less corruptly used by the Celtic races of Ireland, a ready made importation from the potent neighbour. Its relation to the literary



dialect recognised by the Academy rather resembles that which lowland Scotch bears to standard English. The fact applies to all French Switzerland. It is an old romance country, which worked its own way out of the intermediary language of the middle ages, and which, in the great intellectual commotion of the sixteenth century, made its voice heard with fully as much effect as its more powerful sister. Paris and Geneva were then cognate centres; since that period the former has eclipsed the latter, and at this day the languages of Geneva, Lausanne, and Neufchatel, exist only as local dialects, disdained as literary media even by the native writers. This is to be regretted; for scattered over those neglected fields are many graceful weeds, many fresh-scented wild flowers, that are wanting in the trim gardens of the academy. "Your French is bad," says the Parisian to the man of Geneva: "Yours would be better," the latter might retort, "if you would enrich its impoverished store from the native wealth of our homely tongue; but your lingual powers have lost their elasticity, and become dwarfed by disuse; you cannot force them beyond the arbitrary limits assigned to them in the seventeenth century. In spite of your revolution, you still wear with complacency the fetters imposed on you in the age of Louis XIV. Your language, like everything else belonging to France, has suffered through your mania for centralisation; and by-the-bye, permit me to remind you that Richelieu, the founder of that system, though a great statesman was an excrable poet. Uncouth as our speech may sound in Parisian ears, there is racy vigour and freedom in it, an air of the mountain and the lake, which would be ill exchanged for the conventional graces of your meagre and monotonous phraseology. The very briars, moss, and ferns of our verdant wildernesses have a beauty of their own, which you would seek in vain in the clipped hedgerows and ornate parterres of your stately, formal Versailles."

Be this as it may, the literature of Gallic-Switzerland labours under a great disadvantage from its eccentric position. It is extremely difficult for a writer of that country to remain distinctively Swiss in his writings, and at the same time to be correct in style according to the established standard. In his endeavour to comply with the latter exigency, he must project himself out of his natural sphere, forget the strongly marked lineaments and local hues which nature and history have given to the manners, thoughts, and expressions of his people, and he must think and write after a neutral fashion. Here, in all probability, we have the chief cause of the remarkable fact, that Geneva, so illustrious in other respects for its intellectual fertility, has hitherto produced very little in the department of imaginative literature. Senebier, who has written a *Literary History of Geneva*, calls it, with just pride, "one of the luminous schools of the earth;" and Sainte Beuve, struck with admiration of the rich fruitage of science and erudition which has sprung from so small a stock, aptly compares the little state to a dwarf pear tree, that is in itself a whole orchard. But amidst all this abundance there is penury in one point; Geneva has not, in her list of worthies, the name

of a great poet, or writer of prose fiction, with the sole exception of Rousseau; and even he is said to betray, in his exquisite diction, some tokens of the difficulty of which we have just spoken. Sainte Beuve asserts that he is not completely at home in the language with which he works such fascination; his art occasionally betrays itself. "Jean Jacques lui-même, à côté de Voltaire sent l'effort il y a maintefois de l'ouvrier dans son art." But it is particularly in distinguished writers of a lower grade, such as Necker, that this defect is strikingly apparent; their phraseology is too assiduously wrought, too scrupulously correct; and then for their conversation, they talk like books. They are in the condition of Theophrastus, whose foreign birth was discovered by the old women of Athens, *quod nimium Atticè loqueretur*.

Töpffer, the artist author, prematurely lost to Geneva and to France, where he had acquired sterling popularity, escaped this difficulty, because he did not attempt to be more attic than the Athenians. Ardently attached to his birth-place, and writing at first only for his own recreation and for the gratification of his personal friends, he had no thought of soliciting the suffrages of Paris; and this very indifference to the fame and profit of authorship tended most directly to secure his reputation, since it left him free to follow the natural bent of his genius. Buffon's celebrated maxim, "*le style c'est l'homme*," is strictly true in his case. He wrote much as we may suppose him to have conversed, and the history of the man is not to be separated from that of his writings.

Rudolph Töpffer was born at Geneva, on the 17th of February, 1799. His family, as the name implies, are of German descent, and his father, who survives him, is an eminent landscape and *genre* painter. The son's inclinations, from his earliest years, tended almost exclusively to his father's profession, but the latter wisely insisted that he should complete his general education before he began his apprenticeship to art. Young Rudolph, therefore, studied Latin and Greek up to the age of eighteen, but after a peculiar fashion, which he has charmingly described in the *Bibliothèque de mon Oncle*. Jules, the hero and narrator of that tale, is Töpffer himself, and the house in which the scene is laid, the *maison de la bourse française*, is the same in which Töpffer passed his youth; the incidents however are fictitious.

Having completed the classical course prescribed by his father, the young man was free to indulge his cherished inclinations. The pencil, which had always been his companion, and a very capital help in his assiduous *Flânerie*, was now about to become a professional instrument in his hands; but a sad calamity frustrated all his plans. He was on the eve of his departure for Italy, when he was attacked with an affection of the eyes, which eventually became chronic, and continued to afflict him as long as he lived. Two years passed away in ineffectual efforts to perform a cure; at last he went to Paris, ostensibly for the purpose of obtaining medical advice, but in reality with no other hope than that of beguiling his anxieties by study. He consulted no one, bade adieu, sadly but resolutely, to his chosen vocation, and

applied himself in good earnest to the study of letters, in order to qualify himself for the business of education. On his return to Geneva he became first an assistant in a school, then master of one founded by himself, and finally, professor of *belles-lettres* in the Academy. He married happily, and the rest of his days flowed on in a smooth and tranquil current, unruffled by any remarkable events or vicissitudes of outward fortune. His life was that of a cheerful, wise, good man, who found a perpetual source of pleasure in common things, in the fulfilment of all the duties of his station, and the unostentatious exercise of his general humour and powers of observation for the delight and improvement of those about him. He was an able and successful teacher; and so beloved was he by his pupils, that they never wished to pass their vacations away from him. The mental gain on either side was mutual. Sainte Beuve says, finely, "the moralist by profession who observes only grown men, is in danger of falling into the ways of La Rochefoucauld, or La Bruyere; on the contrary, if the attention is always fixed upon a body of ingenuous youth, continually renewed, the observer retains his freshness of heart in the fulness of his knowledge; he has wherewith to console himself when he is mistaken, and a juster view of human nature, in its secret springs and general constitution. Some one has said that experience in certain minds is like the water collected in a cistern; it soon becomes corrupted. In Töpffer's case, experience more resembled a spring perpetually gushing, and renovated in the light of day."

It was for the gratification of his pupils, and with no ulterior views, that his first writings were produced. They were little dramatic pieces, none of which have been published. After these came narratives of the pedestrian tours through the various cantons of Switzerland, which he was in the habit of making every summer with his school boys. Nor, while he was thus exercising his pen, did he neglect the pencil. In mirthful hours, chatting with his boys, he conceived, and sketched in their presence, those histories in caricature which have been copied and imitated all over Europe. The grotesque albums passed from hand to hand, and it chanced that one of them fell at last under the notice of Goethe! The high priest of art liked it, and desired to see the others, which were thereupon forwarded to Weimar. Goethe mentioned them in a number of the journal, 'für Kunst und Alterthum'; and Töpffer, fortified by such high sanction, printed for private circulation five sets of those whimsical productions.—M. Vieux Bois, M. Jabot, le Docteur Festus, M. Pencil, M. Crepin. Their success as we have said was very great, but their humour is of a kind that can scarcely be translated into words; and we will not attempt to convey any idea of it to those who have not become acquainted with it in the original.

"The Valley of the Arve may be reached from Sixt, by crossing a chain of high mountains that extends from Cluses to Sallenche. The pass is scarcely known and used by any but the smugglers, who abound in those parts, laying in their stock of goods at Martigny, in the Vallais. These daring fellows take their way over the almost inaccessible crags, loaded with enormous

burthens, and descend into the inner valleys of Savoy, whilst the *douaniers* are keeping a bright look on the outskirts.

"The *douaniers* are men who have a uniform, coarse dirty hands, and a pipe in their mouths. They sit in the sun, doing nothing, until a carriage passes; and that it does pass before them is a thing that happens precisely by reason of its not containing any contraband articles. Monsieur has nothing to declare?—Nothing. And, thereupon, notwithstanding this categorical answer, they open the traveller's trunks, and thrust the aforesaid hands in among the white linen, silk gowns, and pocket handkerchiefs. The state pays them for plying this trade, a fact which has always struck me as comical.

"The smugglers are men armed to the teeth, and always disposed to touch up any *douanier* with a bullet who should take a fancy for walking the road they have reserved for themselves. Luckily, the *douaniers* who have an inkling of the circumstance, walk not at all, or else anywhere but in that road. This has always struck me as an indication of tact on the part of the *douaniers*.

"*Douanes* and smuggling are two aliens of society. Lines of custom-houses are a girdle of vices and libertinism enclosing a country; smuggling expeditions are an admirable school of robbery and crime, that annually turns out promising pupils, whom society subsequently undertakes to lodge and feed at its own cost in the prisons and *bagnios*.

"I have often had to do with the *douaniers*: my shirts have had the honour of being thumbed on all the frontiers by the agents of all the governments, absolute or otherwise. They never found anything prohibited in them. *Apropos* of shirts—here is a story. I was going to Lyon. At Bellegarde they searched our trunks, and insisted also on feeling our persons, for fear there should be any watches concealed on them; for Geneva is at no great distance. I submitted to the operation with a good grace; but an English officer, who was one of the party, having had the matter explained to him, quietly took his case-knife out of his pocket, and declared that he would cut in two '*la premier comme aussi la second*,' who should make a show of feeling him, even from a distance. There was a great hubbub. The *douaniers* desired nothing better than to execute their office; but the great strapping Waterloo man, with his trenchant blade, intimidated them supremely. Meanwhile, the chief officer kept on saying, in a tone of authority, 'Search that man!' but the other repeated, with increasing fury, '*Véné et je coupé en deux la premier comme aussi la second, et encore la troisième avec*.' By the *troisième* he meant the chief man. The matter might have ended tragically, so great was the exasperation of the good gentleman, had I not thought of interfering. 'Let monsieur hand over his clothes,' I said, 'to the *douaniers*, and they will execute their orders without the least hurt to his dignity.' I had hardly said the word when the Englishman, assenting to these conditions, whipped off his clothes and threw them one after the other in the faces of the *douaniers*. He stripped himself as bare as my hand; and I shall never forget the air with which he capped the chief *douanier* with his shirt, crying out, '*Téné, misérable! téné!*'

"I have not so often had to do with the smugglers; nevertheless, I had some intercourse with them the day I took it into my head to proceed alone from Sixt to Sallenche by the mountains, of which I have spoken. I had procured directions as to the way: an hour before reaching the summit you pass along by the side of a little lake, called the Lac de Gers; further on the road lies on the crest of a ridge of rocks that traverse a plain of frozen snow; after which you again descend towards the forests on the Sallenche side, that overhang the waterfall of Arpenas. After three hours of steep ascent I discovered the little lake. It is a pool enclosed between verdant slopes, reflected in dark hues from its surface, whilst the transparency of the water enables you to see

the shining mosses with which the bottom is carpeted. I sat down on the brink of the water and looked at myself in it, like Narcissus; I looked at myself eating the wing of a fowl, without letting the pleasure of contemplating my own image interrupt the movement of my jaws for a moment.

"Besides my person, I saw also in the water the inverted image of the adjoining heights, the forests, the scene, in short, including two ravens high in air, that seemed in the mirror as though they were flying deep down in the antipodes. Whilst I was amusing myself with this sight, a man's head, or a woman's or an animal's, or, at least, something alive, appeared to me to have moved on the side of a mountain. It was the one I was about to ascend. I looked up instantly in order to see the object itself, but there was nothing visible; I therefore attributed this phenomenon to some undulation of the surface of the water, and resumed my journey in the full conviction that I was alone in those parts, at the same time being equally convinced that I had seen something. I stopped every now and then to look about me; and when I was near the spot where I thought I had descried the head, I cautiously made a circuit round some rocks, and proceeded with increased circumspection.

They had told me a story below about the rocky furrow I was ascending; and this I believe is the right place for repeating it. Eighteen smugglers, each carrying a sack of Berne gunpowder, were travelling that way. The last of the file, perceived that his sack diminished sensibly in weight, whereat he was quite disposed to rejoice, when it occurred to him to suspect shrewdly that the lightening of the load arose possibly from the decrease of its bulk. It was but too true: a long train of powder appeared on the track he had pursued. This was a loss in the first place; but what was worse, it was a token which might betray the march of the band, and jeopardise its business. He cried halt, and thereupon his seventeen comrades sat themselves down, each on his sack, to drink a drop, and wipe their faces.

Meanwhile, the other, the shrewd one, retraced his steps till he came to the beginning of his train of powder. He reached it after two hours' walking, and set fire to it with his pipe, in order to destroy the clue. Two minutes afterwards he heard a superb explosion, which reverberating from the rocky mountain walls, rolling through the valleys, and ascending the gorges, caused him a marvellous surprise: it was the seventeen sacks which had been fired by the train, and had bounced into the air, carrying with them the seventeen fathers of families that were seated upon them. Whereupon I have two remarks to make.

The first is, that this is a true history, agreeable, and recreative, sufficiently probable, and proved by tradition, and by the furrow which subsists to this day, as any one may go and satisfy himself with his own eyes. I hold it as certain as the passage of Hannibal across the lesser Mount Bernard. How do they prove the passage of Hannibal over the lesser Mount Bernard? They begin by showing you a white rock at the foot of the mountain; after which they demonstrate to you that it is the one which the Carthaginian caused to be dissolved in vinegar after he reached the summit.

My second remark is, that in this history seventeen men perish; but observe, one remains to tell the tale. This if I mistake not, is the sign, the criterion of a first-rate bit of history; for in a battle, a disaster, a catastrophe, if few perish, the thing is paltry; if all perish, that puts an extinguisher on the affair. But when one solitary individual escapes out of the very thick of an immense discomfiture, and that for the express purpose of bringing the news: the thing is exquisite. And this is why history, Greek, Roman, and Modern, abounds in exactly similar instances.

"It was very hot in my furrow; nevertheless, at that elevation the heat is tempered by the keenness of the air; besides, the beauty of the scenery captivates the soul, and makes one forget the little inconveniences that are some-

times so intolerable in the insipid plain. On looking back, I saw very near me the icy dome of Mount Buet. I fancied, too, I saw, at no great distance, something moving behind the last fir trees I had passed, and I began to imagine it might be the feet belonging to the head I had seen, so that I continued to walk with increasing circumspection.

"Unfortunately, I am by nature very timorous—I detest danger wherein heroes take delight, as they tell us—nothing pleases me so much as perfect security in front and rear and on both sides of me. The mere idea that in a duel one is exposed to see the point of a sword straight before his right eye, has always sufficed to make me exceedingly prudent in spite of my temperament, which is hot, and dull in point of susceptibility, in spite of my ticklish spirit. Now the matter in this case might be worse than a duel; it might be an assault on my person or my purse, or on both—it might be a horrible catastrophe, and no one to tell the tale! When once this idea entered my head, I could think of nothing else; and it so completely mastered me, that at last I hid among the rocks to watch what was passing in my rear.

"I had been observing for about half an hour (it is very fatiguing to observe), when an ill-favoured man stole softly and cautiously from behind the fir trees. He looked long and steadily in the direction of the rocks among which I was concealed, and then clapped his hands twice. Two other men appeared at the signal, and all three, taking each a large sack on his shoulders, began to climb the hill-side quietly, after lighting their pipes. In this way they soon came to the spot where I lay crouched on the ground, and sat down there on their sacks just like the seventecn. Luckily their backs were towards me.

"I had plenty of leisure to make my remarks. The gentlemen appeared to me very well armed. They had among them a carabine and two pistols, not to mention the big sack, which my imagination, true to the lessons of history, failed not to fill with Berne gunpowder. Already I was trembling at the thought of some train or another, when one of them, having risen to remove a few paces off, laid down his lighted pipe on his sack. At that sight I commended my soul to God, and awaited the explosion, squeezing myself flat against a rock, on the shelter of which I counted, barely enough to avoid bellowing with terror.

"The man who had risen climbed up a high spot, and after gazing thence over the ground they were about to travel, he returned to his comrades. 'He is no longer in sight,' said he. 'He is just the beggar to sell us for all that,' said another. 'And I warrant,' said the third, 'that's why he's galloping on a-head of us. He's a douanier in disguise, take my word for it. There he stood with his nose thrown up in the wind, looking here and there and everywhere. I wish we had dispatched him, snug and quiet, in this handy spot. Dead men tell no tales.'

"'Jean Jean tells none, either,' said the second speaker, 'it was just down in that hole yonder that his carcass rotted. When we caught him he had thrown away this here carabine of his, to make us think he was a private person. His trial was soon done. The moment we got hold of him, Lameche tied him to a tree, and Pierre dropped him with a ball in his head; and then, after that, says he to him, "Jean Jean, say your prayers!"' Boisterous laughter followed these horrible words, until the same man, getting up first to resume the march, cried out, on perceiving me, 'By God we have caught the bird on the nest. Here is our man!' The two others jumped up at these words, and I fancied I saw an innumerable multitude of pistols pointed at my head.

"'Gentlemen,' said I to them, 'gentlemen, I—you are mistaken—allow me—just lower your weapons, please,—Gentlemen, I am the honestest man in the world (they frowned)—do, pray, lower your weapons, they might go off without your intending it,—I am a man of letters,—totally unconnected with the

customs—a married man, and father of a family. Drop your arms, I beseech you, they hinder me from collecting my ideas. Please to continue your journey without giving yourselves any concern about me. Confound the customs. I take a great interest in your laborious trade. You are honest men, who diffuse plenty among the victims of an odious fiscality. Gentlemen, I have the honor to wish you a very good morning.’

“‘You are here to watch us!’ said the worst of the three, with the look and tone of a Cartouche.

“‘Not at all! not at all! I am here to’—

“‘To watch and sell us. We know you. We saw you down there peeping, and looking’—

“‘At the beauties of nature, my good sirs, nothing else.’

“‘The beauties of nature? And what were you doing when you were squatting in that nook? Culling simples, mayhap. Your’s is a bad trade. These mountains are ours. Bad luck to any body that comes smelling after us here. Say your prayers.’

“He raised his pistol. I fell flat on the ground. The two others slightly interposed; a few words passed between the three in whispers, after which, one of them, without ceremony, clapped his load on my shoulders, and told me to step out. Thus I found myself actively engaged in a smuggling expedition. It was the first time in my life; and I have ever since taken care that it should be the last.

“It seems that my fate had been decided in the secret council just held, for the fellows took no more heed of me, but marched in silence, taking their two remaining loads by turns. I made attempts however to recur to the demonstration of my innocence, but their practised eyes pleaded more for the truth of my cause than all my protestations. The only thing they could not understand was, why I had walked with circumspection, and looked all around me, when I must have supposed I was alone. I gave the key to the mystery, by telling them of the apparition that had struck me when I was gazing on the water. ‘It is all one,’ said the surly fellow, ‘innocent or not, you may sell us. Get on. We shall soon be in the forest. We’ll do your job there.’

“It may be easily imagined in what sense I understood these words; so during the half-hour it took us to reach the forest, I had time to form a very accurate conception of the sufferings of a criminal on the way to the gallows. They are extremely deserving of pity, as I can aver. Still I had in my favour my innocence, in the first place, and then the chance of meeting some one, to say nothing of that which presented itself to me, of throwing myself and my burden down a chasm that opened very conveniently for that purpose on our right. The first of these chances did not occur, the second I had no mind to adopt, and so we came without fail to the forest, where my gentlemen eased me of my load, and tied me firmly to a large tree. Having done this, instead of *dropping* me as they had done by Jean Jean, they said to me, ‘We must have a clear four-and-twenty hours’ law. Make yourself comfortable in the meanwhile. We will return this way to-morrow, and untie you; gratitude will of course prevent your blabbing.’ So saying, they took up their sacks and left me.

“I do think the radiant face of nature never seemed to me so lovely as at that moment. It was curious, but a fact, nevertheless, that this imprisonment did not cause me the slightest inconvenience. Four-and-twenty hours seemed to me a minute, and the men who had just parted from me very honest fellows, a little peremptory from necessity, but good-hearted and well-behaved in the main. I was really restored to life! In a few minutes, under the intense revulsion of delight after the most horrible anxiety, I fell into a sort of trance, and when I came to myself again my face was bathed in tears. In telling the tale of sufferings, rendered ludicrous by the *dénouement* in which they ended,

I have not wished to dwell on the movements that agitated my heart on that occasion; but why should I forbear from saying that immediately on my deliverance I rendered thanks to God with all my soul, and that the sweet tears I shed were those of the love and deep thankfulness which can only be felt toward the being who holds our days in his hands. I blessed his name a thousand times, and the first thought that succeeded to these effusions of thankfulness was that of the happiness I should feel after such poignant distress in finding myself once more in the midst of my family. I was so impatient to go and throw myself into their arms, that it was in that way I began to feel the inconvenience of having a tree tied to one's person.

"It was two in the afternoon. I had not more than three-and-twenty hours to wait. The spot was a wilderness, close to the snowy region, and not at all frequented by travellers. Besides, just then, had any one appeared, such was the profound respect I still entertained for my persecutors, who could not be very far distant, that I believe I should have requested him not to free me, or come near me. Towards four o'clock, however, my respect had diminished in the direct ratio of the square of the distances, and at the same time my *mélèze*, to speak without a figure, was beginning to saw my back in a strange way. That did not help me much, and I saw no more than the rat in the fable how I was to get out of my bondage, when a native made his appearance.

"The native was himself highly fabulous. He had a hat in holes, breeches, and no stockings, and under his nose a black forest, produced by the immoderate use of snuff! smuggled, no doubt. Hallo! heigh! help! honest man, I shouted; whereupon, instead of running to me he stopped short, and snuffed up an enormous pinch.

"The Savoyard peasant is not timid but prudent. He does nothing with precipitation, never puts out his hand unless he can see clearly how he is to pull it in again, nor meddles in any business if he is not sure it will lead him into no scrape with the authorities, no quarrel with his neighbours, no contact of any kind with the royal carabiniers; in all other respects he is the best creature in the world, as I sincerely testify from frequent experience.

"My native then was the best creature in the world; but a man tied to a larch,—that was a thing not at all clear to him. It might be an affair of the authorities, or of somebody, or of another body; so for that reason, instead of advancing he stopped to see what would come of me.

"At last, 'Very pretty weather to-day!' he shouted to me with a grin, as if I was there put for the pleasure of taking the air; 'Very pretty weather!'

"Will you come and unbind me, instead of talking to me about the weather?"

"You will be unbound right enough. Have you been long there?"

"Three hours. Come along; set to!"

"He advanced two steps;—'It's like it was some of the bad chaps that fixed you that way.'

"That I will tell you about; but make haste and untie me."

"He came forward three steps more; and I thought I was at last arrived at the end of my tribulations, when, dropping his voice, he whispered mysteriously, 'I say, it's like it was the smuggler-folks, eh?'

"Exactly; you have it. The villains have left me tied here to die between this time and their return to-morrow."

"These words had a prodigious effect on the native, who started back in affright, and gave evident signs of his intention to leave me just as I was. Enraged beyond all bounds at this, I abused him as the vilest wretch that ever wore, or rather did not wear, a human face; but he took not the least notice of my invectives; 'We'll see, we'll see,' he muttered, as he shuffled away. 'You'll be untied presently;' then, quickening his pace, he disappeared round a turning of the path, pursued by my maledictions.



"I did not know what to think or to do. I was afraid I had made my situation worse by what I had said to the fellow, who might report my words to the smugglers, if indeed he was not one of the gang himself. My imagination was beginning, therefore, to wear a very gloomy complexion, and but for the gambols of two squirrels that somewhat diverted my attention, I should have been very unhappy. The pretty but timid animals, thinking themselves alone in the wood, sported with the freedom and grace of perfect security, pursued each other from tree to tree, and surprised me by their agility, and the playful elegance of their manœuvres. As I made one piece with the stem of the larch, one of them ran heedlessly down my body to climb a neighbouring tree, up which the other pursued it from branch to branch to the top. All at once they both stood motionless, which made me conjecture that they saw some one coming. I was not mistaken. A stout man made his appearance, accompanied by the native with the black forest. The stout man had three chins, a full-moon face, small and unfortunately very weary eyes, a cocked hat, and a long-tailed coat. As soon as he caught sight of me, he put himself in an attitude of observation. 'Who are you?' I shouted to him.

"The syndic of the commune," he replied, without advancing a step.

"Well, then, syndic of the commune, I demand that you untie me, or cause me to be untied by your officer there, who is stuffing his nose with snuff."

"'You will be untied presently,' they both cried out together. 'Let's see a bit the rights of the matter,' said the syndic.

"Warned by experience, I was careful not to say another word about smugglers. 'My story,' said I, 'is very simple. I have been attacked and plundered by brigands, who tied me to this tree, and I require to be set free from it forthwith.'

"'Oh, that's how it is?' said the syndic. 'Brigands, you say?'

"Yes, brigands. I was crossing the mountain with a mule that carried my valise. They robbed me both of the mule and the valise."

"Oh, that's how it is?'

"Most assuredly that's how it is! And now you know all, make haste and untie me. Come!"

"That's how it is!" he repeated, without budging. "I say, it will cost a deal in the matter of writings."

"Will you untie me, blockhead?—what have I to do with your writings?'

"Why, you see, we must verbalise, in course."

"Verbalise afterwards; but untie me first."

"Not possible, my good Sir, I should get in a mess. Verbalise first, and untie you afterwards; that's the way. I'll go look for witnesses. I must have two that can sign their names. It will take some time to find them, you know; and then they must be paid for their day, but monsieur won't mind that.' Then turning to the native—"Go down to Maglan, to la Pernette. She will tell you where her husband, the notary, is; you will go and send him here—after which go your ways to Saint Martin's, where you will find Benaiton, the sexton. He is there for certain, for he has to ring the bells to-day for the wedding of the Chozets—tell him to come too. And bid the notary bring his inkhorn—ours was spilt on Tuesday at the wake—and also the stamped paper. Stir your stumps, my lad; with honest folks one loses nothing by not bargaining before-hand. Go your ways, and as you pass through Veluz, tell Jean Marc that his mare has the glanders, and has been fired; but the autumn will bring her round again. Go."

"To the devil with him, and Jean Marc, and his mare, and yourself into the bargain! Stupid magistrate! Unfeeling wretches! Oh, stay! untie me, and I will give you a louis d'or a-piece."

"On hearing this, the native, who had already put himself in motion, stopped

short, all agape with greed of lucre. But the syndic replied, 'You will pay for the writings and expenses, and will give whatever you please over and above; if you come down handsome nobody will take it amiss; but in regard to buying people before-hand, you might put *louis d'or* on *louis d'or*, but it wouldn't do. Do you know that we're syndics of the commune from father to son, since the time of Antoine Baptiste, my ancestor, and that before we demean ourselves to lose our good name, you'll see the Arve without water! Get along with you,' he shouted to the native. Then turning to me, 'Have patience,' he said, 'I'll go fetch you a *chopine* of red that will make you all right and hearty.'

"Thus the vexatious but meritorious honesty of this good fellow was as bad for me as his respect for forms. I was again left alone; and this time, feeling certain that I should not be released before next morning, I tried to accustom myself to that idea. Fortunately the evening was warm, and the air delightfully serene. The declining sun shot horizontally into the forest that had been closed during the day to its rays; and the larches cast their long shadows on a mossy sward, all glittering with rich and warm hues. Some buzzards I had seen hovering over my head had disappeared; the crows were crossing the valley of the Arve, cawing as they flew towards their roosting place; and the mountain tops themselves, gradually losing colour, seemed to pass from life and activity to the silence of sleep. This evening calm—this spectacle of nature wrapping herself in shade, and sinking into nightly sleep—exercises a secret power over the soul, charming away its cares and perturbations, and dissolving them in a pleasing melancholy. In spite of my uncomfortable situation, I was not untouched by these impressions. My mind, gently moved, reverted to the events of this stormy day; and, as it retraced the sufferings of the morning, it enjoyed with a livelier relish the tranquil sweetness of the evening, and the re-assuring hope of a deliverance, if not immediate at least sure, and not far distant.

"Meanwhile, by the last rays of the setting sun, I descried on my horizon some men, women, and children—a whole village. Their figures, placed between me and the sun, were projected in the form of moving *silhouettes* on the transparent foliage of the lower larches, so that at first I did not distinguish amongst them my syndic and his *chopine*. He was there, however, and with him the curé, who had been attracted to the scene by the fame of my adventure. His visit revived my hopes; and I made ready to avail myself, for my deliverance, of whatever stock of christian virtues I might find him possessed of.

"The curé was very old and infirm, and ascended the path slowly. 'Heyday,' said he, when he caught sight of me, 'those scoundrels have swaddled you vilely, monsieur. I salute you.'

"The frank and open manner of the good old man filled me with an ecstasy of delight. 'Vilely, indeed,' I replied; 'excuse me, Monsieur le curé, if I do not bow or take off my hat to you: it is their fault. Will you allow me to say a few words to you in private?'

"'The first thing to be done, I fancy, is to untie you; after which you can talk to me more conveniently. Here, Antoine,' said he to the syndic, 'make haste and cut these cords.'

"I was profuse in my expressions of gratitude, and assuredly they came from my heart. Antoine pulled out his knife, and was about to cut my bonds, when the native, who coveted the cord and wished to have it complete, warded off the knife, and went to work on the knot, which he untied in a few minutes. The moment I was released I grasped the hand of the curé, and in the first transports of my joy I kissed him on both cheeks. But immediately I was seized with acute pains in all my limbs; my torpid legs were incapable of movement, and I was forced to sit down on the spot. Antoine then came and administered the *chopine* to me, whilst the curé sent some of his parishioners

to fetch his mule for my use. Having given his orders, he turned to me and said, 'Now I am ready to listen to you;' and the whole village, herds-men, women, children, the syndic, and the sexton, made a circle round us. The sun had just set,

"I told my story exactly as it had occurred. The atrocious circumstances that had attended the death of Jean Jean struck horror into the minds of those honest people; and when I repeated the blasphemous expression that excited the merriment of the smugglers, '*Say your prayers, Jean Jean!*' they all with one accord crossed themselves in solemn silence. Touched at the sight, and strongly prompted to unite in this spontaneous movement of so natural a feeling, I instinctively took off my hat. The parishioners seemed surprised; the curé remained grave and motionless; and as for me, I felt abashed. 'Go on, go on,' said the worthy old man. So I finished the story; not forgetting the excessive prudence of the native, or the laudable disinterestedness of the syndic."

It was in 1832 that Töpffer made his first essay as a *romancier* in a charming little production, '*La Bibliothèque de mon Oncle*,' the opening of which we have already quoted. It now forms the middle of the '*Histoire de Jules*.' Next year he published the first part of '*Le Presbytère*,' which he afterwards extended to five books; and this was followed by several smaller tales and narratives of excursions in the interval between that year and 1840.

We were about to say that '*Rose et Gertrude*,' Töpffer's last work, is the most exquisite of all his productions, and we know not why we should hesitate to do so, but that we confess ourselves biassed by a lingering partiality for an older favourite, the first book of '*Le Presbytère*.' The latter story opens on a summer noon, on the side of a pond, where Charles lies stretched on the grass, contemplating three grave and peaceful individuals, three ducks, *videlicet*, who are taking their siesta in all the security of a conscience void of offence, and never dreaming of the dangers and sorrows to which the most innocent are exposed in this world of trouble. In his idle mood Charles flings a stone into the pond, and startles the sleepers out of their placid repose. Something of the like sort is about to befall himself. He is very much given to dreaming by day, especially since a certain evening on which he came down from the mountain with Louise, the daughter of the parish-clerk. The incident will not take long to tell:—

"One evening in the preceding autumn, Louise and I set off to see the two cows belonging to the parsonage, which were kept during the warm season at the chalets half-way up the mountain. We took the way through the woods, chattering and playing as we went, and stopping at every trifle. In an open glade, among other things, we amused ourselves with the echo, until at last, by dint of hearing its mysterious voice issue from the thickets, a sort of uneasy feeling came over us, we looked at each other in silence, as though there had been a third person with us in the wood; and then we scampered off with one accord to go and laugh further on at our foolish fear.

"In this way we came to a brook, too deep to be easily crossed, at least with dry feet. I immediately proposed to Louise that I should carry her over; I had done so a hundred times. She refused; and, whilst I looked at her in surprise, a deep blush overspread her face, whilst at the same time a thousand

confused impressions sent the blood to my own cheeks. Something, as if it were a sense of shame, before unknown, made us both cast our eyes on the ground. I was thinking of making a bridge for her with some large stones, but, guessing from her gesture and from her embarrassment that she wished to bare her feet, I left her and went on.

"I soon heard her footsteps behind me, but I know not how it was, I was prevented by an unaccountable bashfulness from looking back, for fear of meeting her eye. As if we were agreed together on this point, she eluded that moment by hastening to put herself again at my side, and we walked on without saying a word, or thinking any more of the chalets. We left the path to them on our left hand, and struck into another that led back to the parsonage.

"Meanwhile, night had gradually overspread the plain, and the stars were shining in the sky; a few sounds, more or less distant, and the monotonous cry of the cuckoo, alone mingled at intervals with the evening silence. In places where the wood was not very dense, we had glimpses of the moon glittering through the leaves and branches, and then we passed again into deep obscurity, where the path was scarcely distinguishable from the dark sward beside it. Louise walked close beside me, and, hearing something rustling under a bush, she caught hold of my hand as if by an involuntary movement. A feeling of courage instantly took the place of the uneasiness I was beginning to share with her, and my heart beat with the sense of a wholly new pleasure:

"This little incident came as welcome relief to the embarrassment of our situation, and had in it something of the sweetness of a reconciliation. It had moreover a secret charm for me, as if she had had need of my protection, and I was a stay for her timid weakness. Availing myself of the darkness, which hindered her from discerning my emotions, I kept my eyes turned constantly towards her, notwithstanding that it was impossible for me to see her. But I felt her presence the better, and I enjoyed with a more exquisite zest the fond feelings that possessed me.

"In this manner we reached the outskirts of the wood, where coming again under the open sky and the moonlight, I fell into another perplexity. It struck me that there was no longer any reason why I should keep hold of her hand, and yet I felt that I should be guilty of coldness or affectation if I withdrew my own; so that at that moment I could have wished with all my heart that her hand had quit mine of its own accord. I drew all sorts of inductions from the most impalpable movements of her fingers, and the most involuntary tremblings of my own caused me extreme emotion. By the greatest good fortune there was a style in the way which we had to cross. I immediately let go Louise's hand, after having passed through a world of new and vivid feelings.

"A few moments afterwards we had arrived at the parsonage."

It is plain that he loves Louise, and not at all improbable that the sentiment is mutual. But the parish clerk is a stern obdurate man. An expression let fall by him in an angry moment has painfully acquainted Charles with the fact that he is a foundling. The poor lad had never till that moment suspected this, so well had the good clergyman, M. Prevère, fulfilled for him the duties of an affectionate father. Is there any chance that he, the foundling, can aspire successfully to the hand of the daughter of the parish clerk? This is the perpetual theme of his meditations. The clouds are gathering over his destiny, and the storm is about to burst on the very day when we find him musing by the pond, and scaring the ducks from their noontide slumbers. M. Prevère appears at a window of the parsonage. His air is pensive; and he looks down on Charles with an expression of sorrow on his grave,

benevolent features. Charles, who has a presentiment of some unpleasant explanation, steals away before M. Prevère has had time to call him. He has not gone far, when he stumbles upon the parish clerk fast asleep under a bush. A letter, carelessly folded, is sticking out of his pocket. A letter! From whom can it be? Charles himself has his pockets full of letters, which he has been writing incessantly for the last six months, without ever venturing to forward them. What if Louise had written, if the parish clerk had spoken to M. Prevère, and if this was what occasioned the pensive air of the kind pastor? His curiosity is aroused; he creeps cautiously about the sleeping clerk, and peeps at the letter in his pocket. Imagine his surprise and delight when he reads the address, in the hand-writing of Louise, "*Monsieur Charles.*"

The temptation to possess himself of the precious document is great, but his habitual awe of the surly clerk prevails, and he only ventures to blow softly between the leaves, and try to squint at the writing. A word or two at the beginning, and as many at the end of the lines, are all he can make out, and it is easy to conceive that the ideas he collects from them are none of the clearest. But love is a great quickener of the wits, and Charles makes out a whole history from these disjointed fragments. Louise loves him—that is the main point; but something still remains obscure. She hints at an event about to take place, which gives her courage to break through the reserve she has hitherto imposed on her feelings. What can this mean? Just as he is about to explore the mystery, the clerk gives a grunt, turns over on his side, flings out his heavy arm, and Charles is caught beneath it fast as in a trap. He escapes at last; and next we find him engaged in a conversation with M. Prevère, in which it is settled that Charles shall take his departure that very evening for Geneva, to complete his studies, and bid a long farewell to the parsonage, an eternal one to Louise and his dearest hopes. He sets out accordingly, and proceeds some way on his journey; but his thoughts are with the scenes he has left behind him, and at night his steps almost involuntarily follow the direction of his thoughts. He returns to bid a last farewell to the beloved spot, and to watch the last gleam of light shining through Louise's window. He narrowly avoids being surprised by the suspicious clerk, and has just time to conceal himself in the church, where, exhausted by the fatigues and emotions of the day, he falls fast asleep. He wakes at a late hour on the following morning. It is Sunday; the congregation are about to assemble, and it is now too late for him to escape. Fortunately, he recollects that the organ is undergoing repairs, and will not be played that day. He conceals himself in it, and overhears a conversation about himself, M. Prevère, and the clerk. The conduct of the latter, in refusing his daughter's hand to a foundling, is cordially approved by his fellow-parishioners, though much compassionate sympathy is expressed for the poor harmless lad. At last, the pastor enters; the conversation ceases, and the service begins. M. Prevère read the usual prayers, but, contrary to his usual custom, he did not join in the psalmody. He looked dejected, and his eyes

were bent alternately on Louise and on the empty seat which Charles used to occupy. After the last psalm he opened his bible, and having read the text, "*Whoso receiveth one of these little ones in my name, receiveth me,*" he poured forth his christian sorrows in a stream of the noblest eloquence, simple and sublime, blending the loftiest tone of reproof with the humblest accents of a gentle, loving, and sorely afflicted heart. Louise is obliged to leave the church before the end of the sermon; the whole congregation are in tears, and the stubborn nature of the clerk himself is subdued. Three days afterwards, Charles, who had hastened straight to Geneva the moment he escaped from his hiding-place, received the following letter from Louise's father:—

"CHARLES,—M. Prevère spoke of you yesterday in his sermon, and said things that grieved me, coming from so worthy a pastor. So, after service, finding him alone under the acacias, I took his hand, being hard set to speak, my heart was so big. 'Well, old friend,' says he to me, 'speak out; did you think I was too harsh?'—'It aint that,' said I; 'but I have repented since this morning, M. Prevère, or for that matter, since last night. It's Sunday to-day, and I don't mean to take the sacrament till he comes back. Give him Louise.'

"With that we embraced, and I felt that I had done right, and I thank God for it for having enlightened me in time. M. Prevère talked to me after that. It was to tell me that you were to remain where you are, all the same, to learn a business. He will write to you, and so will Louise, when she has heard from you.

"By way of a token, Charles, I send you my watch, just as my father gave it to me. Jean Reynaud has cleaned it, and recommends that you should not lay it at night flat-ways, but hang it on a nail, in regard of the movement.

"Adieu, Charles. Be steady and diligent.

"REYBAZ."

'*Rosa et Gertrude*,' our author's latest production, and the longest of his narrative compositions, is an exquisite tale, filled with the deepest pathos, and yet of no depressing tendency; on the contrary, the general impression it leaves on the reader's mind is of that temperate sadness which naturally consorts with hope, fortitude, and discerning charity. The story is most effectively told, and with the greatest simplicity,—two qualities that bespeak the consummate art of the writer. Its principal subject turns upon the old theme, the trusting innocence of woman's love betrayed by the perfidious cruelty of the accomplished hypocrite in passion. The narrator is a benevolent pastor, M. Bernier, one who is worthy to be the colleague of M. Prevère. Walking one day in a bye street of Geneva, he meets two young ladies, linked arm in arm, and struggling with low, cheery laughter against the gusts of wind that ruffles their drapery. After a little hesitation they take courage to accost M. Bernier: they are strangers, and have lost their way; the pastor accompanies them a short distance in the direction of their hotel, then quits them and proceeds on the business of his ministry to visit a dying man. Meanwhile the appearance of the young strangers has made a singular impression upon him, which he accounts for, on reflection, by the contrast which their light-hearted youth and beauty, and their gay

and costly attire, presented to the scene of suffering and death with which his mind was occupied when he encountered them. He sees them again among his congregation in church, and is pleased with their modest and attentive demeanour. By-and-by the acquaintance ripens gradually into intimacy. The young ladies are quite alone in a town where they are total strangers, and the good clergymen cannot withhold from them the countenance and protection they meekly solicit at his venerable hands.

By degrees he learns their history. They belonged to two wealthy families of Brême, and had been inseparable friends from their earliest years. Rosa, the younger of the two, was married to M. le Comte de —, whom the two friends agreed in extolling as endowed with all the graces and virtues under heaven. He had unfortunately been obliged, by the unexpected death of his father at Hamburg, to leave his young wife at Geneva, whilst he proceeded to discharge the duties which had devolved on him through that melancholy event. His return had been expected for some time; he had ceased to write, and the two friends were greatly distressed by his prolonged absence, and his silence. To add to their perplexities, there was a young man residing in the same hotel, who, presuming on a slight acquaintance with M. le Comte, was so inconsiderate as to importune them with his visits at a time when they were manifestly indecorous. Their money was at last exhausted; no remittances reached them, and the landlord grew pressing. Thereupon the intrusive gentleman completed the impropriety of his conduct by officiously volunteering to pay their bill. The indelicacy of this proceeding made their longer stay in the hotel impossible. But then came the difficulty, how were they to discharge their debt? M. Bernier suggested the obvious expedient that they should write to their families; but that counsel was unavailing. Rosa's marriage had been a clandestine one; Gertrude had been instrumental in its accomplishment, and in the fervour of her romantic friendship had forsaken her family to be the constant witness of her Rosa's happiness. The clergyman's poor purse could afford them no help; therefore, with M. Bernier's consent, they sold some of their trinkets, and retired to a modest lodging, which he procured for them in the house of an artizan, one of his parishioners.

This step was blameless, honourable, and evidently the most prudent they could take under the circumstances; and yet it became the occasion of fresh entanglements. The fact that they had sold their jewels was gossipped abroad, and added strength to the unfavourable conjectures induced by the singularity of their position. Scandal was busy with their names, and it was envenomed by the insidious arts of their persecutor of the hotel, who hoped to bring Gertrude down to such an abject state of despair as would put her wholly at his mercy. Troubles and humiliations of all sorts fall one after the other on the poor guileless young creatures, and on the good old clergyman, their protector. The skilful and easy manner in which all these details are managed, the natural sequency with which incident begets incident, gives to this part of the story a dramatic interest, of which it is hardly

possible to convey an idea in a sketch like the present. The character of M. Bernier comes out with admirable distinctness and individuality in the course of the novel and most distressing struggle in which he is engaged, from the time when he issues forth from the hotel, amidst the jeers of the spectators, with his young *protégées* clinging to him on either side, to the day when after every other door had been closed against them he receives them into his own humble dwelling, in spite of the grave rebukes of his reverend brethren in the ministry. When at last poor Rosa's pregnancy becomes known to him, and his first impulse on recovering from the momentary stupor into which he is cast by this climax to his cares and afflictions, is to go and pronounce a fervent blessing on the young mother, the scene is perfectly sublime in its pathetic simplicity. The tragic interest of the story deepens continually from that moment, and with it our veneration for the lowly and endearing greatness of this good old man. The sympathy we feel for him sustains our attention beyond the atoning catastrophe with which the main action closes, up to the instant when he closes his recital, ten years after these events, and we leave him, at the age of eighty-three, like Töpffer's own father, seated between his son and Gertrude, with their children gathered round his knees. He is a real personage, like Parson Adams and Doctor Primrose; and the reader who has once made acquaintance with him will ever after retain an invincible conviction of his actual existence, all matter-of-fact-evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. Such is the mysterious supremacy of genius, compelling us to own a faith in defiance of knowledge. It appears to have been a part of the author's purpose in delineating this character, to show how much single-hearted steadfastness and plain good sense, matured by vigilant exercise in the obscurest walk of duty, transcend even in practical utility the most consummate worldly cunning and address, and how much surer and more successful guides they are through the tangled and thorny mazes of life. M. Bernier is the very reverse of a man of the world. In point of mere *knowingness*, he would be overmatched by many a twelve-year-old cockney or *gamin de Paris*; and yet whilst we smile at his primitive, unworldly ways, we find in the end that he is equal to every emergency, seizes every occasion by the right handle, and whatever course he adopts is invariably the wisest and the best possible under the given circumstances.

The characters of Rosa and Gertrude are touched with scarcely less delicate discrimination and precision than that of M. Bernier. Rosa's marriage, we need hardly say, proves to have been a diabolical mockery. The truth slowly unfolds itself. Gertrude is the first to discern it; for adversity disenchanting her strong understanding from the delusions into which an enthusiastic temperament and desire to promote Rosa's happiness had betrayed her inexperience. Her fault had proceeded from the unwise indulgence of her disinterested affection; and as punishment visited her through the same channel with a life-long grief, wringing her heart at first with almost mortal anguish, but finally tempering and subliming her nature into what is most,



divine on earth, the embodied ideal of excelling womanhood. Rosa dies broken-hearted, but loving and trusting with unwavering fidelity to the last. She is spared the pain of reading, under the hand of her infernal betrayer, the boasting avowal of his guilt, which is seen by her friends after her death; and no proof short of that avails for a moment to shake her belief in his worth and in the sincerity of his passion. The sorrow that kills her cannot wring from her a word bearing the semblance of a reproach to her murderer. The unkindness that defeats her life has no power to wound her love. Her character, fond, confiding, utterly unselfish, and transparently ingenuous, seems an exact image of that of Desdemona, whom she resembles too in her one sin—filial disobedience—and its fatal consequences.

2.—**MASANIELLO.** Drama da Raffaello. Nocchi. Lucca: 1847.

THE subject of this drama, always one of peculiar interest, has in the above been treated by a young Italian poet with great power and feeling. The beautiful manner in which the love of the ill-fated Neapolitan fishermen for his people breaks out, even in spite of the deadly influence of the poison which has affected his reason, is sketched with a master's hand. The episode of Neller, the only child and joy of her poor blind father, and the improvisatrice of the Mercato, is one of touching beauty, and we would strongly recommend this drama to all lovers of Italian literature.

3.—**INFERNO DI DANTE ALIGHIERI IN VERSI E IN PROSA.** Firenze, 1847.

THIS is an attempt to facilitate the study of Dante by the addition of a prose Italian version at the end of each page. Should it prove acceptable, as seems probable, to young persons studying Italian, the 'Inferno' will be followed by the 'Purgatorio' and the 'Paradiso.'

## INTELLIGENCE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

### *Infant Schools.—Mr. James Buchanan.*

It is highly satisfactory to us to note the facts, from time to time, which mark that a growing interest in the subject of education is beginning to pervade every department of government. Inquiries, it appears, have been instituted, through the Colonial Office, to discover the present abode of Mr. James Buchanan, the first teacher of Infant Schools in Great Britain, and their original *founder* in the proper sense of the term; inasmuch as it is not so much those who with philanthropic objects establish a school, as he who first introduces the plan which makes a school succeed, to whom the country is chiefly indebted for the gift of education. We have been favoured with a copy of the following letter, and we trust it may lead to some public acknowledgment of services which no amount of pecuniary recompense could adequately repay; that may solace an old age of modest and retiring merit.

Cape Town, February 4th, 1847.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated the 1st instant, informing me that a despatch had been received from the Right Honourable the Secretary of State, directing inquiries to be made whether Mr. James Buchanan is residing in this colony, and in what capacity; and requesting me, as the son of Mr. James Buchanan, to furnish whatever information I can on the subject with a view to its transmission to the Secretary of State.

In reply, I have the happiness of being able to state that my father, Mr. James Buchanan, is residing with my sister, Miss Anne Buchanan, teacher of the Infant School at Rondebosch, near Cape Town (of which institution you, sir, are President), by whom he is chiefly supported, his advancing age rendering him incapable of much continuous exertion.

I may be permitted to add, that my father arrived in this colony in the year 1839, on his way to New Zealand, whither he was proceeding with the view of establishing infant schools for the benefit of the settlers' and native children in connection with the New Zealand Company. This was after he had been occupied for a period of twenty-four years, uninterruptedly, in the work of infant education (about four years at Lanark, from 1816, and twenty years in Westminster, from 1819), during which time many thousands of young children had successively passed under his care and received the impress of an earnest and pious spirit; while a practical exemplification was thus constantly, for so long a time, furnished of the working of the infant system, whereby great numbers of teachers were made acquainted with it, and who afterwards, with more or less success, carried it into operation in different parts of the country. Delighting in the work of infant instruction for its own sake, and the system he had originated having spread and been adopted throughout the kingdom; he became impressed with a desire to extend its usefulness to the promising sphere, which, according to the accounts then published, appeared to be opening so favorably in the settlements projected by the New Zealand Company. Passing the Cape for this purpose, in December 1839, the vessel in which he sailed unexpectedly touched here, where my brother and myself were then engaged in teaching,—and here, at our solicitation, he providentially remained; we reimbursing the Company for the expense they had incurred on his account.

Since then, he has not been directly connected with any particular school,—but has found an agreeable exercise for his ruling affection, in instructing the children, and (coloured) servants of some Dutch families in the neighbourhood.

Trusting that these particulars, which are all capable of instant verification, may be satisfactory with regard to the object of the inquiry,—

I have &c.

(Signed.) WILLIAM BUCHANAN.

The Hon. J. Montagu, Esq. Secretary to Government.

We find the following remarks in the *Cape Town Journal* of January last (No. 308), upon the article we published on this subject in our number for October, 1846. After confirming our account of the origin of Infant Schools as an accurate statement, the Editor remarks :—

“We think it not unfitting to state here (from personal knowledge), that the *first* Infant School in England was removed to a building erected for the purpose, in Vincent Square, and maintained, by the liberality of Benjamin Smith, Esq., M.P. for Norwich, after it had been three or four years in operation in Brewer's Green, supported by Lord Brougham, Lord Lansdowne, John Smith, James Mill, Joseph Wilson, and—let him not be forgotten—

Zachariah Macauley. It was in Brewer's Green that Mr. Wilderspin first became aware of the existence of such an institution; and it is a fact that he was introduced on the establishment of the *second* school in Spitalfields, as correctly stated by the Reviewer."

We learn from a paragraph in another newspaper of the same colony, that the Editor of the *Cape Town Journal* is Mr. William Buchanan, the writer of the preceding letter; an authority unquestionable for the facts to which the letter and the extract refer.

"In our observations upon the article on Infant Schools in the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review* for October, 1846, which we had marked for notice, we have been a little anticipated by our contemporary of the *Cape Town Mail*, on whom falls all the merit and the honour—for we believe it is to the father of that individual that the subject chiefly applies. And thus it is that modest merit is often buried in obscurity, and thus do some run off with the prize which in all justice should be shared by others. No objection has been raised to the annuity or pension granted to Mr. Wilderspin,—who appears to have been worthy of his reward,—but he seems to have forgotten to render honour where honour was due, and to have lost sight of the head and founder of that system which brought him fame and comfort.

"Were Mr. James Buchanan now in London, instead of being sepulchred in Grave-street, Cape Town, his high claim to public esteem might not go long unrewarded. Fame, with her trumpet tongue, would spread his deserts through the press; and although as 'a Moravian or Swedenborgian Teacher' he might not meet with much countenance or success in the neighbourhood of the Old Church Sanctuary, still, as an admirer of that angelic and intellectual spirit, whose *love* and *wisdom* are now shining through the *letter* of Scripture, (and whose theology and philosophy are spreading and enlightening in all directions), he would not be left solitary as a pelican of the wilderness, but have companions of his own sphere."—*African Journal*, Jan. 21, 1847.

### THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

*Bay of Panama, on board Her Majesty's  
Ship, Herald, February 6th, 1847.*

In your letter of the 15th December, which I received the 24th January, you ask my opinion respecting canals and roads across the Isthmus of Panama. I have had ample leisure to learn what people think and say here about this matter, and I have also seen what has been written and published on the subject. French surveyors have examined the whole territory, and are in favour of a canal; and the '*Journal des Debats*' fancied, some time since, that French three-deckers would soon be able to make a passage through the Isthmus. I have seen the plans, and must acknowledge that they are very ingenious; unfortunately they are not practicable. They might be, if this country were sufficiently inhabited; but since a man may travel here for days together without meeting with even a single human being, it is easy to perceive that there is a total want of hands for such gigantic enterprizes. Nor are there any labourers to spare in the West India Islands, and if Europeans were brought hither they could not perform the work; they would speedily perish, as did happen during former days with five hundred Irishmen, who arrived as settlers. The Spanish authorities made prisoners of them, and employed them to make a road. They were by no means forced to labour severely. The length of the day here is only twelve hours, and during the hottest hours those people were allowed to rest; yet they all perished in a short period, not one survived.

If we consider the expense which the introduction of Europeans, the impor-

tation of provisions, tools and materials, would imply, it would be found to exceed every possible estimate, and amount to far more than any company or nation could afford to furnish. Besides this project of a canal, others have been started, but whoever has seen the country and is acquainted with the locality and other circumstances, is forced to acknowledge that all are equally impracticable. Mr. Loyd's proposal of a railway has found much favour. His plan is to make a railroad from the river *Trinidad* to *La Chorrera*. This would not touch *Panama*, unless connected with it by a branch road. Others want to proceed up the river *Chagres* as far as *Gorgona* and *Cruces*, small villages in the centre of the country, and from thence by railroad to *Panama*. These projects, although probably less impracticable than that of the canal, would still cost enormous sums. Many hills, rivers, and ravines would have to be passed, causing labour and outlay beyond all reasonable means. The most rational and feasible plan, and one which has been generally approved of, is the making an ordinary road, practicable for waggons and carriages, although there are neither waggons, carriages, nor carts in the whole country. But there is no money here to defray the expense—in fact there are no means to repair the old causeway, only four feet wide, and formerly constructed by the Spaniards.

The Atlantic Steam Navigation Company has offered to contribute largely towards the repair of the said causeway from *Cruces* to *Panama*, and has had it surveyed for that purpose, because of the complaints of travellers, many of whom prefer the long passage round Cape Horn—a strong proof indeed of the abominable state of the road. It is, in fact, thought—and I believe justly—that within a couple of years it will be perfectly impassable; but, nevertheless, the causeway will not be repaired, nor a new road be made. They think, at *Bagota*, that the rise of *Panama* would ruin the three provinces, and therefore oppose all proposals of this kind. This miserable jealousy checks all advance, and *Panama*, formerly so flourishing, but now more than half in ruins—called the *Golden Cup*, because of its wealth—will probably be, fifty years hence, but a heap of rubbish.—Yours, faithfully,

BERTHOLD SEEMAN.  
Naturalist on board *H.M.S. Herald*.

#### NEW ZEALAND.

*Karori, near Wellington, New Zealand, November 9, 1846.*

As a fine field for colonization, there is "no mistake" about this country. Its advantages are very great. The climate is excellent,—not so mild as at first stated, for the winds and rains sometimes render it harsh, but it is most salubrious. In the twelve months ending March 31, 1846, we had—

Fine and sunny days .. ..	220	
Cloudy, but fair .. ..	24	
	—	Days without rain, 244
Showery days .. ..	100	
Rainy days .. ..	21	
	—	Days with rain, 121

In the year we had forty-one gales of wind; the night-frosts in the six winter months were twenty-two. We had fourteen slight shocks of earthquake, and eleven days on which more or less thunder and lightning occurred. The frosts are slight, and disappear at 9 A.M.

The characteristics of the climate are mild, humid—equable yet variable—and windy. It is rather a perpetual spring—the grass being rarely parched, and the trees always green—than a climate of very marked differences. The following is a table of the temperature at my house, 591 feet above the level of the sea, during this year, 1846.

	Mean at 9, A.M.	Mean of hottest time.	Lowest at 9 A.M.	Highest at 2 P.M.	Fair days	Cloudy.	Showery.	Rainy.
January ..	58.3	66.3	52	72	16	3	10	2
February ..	60	66.25	50	78	22	1	5	0
March ....	55	64.3	52	73	20	4	7	0
April .....	56.7	62.8	50	75	13	2	7	8
May .....	50	58	34	68	12	4	5	10
June .....	45.5	52	36	68	19	1	5	5
July .....	42.3	50.8	31	58	16	1	10	4
August. ....	45.5	53.3	34	66	14	1	8	8
September.	48	56	42	63	17	0	10	3
October ...	53.5	60	42	74	20	1	5	5

Port Nicholson is a splendid harbour, capable of containing the whole English navy. It must command all the trade of the Southern Islands, and half that of the Northern. It is surrounded by hills, which give a picturesque but forbidding aspect to the country. It is behind a part of this ridge of hills that I live, on a sort of table-land, comprising about 4,000 acres. The hills, except near the coast, are covered with forest. Karori yields the finest timber; it has about 230 inhabitants, who, for the most part, cultivate five acres of land, and make money by sawing.

The Hutt valley is a rich alluvial soil, far more profitable to the farmer, but not so well adapted to private persons. Where we raise twenty-eight bushels of wheat to the acre, the Hutt farmers get forty or more. I have a section of 122 acres, rather under two miles from the town, and I have cleared seventeen acres, and am building a house, which will be two miles and a half from the court-house. We raise most of our own food,—having cows, pigs, poultry, and farm produce.

Governor Gray has been here just a year, and has certainly done wonders in the time; making himself deservedly popular. He has put down the war, north and south; and although some slight disturbances and irritation may arise, nothing serious should be anticipated, as the majority of the natives are much attached to us, and are pleased with him. The chief, Rangihaieta, is driven north of Otaki, fifty miles from Wellington, and has only thirty followers with him. This settlement consequently feels the advantage of tranquillity; trade is flourishing; great importations of sheep and cattle are taking place; and the grassy plains of the interior, just behind our hills, are becoming over-spread with the surplus sheep and cattle of N. S. Wales. The flocks and herds increase rapidly, and the owners are becoming rich, for the demand for the troops has raised prices considerably. The Governor is also doing a lasting good by making roads, where we had before only bridle-paths. Parts of the Porirua road, now complete, look like English Macadamized roads; and the same sort of roads are to be continued up the Hutt, thence to the Wairarapa plains, and through Karori to Ohariu, on the coast.

The colony is to be divided into two, this being the seat of government for one, with some members of council elected. As this is understood to be on Governor Gray's recommendation, it renders him more popular.

We have just received the twentieth report of the Company. It complains of Gray for the only policy that could save the country; and it shows great want of information in supposing the settlements are likely to be "broken up and dispersed," for they have been improving ever since the repeal of the debenture ordinance (*return to cash payments*), and are now very prosperous. The real shock was when the Company ceased to spend money two years ago.

## CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

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1. **THE BRITISH WORLD IN THE EAST**; a Guide, Historical, Moral, and Commercial, to India, China, Australia, South Africa, and the other Possessions or Connexions of Great Britain in the Eastern and Southern Seas. By Leitch Ritchie. Two Volumes. London: W. H. Allen & Co., 7, Leadenhall Street. 1847.

AN able summary of events connected with the rise, progress, and present state of the British Empire in the eastern hemisphere. The author has well worked out the desire of the publishers "to have the spirit and results of history in a form at once popular and practical;" and although he professes to give only "the heads of knowledge," there is nothing dry in the manner in which his task has been performed; on the contrary the book is exceedingly readable, and will be found of great value both as a work for reference, and as presenting a comprehensive and interesting sketch of the history of an important portion of a mighty empire.

As a matter of course, the history of our Indian possessions occupies a large portion of these volumes: and the recent important proceedings in the northern provinces of that empire have been impartially recorded. The author's summary of these events may be quoted as a fair specimen of the work:—

"Such, in few words, is the history of an event which has caused much angry discussion in England. In these pages it passes with little observation, because it is read with the context of our Indian history. We have seen the little storekeepers of the coast rise before our eyes till they have become the sovereigns of a mighty empire. Dotted here and there among their dominions are some of the native states that have borne a part in our narrative, and which are still allowed to retain a nominal independence. But the independence consists in the privilege of being governed in the nineteenth century according to the model of earlier ages, when the country was the private property and the people the personal slaves of the prince; and every year the number of such states becomes smaller, by a process which is termed spoliation and tyranny by those who read history with the eyes of the mind shut. Since was the western frontier, including the Indus, the moat of our magnificent fortress; and the horrors of her misgovernment were not even respectable by their antiquity in the eyes of the inhabitants, being perpetrated by strangers and usurpers. Lord Auckland saw the necessity for the paramount power obtaining a command over her own frontier; and Lord Ellenborough, when the moment for coercion came, following in the steps of those men who have really won the dominion of India for England, instead of entering into a league with the brutal princes against the people, swept the former from their thrones at a blow, and opened to the latter the prospect of a future in their social existence, hitherto shut out from them by the dull, dreary present of oriental despotism.

"But the Governor-General did not act thus in the case which next presented itself. The direct line of the Sindia family had expired in 1827, and a boy, chosen by adoption to fill the throne, suffering the entire rule to continue in the hands of his minister, spent his brief life in debauchery, and died child-

less in 1843. Another boy was adopted by the queen dowager, herself a little girl, when a struggle for power commenced between his minister, who had been opposed by the British government, and that of the late maharajah. The whole country was convulsed by the strife, and the ex-minister proving to be the stronger, brought over the queen dowager to his interest, and sent troops and artillery to guard the Chambul against the British.

"But the British had determined to interfere, and their approach was not to be stayed. Onward they marched, to the number of fourteen thousand men. In vain the little queen submitted; in vain the turbulent minister was brought in chains to the camp; it was necessary to make a demonstration which should awe the wild chiefs of the country; and on the 29th of December, moving in two separate lines of march, they arrived at Maharejpore and Punniar, and found the Mahrattas, much stronger in number and posted on heights defended by ravines and one hundred pieces of artillery, ready to receive them. The Governor-General, who was in advance, found himself unawares in the midst of the battle, and preserved this accidental post without flinching, encouraging the men to do their duty. The entrenchments and batteries of the enemy were carried at the point of the bayonet, but with severe loss; and the Mahrattas behind, sustaining the shock that ensued with determined courage, were driven off the field after having slain or wounded a thousand of their assailants. Gwalior, the capital of the state, was then entered by the British without opposition, and a treaty concluded on the 10th of January, which leaves the country at the mercy of such disturbances nearly as much as ever.

"We have seen, throughout this strange eventful history, that the British in the acquisition of territory were, in their own estimation, *never in the wrong*. Infraction of treaties, treachery, debt, and a thousand other good and sufficient causes explained every step they took, from the little factory of Surat, to the throne of the Great Mogul: but the explanation, unluckily, was satisfactory to only one of the two parties concerned. The people of India understood conquest, for they are used to it; and no people under heaven care less whether the new government be legitimate or not, provided it be better than the last. But argument is quite another thing; they will quibble on the points of a state paper as skilfully as an European; and, *if they do not find their situation ameliorated by the treaty*, they will, without scruple, take advantage of any real or supposed advantage they may have in the ratiocination to break it. In the case of Sind, the Ameers were deposed and their dominions confiscated because they persisted in endangering the peace of India and outraging the supreme power. In the case of Gwalior, by the failure of heirs the succession had lapsed to the British, as lords paramount and successors of the Mogul; but instead of taking possession of the country they merely entered into a treaty to strengthen the hands, and thus perpetuate the misgovernment of the rajah. The councils of the company have been divided between these two lines of policy from the days of Clive down to the present year.

"It may be said, that if there is an error in the latter course it is on the side of delicacy and moderation, and that at any rate the dominion of India has been falling and is falling into the hands of the company as rapidly as *could have been expected*. There seems to be great theoretical weight in this argument, although its decision may be questionable in point of practical utility. Without affecting to say that the Indian subjects of the British have as yet derived all the benefit they ought to have done from the government of an enlightened nation, it cannot be denied that, after a dreary pause of perhaps thousands of years, they have, at least, under the new auspices, *begun* that career of social progress which it is to be hoped is the destiny of the whole human race; while under the native princes the people do not even remain stationary, but are continuing the downward course of barbarism and decay,

which we have traced to a period antecedent to the visit of Alexander the Great."—p. 317.

The following extracts contain a succinct account of the events which led to the war with China :—

1840, an event occurred of extraordinary importance, not only to India, but to the whole world ; but, as it will become our duty in another division of the work to describe somewhat at large the circumstances of the Chinese war, it is unnecessary to do more than briefly allude to them here. China had always been looked upon with a sort of awe by Europeans. The vastness of the empire would have signified little to the desperadoes of the west, but the concentration of its powers under a single government placed it altogether in a different category from India ; and having no rival princes to enthrone or dethrone, no field for coercion or intrigue, they continued to trade and cringe, and to consider the permission to do so (which was not always granted) as a peculiar happiness.

"But commerce, although with so vast and concentrated a mass to work upon, at length performed the task allotted to it in the destinies of mankind. The trade of the 'western barbarians' extended till it became an object of interest, then of uneasiness, then of alarm, to the Imperial Government. They had hit upon a drug as an article so well adapted to the taste of the Chinese, that the balance of trade turned against that people, who at length required to pay in money for the gratification of what had become almost a necessary. The perpetual drain of the precious metals was met, not as it would have been in Europe, by restraining imposts, but by utter prohibition ; which, it is hardly necessary to say, in the case of a country with so extensive a seaboard and so imperfect a preventive service, merely injured the revenue without injuring the trade. Nay, the trade flourished the more as the stricter grew the prohibitions. Taste was changed into passion, and commerce into gaming. Even the heads of the local government, and probably the members of the imperial cabinet themselves, shared in the spoil of the revenue ; while the Europeans flung themselves with zeal and determination upon the chances of a business which was no more illegal now than the regular trade had repeatedly been, and in which they won and lost large fortunes. Their own government declined interfering, for the drug, by whomever bought, was a source of large profit to India, and it was no affair of theirs to assist a foreign power to enforce its customs' regulations. The emperor grew desperate, silver was precious, opium immoral ; and the nation grew poor and drunken at the same moment. Still he would not be persuaded, even by his own more intelligent councillors, to take the only step which could by possibility have the slightest effect ; and heaping insults and outrages upon the barbarians, he at length goaded them into war. In the middle of 1840, an expedition left India against a country containing between three and four hundred million inhabitants ; and after the usual horrors attendant upon successful invasion, forced a treaty from the Chinese on the 29th of August, 1842, in which the opium trade was not mentioned at all, but by which the emperor bound himself to pay twenty-one million dollars for the expenses of the war, to open five principal ports for trade, and to cede the island of Hong Kong in perpetuity to the British Crown. The news of this treaty and of the destruction of Ghuzni and recapture of Cabool reached England by the same mail!"—p. 311.

Some appropriate reflections conclude a summary of the horrors of the "Opium War :"—

"Such were the fortunes and results of the opium war, which a thousand years hence will still remain as one of the great landmarks of history. The



few details we have given exhibit in a striking point of view the singular audacity of British troops; an audacity not arising, like that of the equally intrepid Tartars, from mere animal courage, but from a devout faith in the prodigious machine of which every soldier is conscious of forming an integral part. In a body of imperfect organization, the parts act for themselves, and all depends upon individual skill and valour or popular impulse; but in the British army, the squadron, the division, the troop, the company, the men—all give themselves up to their assigned duty in the absolute certainty of support. It is this universal feeling of identity, this implicit confidence in each other which gives success to a high and heroic valour, that would otherwise have more effect in warming the imagination than in influencing the destinies of mankind. But the hideous atrocities of the British troops are altogether unsusceptible of excuse, unless the blame be transferred from the individuals who perpetrated them to the system of which they were the blind and fatal instruments. The fact that war converts men for the time into demons, cannot be more strikingly illustrated than by the habitual massacres of fugitives committed by an army that was never exposed to the smallest chance of defeat, and whose losses, compared with that of the enemy, were not as one to five hundred. Still, these very massacres were merciful in their effect. The survivors of a Chinese force that had once been subjected to them never rallied; one after one the armies of the empire vanished from the field no more to return; and a war which might otherwise have desolated the country for many years, was brought to a close, as intercepted despatches testify, by the absolute want of soldiers to maintain it. The reprisals of the Chinese, it may be added, were limited by their weakness and their fears, except in one memorable instance, which occurred after the slaughter of the Tartars at Chapoo. This was the public execution, at Formosa, of three hundred British subjects who had been shipwrecked on that island.”—p. 370.

With this quotation we must conclude our notice of a work which seems in every way worthy of public patronage.

2. **A SKETCH OF ASSAM; WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE HILL TRIBES.** By an Officer in the H.E.I.C. Bengal Native Infantry, in civil employ. With Illustrations, from Sketches by the Author. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1847.

So little is really known of Assam, and the districts immediately adjoining, that the present volume must be regarded as being a valuable addition to our stock of information regarding a comparatively unexplored country. In 1840, the author was appointed second in command to the Assam Light Infantry; and he appears to have set out in high spirits at the prospect of again doing duty in a country he had previously visited, and in which he felt “an uncommon degree of interest.” He assumed the command of his detachment at Saikwah, selected as a military post in 1839, when the station of Sudeeah, on the opposite bank of the Burrampooter, was burned by the neighbouring tribes. Saikwah is described as a most desolate place, “surrounded by fierce and treacherous tribes, who occupy a most impenetrable tree and grass jungle, and whose endeavours are perpetually directed to the annihilation of the troops.” It is said to be “by no means so desirable a station for the health of the troops as

the deserted post of Suddeah, in an open plain of six miles in extent;" but the object in changing the locality seems to have been that of protecting the tea plantations at Muttuck "from the sudden aggressions of the numerous wild, fierce, border tribes."

After a short residence at Saikwah, the author was removed to Burpetah, on the Chant Khawa river. The appearance of this place in the rainy season, when the whole country is under water, is thus described:—

"The population of Burpetah is estimated at about three thousand souls. Their huts are built without any regularity, on high artificial mounds of earth, in the centre of gardens of betel-nut and plantain trees, clumps of bamboos, cane and grass jungle, mango and other large trees; under the shade of which, impervious to the sun, roads or channels intersect the town in every direction. In the rainy season, these channels, owing to the inundation of the country, are filled with water many feet in depth. Every house, consequently, is provided with one or more canoes, in which the inhabitants visit each other's isolated positions; and the cattle are brought upon the little eminences at night, and housed oftentimes under the same roof with the family, if not in the same room. Daily may the cattle be seen swimming across these streamlets in search of a dry spot of land on which to graze. In this manner, for four months of each year—June, July, August, and September—are the people surrounded by floods; but, as if endowed with amphibious natures, they seem equally happy in or out of the water, and pass their time on board their boats in trading with other villages throughout Assam. When at home, they amuse themselves during the rainy season in collecting the wood which floats down the rivers, from the destruction of their banks (alluded to in the foregoing chapter), and in the sport of catching wild buffaloes, deer, and pigs, which are now seen in great numbers swimming across the rivers from the low, inundated grounds, to reach the more elevated spots, on which to subsist; the animals in their passage being overtaken by canoes, are captured with the aid of ropes and spears, with little difficulty."—p. 16.

The greater portion of the volume is devoted to an account of the various Assamese tribes: from that relating to the Muttucks, we extract the following observations on the cultivation of Assam tea:—

"The tea plant is indigenous in Muttuck, and the Assam Tea Company have cultivated many gardens, greatly to the benefit of Upper Assam; and if the Company steadily prosecute the speculation, thousands of labourers will, in the course of time, resort thither for employment, and become permanent settlers. Tea, it is believed, may be grown in sufficient quantity to supply the English market, and afford a handsome remuneration to the speculators. An inconsiderate expenditure of capital placed the Assam Tea Company in great jeopardy, and at one time it was feared the scheme would be abandoned. The number of managers and assistants appointed by the Assam Company to carry on their affairs and superintend their tea gardens, on large salaries, was quite unnecessary: one or two experienced European superintendents to direct the native establishment would have answered every purpose. A vast number of Coolies (or labourers) were induced to proceed to Upper Assam, on high wages, to cultivate the gardens; but bad arrangements having been made to supply them with proper wholesome food, many were seized with sickness. On their arrival at the tea plantations, in the midst of high and dense tree jungle, numbers absconded, and others met an untimely end. The rice served out to the Coolies, from the Assam Tea Company's store rooms, was so bad as

not to be fit to be given to elephants, much less to human beings. The loss of these labourers, who had been conveyed to Upper Assam at a great expense, deprived the Company of the means of cultivating so great an extent of country as would otherwise have been ensured; for the scanty population of Upper Assam offered no means of replacing the deficiency of hands. Another importation of labourers seems desirable, to facilitate and accomplish an undertaking formed under most auspicious circumstances. Nor was the improvidence of the Company in respect to labourers the only instance of their mismanagement. Although the Company must have known that they had no real use or necessity for a steamer, a huge vessel was nevertheless purchased, and frequently sent up and down the Burrampooter river from Calcutta, carrying little else than a few thousand rupees for the payment of their establishment in Upper Assam, which might have been transmitted through native bankers, and have saved the Company a most lavish and unprofitable waste of capital."—p. 107.

The author gives an interesting account of the process of gold-washing, which now seems to be in some measure neglected. From the following extract, the capabilities of Assam seem to be very great, though the indolence of the inhabitants prevents them from taking advantage of the bounties of nature:—

"In many parts of the province, coal of a good quality is found, and indeed the soil of Assam generally may be considered extremely rich. It abounds in valuable products, such as rice, sugar-cane, Moongah silk, pepper, mustard-seed, and cotton. But the bounty of nature is marred by the indolence and apathy of man; the cultivator seldom looks beyond his immediate wants, and makes no attempt to improve his condition. In fact, in agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing industry, this country may be considered at least a century behind Bengal; and there seems little prospect of improvement, excepting by the introduction of a more active and industrious people, who might stimulate the natives to increased exertions. An inveterate indulgence in the use of opium by the population at large, is the curse of the country, depressing the industry and withering the physical energies of the people, by limiting their desires to the gratification of the wants of the day."—p. 133.

The volume contains a number of beautiful illustrations, from sketches by the author, who has performed more than his promise to produce a book of mere amusement, since the contents of the present publication will add many interesting particulars to the previously existing knowledge of Assam, and will doubtless lead the public to await with some impatience the larger volume promised in the preface.

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3. FLORENTINE HISTORY, FROM THE EARLIEST AUTHENTIC RECORDS TO THE ACCESSION OF FERDINAND THE THIRD, GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY. By Captain H. E. Napier, R.N., F.R.S. In Six Vols. Vols. 5 and 6. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1847.

CAPTAIN NAPIER'S 'Florentine History' is concluded in the two volumes now before us; and we know not that greater praise, can be bestowed upon the author or his work, than by saying that the conclusion is worthy of the commencement, and that throughout the

whole six volumes there is the same evidence of minute research, the same regard to accuracy of detail, and the same spirited style of narrative as characterised the early portions, and at once established the gallant Captain's right to take rank with the most "honest chroniclers" of any period.

There is, however, one fault, and in such a work a grave one, but this, perhaps, is not so much the fault of the author as of the publisher—we allude to the omission of a general Index. We have before had occasion to complain of the same omission, in noticing other books recently published—but it is especially inexcusable in such a work as the 'Florentine History,' and is not at all compensated by the comprehensive summary of the contents of the chapters given in each volume. In a standard work like this, the reader will continually have occasion to refer, not only to the chapter, but to the very page; and this without the trouble and loss of time incident upon wading through the mass of matter given in the contents: there is not even a running title to direct him in his researches. We have no doubt that many, like ourselves, will feel sadly disappointed at an omission, which in a great measure spoils an otherwise admirable book.

The fifth volume opens with [the reign] of the licentious tyrant Alexander, and the sixth ends with that of the enlightened Leopold I.; and few men display more opposite characters than those two ducal governors of Florence. From an enumeration of the reforms introduced into Tuscany by the liberal Leopold, we quote a description of his virtual abolition of the game laws—a step which ought in many respects to be followed at home.

"The game laws had only been partially assaulted by a suppression of sixteen royal '*Bandite*,' or preserves, in 1772; but this was now followed by a more vigorous blow at privileges which, besides their essential injustice, ruined the means and morals of many for the selfish gratification of a few, and were highly and universally pernicious. Eight more game preserves were now opened to public amusement and the relief of agriculture: and after thus sacrificing twenty-four royal parks on the altar of justice, Leopold could afford to strike the harder at those more numerous dens belonging to noble families who had once shared in all the noxious bounty of the Medici. Twenty-five additional nests of agrarian desolation were thus annihilated, but still he proceeded cautiously even in the removal of these notorious evils; and although his delay in disparking all the royal preserves is not clearly accounted for, it may well be supposed that their injury to farmers had been already arrested. He still, however, left untouched some feudal rights belonging to crown vassals, not with any idea of letting them long enjoy that objectionable authority, but merely recoiling for a more vigorous spring at all seigniorial power, all barbarous laws, and every remnant of Medician vanity. The grand duke's unrelaxing vigilance led him, on the 23rd of March, 1776, to strike another blow at the chase; wherefore, a third edict reduced all royal preserves to the moderate limits of four villas in the neighbourhood of Florence, namely the *Poggio Imperiale*, the *Cascine dell'Isola*, *Cerreto Guidi*, and *Monte Vetturini*, the limits of which were clearly defined; because uncertainty on this point had ever been a source of great and universal vexation. These were made coverts for small game only, which did little comparative mischief; every other neigh-

bourhood being delivered, as regarded crown property, from the monstrous tyranny of cruel and heartless game laws. Leopold's reasons, as he himself expresses them, were to prevent the arbitrary conduct of gamekeepers, the vexations and prosecutions occasioned by such powers and privileges, and to liberate proprietors and cultivators from a bondage so injurious to agriculture and their own personal welfare. Our ancient forest laws and our existing game laws afford sufficient proof of the moral and physical evils generated from an undue pursuit of law-protected amusements, which as it were fracture the rights and happiness of multitudes, while they tempt the more resolute sufferers to snap every legal tie adverse to the existing temptation or necessity, and to snap them without any moral consciousness of wrong—the law is unjust, the poacher feels it to be so, and his only thought is how to break it with impunity. This passion for field sports, which does not appear to have much influenced the ancient Romans, was brought into Italy by the Franks and Lombards, whose laws are full of it; the republican Florentines, however, seem to have paid little attention to such pastimes, probably because they were too much absorbed in commerce, politics, and sedition, and in the Florentine statutes it is said to be scarcely alluded to. The Medician princes were the first that encouraged it, even to folly, and none followed the chase more keenly than Cosimo I., even before he mounted the throne. From him downwards we find a constant accumulation of tyrannical laws on that indurating subject. Amongst these princes, from the days of Francis I. to those of Ferdinand II., field sports were carried to a terrible perfection. The number of salaried huntsmen belonging to noble Tuscan families was so great as to form a series of distinct corps, gallantly led, and rivals in skill, daring, and long endurance of fatigue. They defied each other to bring the wildest beasts of prey from African deserts to be hunted in Tuscan forests by gallant bands of royal and noble sportsmen, under the fantastical names of the '*Piacevoli*,' '*Piatelli*,' '*Disperati*,' '*Resoluti*,' and so forth.

"The first of these was once splendidly entertained, in celebration of its sylvan exploits, by Ferdinand II. Their dresses were graceful; their spirit high; their quarry deer, goats, stags, wild boars, wolves, and bears; and their woodland feats exercised the pens if not the genius of some celebrated contemporary poets both in Latin and Italian verse; nor did Bedi, Baldovini, Chiabrera, and others, disdain to sing the laws, the deeds, the skill and prowess of the Tuscan hunters. St. Hubert's church, called '*Serhumido*,' near the Porta Romana, was their favourite temple, probably because the miraculous influence of his stole had been imparted to the nail upon which it once hung; the latter, in guise of a hunting horn, having been preserved in this sanctuary for the adoration of his sylvan followers, and as a sure antidote to hydrophobia. It was a melancholy consequence of this passion for wild sports, that perhaps no subject in the minute and oppressive code of Medician legislation is more frequently or rigorously handled. The '*Bandite*' were so extensive and numerous that a vast breadth of country, both land and water, was '*tabooed*' for the pastime of the prince, his nobles, and his favourites. Cosimo the Second's law of the 6th of June, 1618, is sufficient to show the nature of one of the mildest of Medician princes when blinded by these selfish sports! It explains and consolidates all previous acts for regulating the chase in his '*most happy states*,' and was made '*according to the taste and for the pleasure of his most serene highness and his predecessors, and for the benefit of his citizens and vassals, in order that they might know the places in which they were allowed to amuse themselves in such honest and worthy diversions.*' Then follows a description of about three-and-twenty extensive districts, surrounding royal and private parks, which were declared as inviolable as the parks themselves to all but privileged hunters; amongst these the whole *Contado* of Florence was

included by Cosimo the First, in 1549, only nineteen years after the republic's fall, when he wanted to break the Florentine spirit, and reduce everything to the character of an aristocracy depending on absolute monarchy.

"Under the republic sporting was free to all, but Cosimo I. began the system of *Bandite* to please the great crown vassals, and afterwards granted this privilege to almost any wealthy landowner that requested it. In the above-mentioned law there are numerous regulations about the arms allowed for sporting, and the animals for hunting; but the game reserved by it for *Bandite* consisted of hogs, goats, deer, stags, hares, quails, pheasants, partridges, heath-cocks, and pigeons; of which the hog, the stag, and the deer, were by Cosimo I. suffered to be snared on cultivated ground by the proprietors, even within the privileged boundary; but dogs, guns, and crossbows were rigidly forbidden. In the law of 1618 there is a list of no less than six-and-thirty lakes, rivers, and canals, in none of which, between certain limits, were any but the favoured owners allowed to look at the scaly tribe, and scarcely suffered to cast a furtive glance even on those objects reflected in the waters! A variety of minute instructions were likewise exhibited about the manner and proper seasons of fishing the few unprivileged pools still left unfettered in these 'most happy states;' but for the eight first-mentioned royal *Bandite* enumerated in these laws, a penalty of fifty golden crowns, and two strokes of the cord, with the forfeiture of the arquebuse, was incurred by any man so audacious as to discharge a single shot within the sacred confines; and whoever was found in possession of nets and other sporting implements in these limits, which always extended for miles over private property, was visited by two applications of the cord, and a fine of twenty-five golden crowns; those also who dared to kill, shoot at, or hunt an animal within such bounds, if he were a citizen eligible to state offices, incurred a fine of 100 golden crowns, and three years incarceration in the *Stinche* prison, besides what further punishment the judges might think expedient to inflict. People of inferior rank were made galley-slaves for the same period, but still subject to all the rest of this rigorous punishment. For those who chased, or fired, or shot with a crossbow at animals, not prohibited but within the forbidden line, a penalty of fifty crowns and two applications of the cord were forthcoming; and whoever shot at interdicted animals with a cross-bow, or killed them in any way, even without chasing, received two strokes of the cord, was fined fifty crowns, and afterwards condemned to the galleys, if it so pleased the judge to sentence him. These examples are sufficient to prove how hard and implacable was the spirit of Medician law about matters of mere amusement; and all this odious legislation remained in force until after more than two centuries of existence, when Peter Leopold tardily expunged them from the statute-book."—Vol. vi. p. 186.

4. RECOLLECTIONS OF MALTA, SICILY, AND THE CONTINENT. By Penry Williams, Jun., Esq. Edinburgh: Fraser & Co., George Street. London: Orr & Co. 1847.

THIS elegantly got up little volume has every appearance of being what it really professes to be, a record of the "impressions of a tour made in pursuit of health and pleasure, accompanied by rather a numerous family;" and as a narrative of the various events of such a tour, it certainly forms a very agreeable, readable book.

\*At Messina, the English nurse was attacked by some inflammatory complaint, and the *medico* called in opened a vein in the foot, which was then placed in warm water, and, as the doctor said, "*Perhaps*

two or three pounds of blood abstracted." This gives occasion for the introduction of a little bit of the doctor's history.

"Our medico, whom I will now introduce by the name of 'Galeno,' was a decided character, and his early life could boast of more than an ordinary share of remarkable incident. Being intended for the Church, he was placed by his father in a convent in the interior of the island, with the full determination to make a monk of him, if possible. However, *cucullus non facit monachum*, an accident, or rather, *destiny*, as the Italians would say, willed otherwise, and a circumstance, trifling in itself, caused a thorough revolution in his prospects.

"Great havoc had for some time been made among the flocks belonging to the convent, and suspicion soon fell upon a dog, whose predilection for mutton had gained him considerable notoriety. Now, ovicide, according to Galeno, was a capital offence, and the evidence against the animal was so strong that his life was deemed forfeited. Half an ounce of No. 6, from a well-directed fowling-piece, soon satisfied the ends of justice. Unfortunately, this creature was the pet of another fraternity, who, irritated at the loss of their favorite, commenced rigid inquiry into the matter, and its death was eventually brought home to Galeno. From that moment he was a marked man. Some little time afterwards, when from home on business, he observed four individuals watching his movements, in fact, he was evidently dogged. It was now becoming dark; and distancing his pursuers, he escaped to a cottage, where he intended to pass the night. His retreat was, however, discovered, and the house attacked. Travelling in Sicily being then a service of some danger, he was fortunately provided with firearms, and relying on these, refused to surrender. The door was forced; the pistols raised, and the two first who entered fell by his hand. Galeno, now defenceless, and overpowered by numbers, was brutally beaten, and becoming senseless, was left for dead. After some time, recovering from his stupor, he was enabled to reach Palermo, from whence he embarked for Marseilles.

"The survivors of this affray having in the meantime falsely represented the occurrence, and his flight being received as a tacit acknowledgement of the truth of their statement, a sentence of banishment for twenty years was pronounced against him. Now commenced his study of medicine; and several years afterwards the real truth being declared by one of those present at the transaction, who, on his deathbed, confessed the murderous intention of the whole party, he was permitted to return; and he now resides at Messina, a professor of physic, instead of a professor of theology."—p. 69.

Naples would appear to be the head-quarters of pickpockets.

"Neapolitan pickpockets are the most ingenious thieves imaginable. I defy any person to lounge up the Toledo and not find himself minus a pocket handkerchief, provided he walks as a gentleman usually does, without taking any extraordinary precautions. There is an establishment in the town for the instruction of young gentlemen in this species of sleight-of-hand. One qualification requisite for aspirants in the science is, that the third and fourth fingers should be of equal length; and in order to arrive at these proportions, the juvenile delinquent employs his spare time in straining out the muscles of the shorter finger. By this Procrustean operation they become better adapted for prehensiles, and an adept in his profession will even filch loose silver out of your pocket, with an address and dexterity calculated to draw tears of admiration from the Artful Dodger himself."—p. 101.

Our travellers seem to have visited all the lions in their route, but

the descriptions of Vesuvius, Pompeii, the Carnival and Easter festivities of Rome, and other usual sights, have been described too often to be here repeated; we must quote one little passage relative to the garden-curiosities of a Sicilian duke, who seems to have emulated the Chinese in his gardening tastes.

"This man or his family must be possessed of a more than ordinary allowance of eccentricity. Of all the quaint jack-in-the-box contrivances to excite surprise which were ever invented, the most ridiculous are to be seen in these gardens. At the end of one walk, in the centre of a labyrinth, appears a rustic cottage, on entering which you are surprised at the apparition of a wooden monk, apparently disturbed at his devotions, and signifying his displeasure at your intrusion by a mandarin-like motion of his head. Another similar building is approached by a flight of steps, which are no sooner pressed by the foot, than by some mechanical contrivance, the door flies open, and a copious stream of water deluges the intruder. But the crowning absurdity of all was a rocking-horse, ready saddled and bridled for a tournament; opposite to this charger was placed apparently the trunk of a tree about ten feet in height, surmounted by an iron ring. The horse was suspended sufficiently off the ground to enable it to be swung backwards and forwards. At the request of our *cicerone* I mounted, armed with a lance, and thus accoutred was directed to charge the iron ring. The horse was put in motion, and several unsuccessful thrusts elicited shouts of boisterous merriment from a group of priests who were spectators. At last the ring was struck, when, *presto*, down fell the imaginary trunk, and disclosed a young lady, decked out after the fashion of a queen of beauty. The gardens, though rather tastefully laid out, were not well kept."—p. 113.

As an example of Italian courtesy the author mentions, that having found an accumulation of correspondence at the post-office on reaching Rome, his purse was exhausted before he could pay for the whole of it; "when an Italian, an entire stranger, most politely stepped forward, and offered him whatever sum he might require." This is mentioned as only one among many instances of politeness and civility exhibited towards strangers by the Italians.

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5. THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND. An Appeal to the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry, on behalf of the Working Classes. By G. W. Perry. London: C. Gilpin, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without. 1846.

IN explanation of the opportunities he has enjoyed for the collection of materials for this book, the author states, that during a period of more than seven years he journeyed over a large portion of England, "in the capacity of travelling agent of an association which was formed for the purpose of collecting and disseminating information respecting the condition of the peasantry, and of originating and promoting plans for raising and improving it."

Mr. Perry attributes the wide-spread destitution of our peasantry chiefly to the extinction of small farms, and the altered manners of agriculturists, consequent upon the high war-prices towards the close of the last century, when "the demand for corn and animal food had become so great, that the owners of the soil saw it to be their interest,



not merely to increase the productive capabilities of their estates, but also to take measures for enlarging the extent of tillage land." The result was an extensive enclosure of common and waste land, "and the plough, the maddock, and the spade were soon actively at work in bringing into cultivation large tracts of ground which had never before produced an ear of corn." The author justly observes, that the enclosure and reclamation of large tracts of previously unproductive land can hardly be looked upon as an evil in itself; but that an immense amount of positive evil may be produced by the *way* in which this is done. For, he says,

"While the war lasted, I grant that the injurious effects of these enclosure acts were but little felt by the poor. During that period the rate of wages was generally high. In fact, for many years labour was at a premium; and consequently the labouring classes, whose perspicacity did not enable them to look far into the future, saw themselves gradually stripped of the benefits which their forefathers had derived from the commons, almost without a murmur or a complaint.

"Previous to this period, also, a very considerable number of the peasantry possessed little fields of freehold or copyhold land, varying from half an acre to seven or eight acres in extent, on which many of them earned a comfortable subsistence, without being at all dependent upon paid labour. Some of these practised dairy husbandry, and some kept horses for the purpose of doing job-work. But this class of persons has long ceased to exist, except in a few solitary instances. Such was the competition for land during the war, and such the disposition of the landowners to blot out the existence of small farms, and to let their estates to men who seemed to think that, if they could obtain farms sufficiently large, they could not fail to make rapid fortunes, that, in a few years, nearly the last vestige of those small holdings had disappeared. If the occupier was merely a tenant at will, he had no alternative but to give up possession on the first summons; and if he possessed a freehold or copyhold tenure, inducements were held out to him to part with his little inheritance, which, at that time, were almost irresistible; and though by the transfer he beggared his descendants, he frequently secured to himself a competence for life."—p. 18.

The author illustrates the above statement, by alluding to one parish in Cambridgeshire, wherein, in the year 1803, "forty-three fires were extinguished, and as many comfortable cottages demolished, to each of which from two to ten acres of land were attached, in order that a farm of two hundred acres might be doubled in size." Various particulars are given, on the authority of a gentleman who was a native of this parish, where, in 1803, there was not a single able-bodied pauper, nor a single person out of employment," relative to the gradual increase of pauperism among a class who had previously been "in some way or other identified with what might be considered as *fixed property*."

No small share of the moral deterioration of the peasantry may be traced to the discontinuance of that friendly intercourse which formerly existed between the farmer and his farm-servants. Formerly, if a single man, the farm labourer

"Boarded and lodged under his employer's roof; and hence, while he was sure of a good dinner, he was less exposed to bad society; had fewer induce-

ments to form an early and improvident matrimonial connexion; and he whose bread he ate stood to him somewhat in the relation of a parent as well as a master."

But war-prices put a stop to this. Increased incomes brought with them more expensive habits; and a desire to follow the fashions, and to ape the manners of the wealthy of other classes, daily gained ground with the farmer and his family. It was soon fancied, by the farmer's wife, "that it was not only quite vulgar, but also a serious inconvenience, to have a number of farm-servants constantly eating their meals and passing their spare time in the kitchen," they and their manners did not harmonise with the plate, carpets, and mahogany of the other parts of the renovated farm-house, forsooth, and consequently, "it would be better to pay them a higher amount of wages, and let them board where and how they pleased."

And, in the words of our author,—

"This expulsion of the male servants from the tables and hearths of their masters, might be said to break the last link of the chain which, from the days when the Saxons obtained possession of England, had cemented the identity of interests of the employer and the employed."—p. 28.

The author records a conversation he had with a liberal Sussex proprietor, upon the condition of the peasantry in by no means the worst of the agricultural counties; and, from the information thus obtained, he draws the following "o'er true" picture of the condition of the labouring population.

"Taking Sussex, then, as a type of the general state of the peasantry in most of the strictly agricultural counties of England, an intelligent mind may well ask the question, to what extent has the impulse which the French war gave to agricultural enterprise really benefitted the bulk of the people of England? Some political economist may perhaps reply—look at the vast breadth of waste land that has been reclaimed and rendered productive, at the improvement in our breed of horses, cattle, and sheep; look at the present style of our farm-buildings, as compared with what such buildings were fifty years ago; and lastly, look at the immense increase of the rental of the soil, and the increased value of land. But might not all this have been effected without impoverishing the circumstances and debasing the character of those whose valuable labour was the chief instrument in accomplishing all these improvements? To the improvements, as such, no one can rationally object; nay, as I shall afterwards show, our improvements in agriculture, as a science, are capable of being profitably carried to an extent far beyond what they have yet been. But hitherto they have, in many instances, been purchased at a price which humanity shrinks from contemplating. The soil has been made more productive, but those who till it have not the means of enabling them to enjoy its fruits. Farm-houses have everywhere been greatly improved, but a large proportion of the farm-labourers live in wretched and cheerless hovels. Rents have risen in an extraordinary manner, but poor rates have increased to an amount which heavily taxes these rents. In every country the declaration of the Almighty, that 'the poor should never cease out of the land,' has been verified; and England, like other lands, has always had her poor. Nearly two hundred and forty years ago, she had so many that her legislature saw it to be necessary to make a legal provision for them; but never till within the present century could it be said of England's sturdy peasantry that, as a class, they were pauperised; and never, perhaps, in the annals of any nation, is the

fact recorded, that the very means and causes which led to an aggrandisement of its aristocracy, such as no country save this ever witnessed, had the effect of morally and physically deteriorating the condition of its industrious population to a level to which no christianised and civilised state on the face of the earth at this moment presents a parallel."—p. 32.

As the chief means of improving the condition of the peasantry of this country, the author calls upon the landowners "to retrace every wrong step which they or their fathers have taken;" contending that—

"The connection of the labouring classes with the soil must be re-established, in order that they may possess a fixed and permanent interest in the national property, have their well-being identified with that of their employers and their country, and have some other resource than the poor rates the moment that their labour is even but temporarily suspended."—p. 40.

Mr. Perry's little volume appears well calculated to command attention upon the important subject of the amelioration of the condition of our peasantry, even from those who may dissent from his views.

6. FRIENDS IN COUNCIL: A SERIES OF READINGS AND DISCOURSE THEREON. Book the First. London: William Pickering. 1847.

As the above title by no means affords a clue to the contents of the book, we may briefly explain that three friends are supposed to have occasionally met "in council," for the purpose of reading an essay, and of discoursing upon topics suggested by the reading. The present volume comprises eleven of these Essays and Discourses: both are exceedingly well written; and although the Essays may perhaps contain little that is new, there is frequently a new way of putting old truths well-calculated to command attention, and to induce further reflection upon the topics treated of. The following are extracts from the "Essay on Truth."

"Truth needs the wisdom of the serpent as well as the simplicity of the dove. He has gone but a little way in this matter who supposes that it is an easy thing for a man to speak the truth, 'the thing he troweth;' and that it is a casual function which may be fulfilled at once after any lapse of exercise. But, in the first place, the man who would speak truth, must know what he troweth. To do that he must have an uncorrupted judgment. By this is not meant a perfect judgment or even a wise one, but one which, however it may be biassed, is not bought—is still a judgment. But some people's judgments are so entirely gained over by vanity, selfishness, passion, or inflated prejudices and fancies long indulged in; or they have the habit of looking at everything so carelessly, that they see nothing truly. They cannot interpret the world of reality. And this is the saddest form of lying, 'the lie that sinketh in,' as Bacon says, which becomes part of the character and goes on eating the rest away.

"Again, to speak truth, a man must not only have that martial courage which goes out, with sound of drum and trumpet, to do and suffer great things; but that domestic courage which compels him to utter small-sounding truths in spite of present inconvenience and outraged sensitiveness or sensibility.

Then he must not be in any respect a slave to self-interest. Often it seems as if but a little misrepresentation would gain a great good for us : or, perhaps, we have only to conceal some trifling thing, which, if told, might hinder, unreasonably, as we think, a profitable bargain. The true man takes care to tell, notwithstanding. When we think that truth interferes at one time or another with all a man's likings, hatings and wishes, we must admit, I think, that it is the most comprehensive and varied form of self-denial.

"Then, in addition to these great qualities, truth-telling in its highest sense requires a well-balanced mind. For instance, much exaggeration, perhaps the most, is occasioned by an impatient and easily-moved temperament which longs to convey its own vivid impressions to other minds, and seeks by amplifying to gain the full measure of their sympathy. But a true man does not think what his hearers are feeling, but what he is saying."—p. 6.

We give the concluding paragraph of the "Essay on Recreation :"—

"There are no details about recreation in this Essay, the object here being mainly to show the worth of recreation ; and to defend it from the objections of the over-busy and the over-strict. The sense of the beautiful, the desire for comprehending nature, the love of personal skill and prowess, are not things implanted in men merely to be absorbed in producing and distributing the objects of our most obvious animal wants. If civilization required this, civilization would be a failure. Still less should we fancy that we are serving the cause of godliness, when we are discouraging recreation. Let us be hearty in our pleasures as in our work, and not think that the gracious Being who has made us so open-hearted to delight, looks with dissatisfaction at our enjoyment, as a hard task-master might, who in the glee of his slaves could see only a hindrance to their profitable working. And with reference to our individual cultivation, we may remember that we are not here to promote incalculable quantities of law, physic, or manufactured goods, but to become men : not narrow pedants, but wide-seeing, mind-travelled men. Who are the men of history to be admired most ? Those whom most things became : who could be weighty in debate, of much device in council, considerate in a sick room, genial at a feast, joyous at a festival, capable of discourse with many minds, large-souled, not to be shrivelled up into any one form, fashion, or temperament. Their contemporaries would have told us, that men might have various accomplishments and hearty enjoyments, and not for that be the less effective in business, or less active in benevolence. I distrust the wisdom of asceticism as much as I do that of sensuality : Simeon Stylites no less than Sardanapalus."—p. 59.

How true is the following, from the Discourse on "The Art of Living with others !"—

"Talking of companionship, do not you think there is often a peculiar feeling of home where age and infirmity is ? The arm-chair of the sick, or the old, is the centre of the house. They think, perhaps, that they are unimportant ; but all the household hopes and cares flow to them and from them."

"I quite agree with you. What you have just depicted is a beautiful sight, especially when, as you often see, the age or infirmity is not in the least selfish or exacting."—p. 119.

• And again :—

"In companionship, when an evil happens to one of the circle, the others should simply attempt to share and lighten it, not to expound it or dilate on

it, or make it the least darker. The person afflicted generally apprehends all the blackness sufficiently. Now, unjust abuse by the world is to me like the howling of the wind at night when one is warm within. Bring any draught of it into one's house, though; and it is not so pleasant."—p. 119.

Would there not be more Christian charity in the world if the following advice in the "Essay on Education" were generally acted on?

"Parents and tutors will naturally be anxious to impress those under their charge with the religious opinions they themselves hold. In doing this, however, they should not omit to lay a foundation for charity towards people of other religious opinions. For this purpose, it may be requisite to give a child a notion that there are other creeds besides that in which it is brought up itself. And especially, let it not suppose that all good and wise people are of its church or chapel. However desirable it may appear to the person teaching that there should be such a thing as unity of religion, yet, as the facts of the world are against his wishes, and as this is the world which the child is to enter, it is well that the child should in reasonable time be informed of these facts. It may be said in reply, that history sufficiently informs children on these points. But the world of the young is the domestic circle; all beyond is fabulous, unless brought home to them by comment. The existence, therefore, of different opinions in religious matters being held by good people should sometimes be dwelt upon instead of being shunned, if we would secure a ground-work of tolerance in a child's mind."—p. 127.

This book is a beautiful specimen of Mr. Whittingham's modern-antique printing—antique even to the cut of the letters and the colour of the paper. There is a quaintness, too, in the wording and display of the title-page, with Mr. Pickering's monogram, well befitting the style of the contents, a "Second Book" of which we shall be glad to see.

7. MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS: a Selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs. By Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co. 1847.

A BOOK for a parlour window, for a summer's eve, for a warm fireside, for a half hour's leisure, for a whole day's luxury—in any and every possible shape a charming companion. The public need not be told what are Leigh Hunt's claims to attention. A reputation, now certainly undisputed, though for many years sharply contended for by his admirers against his opponents—the reputation of a genuine and graceful poet, as well as of a lively, suggestive, and elegant prose writer—is quite sufficient to arrest the attention of the most careless reader, and to make every one anxious to see a new volume bearing his name. Our task is therefore of the simplest. We have, in our office of *tasters*, merely to announce the nature and contents of this new publication. It is a reprint; but having one advantage over the reprints of essays which have recently been made, by the lapse of time which has occurred since the first publication of the greater portion of these volumes, and the variety of sources from which they

are taken. The essays of Macaulay, Jeffrey, Macintosh, and Sydney Smith were all extracted from one review; but the present work ranges in point of time from about 1820 to 1842, and in point of space from the *New Monthly* to the *Ainsworth*, including, in the transit, the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*, *Tait*, the *Monthly Repository*, and the *Monthly Chronicle*. Few persons possess all these periodicals; yet who would not possess Leigh Hunt's articles?

There is considerable variety in the subjects, with an astonishing uniformity (we mean of vivacity and elegance) in the treatment. From a not very novel or profound essay on "Fiction and Matter-of-Fact," we pass to an inimitably humorous "Inside of an Omnibus." From the ludicrous chapter of misfortunes which befel the luckless "Carfington Blundell, Esq.," we are taken to the "Zoological Gardens;" we are then plunged into a "Novel Party," where the guests are the heroes and heroines that have witched away the hearts of all readers. Leaving that crowded and exciting company we are shown into "Bed-rooms," and treated to recondite "Speculations on Beds;" reclining on their yielding softness we are in a fit mood to hear about the "World of Books," and to relish "Jack Abbott's Breakfast." "On seeing a Pigeon make Love," excites some happy reflections; *ditto* to the "Month of May." Then we have four admirable criticisms on "Female Beauty," written in Leigh Hunt's best style of mingled scholarship and gusto. "Statesmen who have written Verses," and "Female Sovereigns of England," close the first volume. No lack of variety!

Volume the second is perhaps even better, containing as it does those sparkling and suggestive "Characters" of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Madame de Sévigné, and Pepys; not to forget the papers on Suckling and Ben Jonson, on Pope, Cowley, Garth, and the Female Poetesses. Is not this a bill of fare to tempt the palate of the most dainty epicure? and remember *who* is the *chef de cuisine*!

It is not difficult to find matter for extract; but with an eye to the economy of space, we content ourselves with this *rondeau*, which has, besides its own excellence, the additional interest of being the offspring of a real impulse, and of chronicling the loving audacity of one of the most charming of women:—

"Jenny kiss'd me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
Time, you thief! who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put *that* in.  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have miss'd me,  
Say I'm growing old, but add—  
Jenny kiss'd me."

What will the ladies say, however, to a poet who thus kisses and tells . . . . !

G. H. L.

8. MIND AND MATTER, ILLUSTRATED BY CONSIDERATIONS UPON HEREDITARY INSANITY, AND THE INFLUENCE OF TEMPERAMENT IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE PASSIONS. By J. G. Millingen, M. D., M. A., First-class Surgeon to the Forces, Late Resident Physician of the County of Middlesex Lunatic Asylum, at Hanwell. London: H. Hurst, King William Street, Strand. 1847.

IN this volume the author has embodied the results of extensive reading and observation, in support of views entertained by him upon the subjects of the transmission of peculiarities and diseases, both mental and corporeal, and the influence of temperament upon the development of such passions as are most important in their effects upon society. The fact that such passions are in great measure thus influenced, and not unfrequently also developed by hereditary transmission, while statistics show that evil prevails according to a fixed law, would, in the words of the author, "be most discouraging were it not possible to modify this natural influence by the neutralizing power of moral and physical education, more especially amongst the masses, who, after all, constitute the *matériel* of society." Although an advocate for the extension of education, the author observes that he is not of opinion "that education will diminish the sum of human frailty," and that it may possibly foster ambitious views previously unknown; but allows that education may most unquestionably "modify our passions, and deprive their impulses of that recklessness and ferocity that is the usual characteristic of the excesses of the ignorant," and thus continues:—

"Were I writing a work on education, I could clearly shew that the systems usually adopted in childhood and in youth are diametrically opposed to these views. Our instinctive passions are often encouraged in their growth by imprudent fondness, or rudely checked by capricious tyranny. \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* Nothing will throw more insurmountable obstacles in the way of a desirable perfection than the imperfections of those who wish to obtain this impracticable result. Man is thus created a compound of good and evil; and all that we can hope to effect is to render these imperfections as little injurious to society as we can. The end of all good education and wise government should be the welfare of the greatest number. This can never be obtained until the few independent members of the community make sacrifices to promote the prosperity of their less fortunate brethren. This, moreover, can only be done by uniting private interests with general interests, diffusing the means of living, and promoting intellectual improvement. But, again, this blessing will be withheld from mankind until sacrifices, which it is to be feared will never be made, offer the means of insuring this diffusion. According to the position of a country, and the nature of its welfare, will the amelioration of the people be of a more difficult or a more easy attainment. If temporary prosperity affords occasional means of indulging in artificial luxuries, they will become, by habit, necessities of life; and their privation will be the more bitterly and impatiently felt when the vicissitudes of life place them beyond the reach of their former possessors."—p. 463.

Dr. Millingen's volume contains much very interesting matter, and will amply repay perusal, even by those who may dissent from some of his opinions.

9. **THE BATTLE OF NIBLEY GREEN** : from the MSS. of a Templar : with a Preface, Notes, and other Poems. By J. B. Kingston; London : H. Colburn, Great Marlborough Street. 1847.

"PRIVATE wars," says the author, "of which the battle of Nibley Green furnishes so notable an example, are the Lynch Law of Chivalry;" and, as such, "are signs of their several times and state of society." The principals in the private feud which led to this "passage of arms," were William, eighth Lord Berkeley, and Thomas Talbot (son of Shakspeare's "young John Talbot"), second Viscount Lisle, both descended from Maurice, fourth Lord Berkeley. The chief cause of quarrel seems to have been the disputed right to certain manors, to which both parties laid claim; though many minor points of disagreement fomented and kept alive the ill-feeling between the two lords. By way of settling the dispute, Lord Berkeley is challenged by his kinsman to meet him, as he says, "to try, between God and our two hands, all our quarrel and title of right, for to eschew the shedding of Christian mannis blood." The meeting took place in March, 1470, each lord being attended by a considerable, though unequal, number of armed followers. A fray ensued, termed by local historians the "English Chevy Chase," which ended in the total rout of the forces of the young De Lisle, himself being slain early in the battle.

"The issue of the conflict, in which upwards of 150 persons are said to have been mortally wounded, must have been decisive; for the Lord William Berkeley led on his victorious rout of followers to the manor-house of his fallen enemy, at Wotton, rifling it of its contents, and driving the widowed Viscountess thence with peril of fire and sword—of which flight, indeed, she afterwards miscarried of a male child, so that the title itself became extinct, in the direct line, as a consequence of this contest; and the revenge, if revenge was sought, was as full as the deepest hatred and the most inveterate malice could desire."

Although Lord Berkeley was cited to appear before the king (Edward IV.) to answer for his misdeeds in this matter, it does not appear that he was visited by any severe punishment; though he did not altogether escape the general consequences of the family feud.

In his "Argument" the author tells—

"How at Chambers in the Temple,  
Searching Ancient Records, lately,  
In a dusty nook I found  
An odd volume—tall and stately,  
Iron-clasp'd and parchment bound."

In this "odd volume," he professes to have discovered certain records, which he perceived

"Had been copied,  
In Law French abbreviated,  
From an ancient M.S., written  
In the old Provençal Rhyme;"

And that he subsequently amused himself, at idle moments, in turning the couplets into "modern measure," until the tale assumed the



form in which it now appears, which is not that of a connected narrative, but contains some quaint and Chaucer-like sketches of characters supposed to have figured in the battle, and who detail the particulars of the fray to Hugh de Glanville, the king's messenger, sent to obtain information, and to cite Lord Berkeley to appear before the monarch.

The poems appended have considerable merit; and the notes contain a good deal of curious information on the old forest laws, villanage, and other institutions of our ancestors. Altogether the book will be a welcome one to a large class of readers.

10. VOICES FROM THE MOUNTAINS. By Charles Mackay, LL.D., Author of 'Voices from the Crowd,' 'The Salamandrine,' &c. London: W. S. Orr & Co., Paternoster Row. 1847.

THE legitimate fame acquired by Dr. Mackay's former works, and especially by his 'Voices from the Crowd,' will be in no wise dimmed by his recently published 'Voices from the Mountains,' which abound in poetry of a very high order. Dr. Mackay's poetry always reads as if written by a man thoroughly in earnest; truth, humanity, and liberality pervade his productions; and amidst the heaps upon heaps of vapid sentimentality, cast in the form of verse, daily issuing from the press, it is truly refreshing to meet with such evidence that there is yet a poet among us, as is afforded by the pages of this little volume.

We select for quotation a piece, not because it is the best in the book, but because it best suits our limits.

**"WE ARE WISER THAN WE KNOW.**

"THOU, who in the midnight silence  
 Lookest to the orbs on high,  
 Feeling humbled, yet elated,  
 In the presence of the sky;  
 Thou, who minglest with thy sadness  
 Pride ecstatic, awe divine,  
 That ev'n *thou* canst trace their progress,  
 And the law by which they shine:  
 Intuition shall uphold thee,  
 Even though reason drag thee low;  
 Lean on faith, look up rejoicing,  
*We are wiser than we know.*

"Thou, who hearest plaintive music,  
 Or sweet songs of other days;  
 Heaven-revealing organs pealing,  
 Or clear voices hymning praise,  
 And would'st weep, thou know'st not wherefore,  
 Though thy soul is steeped in joy,  
 And the world looks kindly on thee,  
 And thy bliss hath no alloy—  
 Weep, nor seek for consolation,  
 Let the heaven-sent droplets flow,  
 They are hints of mighty secrets,  
*We are wiser than we know.*

"Thou, who in the noon-time brightness  
Seest a shadow undefined;  
Hear'st a voice that indistinctly  
Whispers caution to thy mind:  
Thou, who hast a vague foreboding  
That a peril may be near,  
Even when Nature smiles around thee,  
And thy Conscience holds thee clear—  
Trust the warning—look before thee,—  
Angels may the mirror show,  
Dimly still, but sent to guide thee,  
*We are wiser than we know.*

"Countless chords of heavenly music,  
Struck ere earthly time began,  
Vibrate in immortal concord  
To the answering soul of man:  
Countless rays of heavenly glory  
Shine through spirit pent in clay,  
On the wise men at their labours,  
On the children at their play.  
Man has gazed on heavenly secrets,  
Sunned himself in heavenly glow,  
Seen the glory, heard the music,  
*We are wiser than we know.*"—p. 45.

11. LYRICAL POEMS BY PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER; Selected and Translated by William Anderson. With a Biographical Notice by the Translator, revised by the Poet. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Glasgow: D. Robertson. 1847.

WERE this a goodly sized octavo, instead of a modest little pocket volume, we should be tempted to borrow for our pages some lengthened extracts from the very interesting memoir, prefixed to the generally well-executed translations of lyrics which have attained a world-wide reputation. The translator waited on Béranger at his residence at Passy, three or four miles from Paris, and submitted to the poet some of his translations. The relation of this visit is very interesting. For these translations the thanks of the poet were accorded.

The fame of Béranger seems chiefly to rest upon the generally Anacreontic and democratic character of his lyrics: as an example of his less known style, and of the translator's abilities, we quote—

"THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE VOYAGE.

"Sung over the cradle of a newly-born infant.

"Behold, my friends, this bark of tiny mould,  
But newly launched on life's uncertain sea.  
A gentle passenger the skiff doth hold:—  
Ah! shall not we its crew and pilot be?

The waves to lift it from the strand prevail,  
Which now it leaves for ever in its rear;  
Let us who see the little bark set sail,  
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

“Already Destiny the canvas swells,  
Already Hope the silken cordage binds,  
And, 'neath the glittering starlight, kindly tells  
Of waves propitious and of favouring winds.  
Fly hence, ye birds of dark presage, that wail;  
A noble galley of the loves is here.  
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,  
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

“The masts are all with rosy wreaths arrayed  
By sportive Cupid's light and nimble hands;  
To the fair Graces offerings rich are made;  
And steady Friendship at the rudder stands.  
Nor, with red wine, will jovial Bacchus fail;  
Nor Pleasure, once invoked, fail to appear:—  
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,  
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

“One more, to hail our galley, comes in haste,  
Misfortune, rescued now from want and woe,  
She prays that every joy the babe may taste  
Which those who bind the wounded heart can know;  
Sure that each fervent prayer that loads the gale,  
The God who guards the sleeping babe shall hear.  
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,  
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!”

The following closes the volume:—

“PASSY.

“On the occasion of the Poet's retirement thither from public life.

“Paris, adieu! I quit thy farthest wall!  
At Passy shelter and retreat are mine.  
Thou 'st lost the tax on one son's funeral;  
Clear of thy impost is his flask of wine!  
Here, far from storms, life's journey may I close;  
And, doomed to still forgetfulness, ere long,  
Like the tired bird amid its leaves, repose,  
Lulled by the echoes of mine own expiring song!”

The above form a perfect contrast to the martial lyric, ‘*Notre Coq*,’ referred to in our last Number.

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12. A PICTURE-BOOK WITHOUT PICTURES. By Hans Christian Andersen. From the German Translation of De la Motte Fouqué, by Meta Taylor. London: David Bogue, 86, Fleet Street. 1847.

MARY HOWITT, was, we believe, the first to introduce these charming little sketches to English readers; in a collected form, and in Mrs. Taylor's elegant version, they must attain still greater popularity. How characteristic is the Danish author's Preface!

He says :—

"I am a poor fellow, living in one of the narrowest of streets; yet there is no want of light, for I live high up, and have a view over all the roofs. For some days after I first came to town, the whole scene around appeared to me crowded yet lonely. In place of the groves and green hills, I saw nothing but dark gray chimneys, as far as my eye could reach. I met with no one whom I knew, no familiar face greeted me.

"One evening I was standing, with a heavy heart, at the casement. I opened it and looked out. Imagine my delight, when I beheld the face of an old friend—a round, kind face, looking down upon me—my best friend in my little garret. It was the Moon, the dear old Moon, with the same unaltered gleam, just as she appeared when, through the branches of the willows, she used to shine upon me, as I sat on the mossy bank beside the river. I kissed my hand to her, and she beamed full into my chamber, and promised to look in upon me whenever she went out; and this she has faithfully done. At every visit she tells me of one thing or another that she has seen during the past night, in her silent passage across the sky. 'Sketch what I relate to you,' said the Moon at her first visit, 'and you will have a pretty picture book.' I acted upon the hint: in my own fashion I could give a new 'Thousand and one Nights' in pictures; but this would be too tedious. The sketches I present are not selected, but given as I received them; a painter, poet, or musician might make something of them. What I offer are merely slight sketches upon paper, the framework of my thought."

How full of truth and feeling is the "Fifteenth Evening."

"I knew a Pulcinello, said the Moon. The folks all shouted whenever he made his appearance on the stage. All his movements were comical, and raised peals of laughter in the house, although there was nothing in particular to call it forth,—it was only his oddity. Even when a mere lad, romping about with the other boys, he was a Pulcinello. Nature formed him for the character, by putting a lump on his back and another on his chest. But the mind that was concealed beneath this deformity was, on the contrary, richly endowed. No one possessed a deeper feeling, a more vigorous elasticity of spirit than he. The stage was his world of ideals: had he been tall and handsome, every manager would have hailed him as his first tragedian. All that was heroic and great filled his soul, and still his lot was to be a Pulcinello. His very sorrow, his melancholy, heightened the dry comicality of his sharply-marked features, and aroused the laughter of a ticklish public, who applauded its favourite.

"The lovely Columbine was good and kind to him, and yet she preferred to give her hand to Harlequin. It would indeed have been too comical a thing in reality if 'Beauty and the Beast' had married. Whenever Pulcinello was dejected, she was the only one who could bring a smile upon his face, but she could even make him laugh outright. At first she was melancholy like him, then somewhat calmer, and at last overflowing with fun. 'I know well enough what ails you,' she said; 'it is love, and love alone!' And then he could not help laughing. 'Love and I!' he exclaimed; 'that would be droll indeed: how the folks would clap and shout.'

"'It is love alone,' she repeated with a comical pathos; 'you love—you love me!'

"Ay, people may speak thus when they imagine that in others' hearts there is no love. Pulcinello skipped high into the air and his melancholy was gone. And yet she had spoken the truth: he did love her; he loved her truly, fervently, as he loved all that was noble and beautiful in art. On her wedding-day he seemed the merriest of the merry; but in the night he wept; had the folks seen his wry face they would have clapped their hands.

"Not long ago Columbine died. On the day when she was buried, Harlequin had leave not to appear upon the boards: was he not a mourning widower? But the manager had to give something very merry, that the public might the less miss the pretty Columbine and the agile Harlequin. So the nimble Pulcinello had to be doubly merry: he danced and skipped about—despair in his heart—and all clapped their hands and cried 'Bravo, bravissimo!' Pulcinello was called for. Oh, he was beyond all price!

"Last night, after the performance, little Humpback strolled out of the town, toward the lonely churchyard. The wreath of flowers upon Columbine's grave had already faded. There he sat down; it was a perfect picture; his chin resting upon his hand, his eyes turned toward me—a Pulcinello upon the grave, peculiar, and comical. Had the folks seen their favourite, how they would have clapped and cried, 'Bravo, Pulcinello! bravo, bravissimo!'"—p. 43.

#### "SIXTEENTH EVENING.

"Hear what the Moon related to me next. Often have I seen young officers, parading for the first time in their splendid uniforms,—I have seen maidens in their ball-dress—the handsome bride of a prince arrayed in her festal attire; but no joy to be compared to that which I witnessed last evening in a child, a little girl four years of age. She had received a present of a new little blue frock, and a new rose-coloured bonnet. The finery was already put on, and all present called out for candles, for the light of the moon-beams that shone in at the window was far too little. 'Light, light!' was the cry. There stood the maiden as stiff as a doll; her little arms anxiously stretched out from the frock, and the fingers wide apart from each other; and oh, how her eyes and every feature beamed with joy!

"'To-morrow you shall go out,' said her mother. And the little girl looked up at her bonnet, then down at her frock, and smiled with rapture. 'Mother,' said she, 'what will the dogs think when they see me in my smart dress?'"—p. 47.

#### "TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

"I looked down upon the Tyrol with a soft and saddened smile, said the Moon, and the pine-trees cast their deep shadows upon the rugged rocks.

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"High up, between two pointed summits of the western acclivity of the mountain-range, stands a lonely nunnery, looking like a swallow's nest wedged in between the rocks. Two of the sisters were above in the tower, tolling the bell: they were both young, and they looked forth over the mountains into the wide world beyond. A travelling-carriage rolled past on the road below; the postilion's horn sounded, and as the poor nuns looked down on it, their thoughts unconsciously followed the glance: a tear glistened in the eye of the younger sister—the horn was heard more and more faintly, until at length the convent bells silenced its dying sound."—p. 65.

With this we must quit Andersen's charming picture-gallery, though with regret, and in the hope of meeting the artist again ere long.

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13.—THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ZAMBA, AN AFRICAN NEGRO KING; and his Experience of Slavery in South Carolina. Written by Himself. Corrected and arranged by Peter Neilson. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill. 1847.

FROM a certain air of truth pervading this interesting narrative, we are quite inclined to credit the editor's statement that he was personally acquainted with Zamba, and that the leading incidents of his life were

derived from his own lips. The editor frankly avows that his duties have not been limited to merely verbal revision; as a friend to the author he has rendered the narrative more full and attractive by introducing remarks made by him in conversation; but he also declares that in all essential points the narrative is genuine and authentic, though, for very obvious reasons, there is no clue to the real hero of the story, for, as Zamba says, rewards of dollars by the hundred and by the thousand would be cheerfully paid for the discovery of "the black rascal" who would dare thus to talk of his betters. And woe to the unfortunate individual who would be rash enough to attempt the dissemination of such a book in the boasted land of freedom; for

"It may, perhaps, be a new thing to many persons, even in Britain, to know that the laws of the State of South Carolina, in which I reside, are such that the printer who would be rash enough to print, or the bookseller who would be daring enough to offer for sale, the production of a negro, or any work written on behalf of this oppressed race, would not only draw upon himself the strong hand of the law, in the shape of a ruinous penalty, but would be exposed to the fury and summary vengeance of an insulted republic. Were a single copy of this simple production of mine to appear for sale in the window of any shopkeeper in the city of Charleston, a short time only would elapse ere the 'Sovereign People' would attack the house and the person of the unfortunate trader, armed with all the horrors of 'Lynch Law,'—a law which now proverbially reflects so much honour and credit on the mighty western republic. Tarring and feathering, and, finally, hanging from the nearest lamp-post, would be considered proper treatment for the rash bookseller; but were it discovered that a wretched negro was at the bottom of the affair, he would probably be torn limb from limb, as a warning and example to his black brethren."—Pref. ix.

Zamba was "an African prince, who succeeded his father as the king of a small territory on the banks of the Ango, and who was inveigled by the captain of an American slaver, and sold as a slave at Charleston, in South Carolina." Such, in few words, is the groundwork of the narrative; and the various passages in the life of the hero are told with great spirit, and frequently have quite a picturesque effect, especially those connected with his early life, when, as the heir apparent, "of whom his father was very proud," he was petted and made much of, not being allowed to stroll beyond the immediate precincts of the royal harem; until one day, when about eleven years of age, having wandered with his sister Lemba as far as a waterfall whither they had been expressly forbidden to go, the youthful pair were attacked by a huge baboon, whom Zamba transfixed with an arrow. This exploit so pleased his father, that he clapped his son on the shoulder, and said, "Now, Zamba, you are a man, I shall soon take you on my expeditions, and you shall have a musket to shoot men with instead of monkeys." The baboon was stuffed, and placed in a conspicuous part of the palace, in honour of the exploit of the heir apparent, who from this period became a person of great consequence, and, as he tells us, "swelled with pride like a turkey-cock," in consequence of the court paid to him.

The principal business of Zamba's father was "to procure cargoes of living flesh and blood to be transported to some far land beyond the setting sun;" and the white captain, who was King Zembolo's principal customer, became a particular favourite with Zamba, who, after the death of his father in an expedition against another king was persuaded by the favourite captain to accompany him to America. There the treacherous friend sold poor Zamba as a slave. He happened to fall into kind hands, and, after some years' servitude, had the gratification of relieving the captain who had kidnapped him, when fallen into distress. He had the happiness of meeting with his wife Zillah, among a lot of slaves freshly imported; she was purchased by Zamba's master, who, after a time, generously freed them both.

Such is a brief outline of a story, of which, whether fact or fiction, or a mixture of both, it is no small praise to say it reads as truthfully as *Robinson Crusoe*.

#### 14.—THREE LECTURES ON THE MORAL ELEVATION OF THE PEOPLE.

By Thomas Beggs. Gilpin.

PROLIFIC as the age is in books and pamphlets on the all-important questions of education, and the improvement of the working classes, we have seldom met with sounder views, and a more comprehensive grasping of the subject than we find put forth by Mr. Beggs in his 'Three Lectures on the Moral Elevation of the People.' All sects, he says, are agreed that the people must be educated, and we coincide with him in opinion that a better knowledge of the human mind is wanted ere it can be effectually accomplished:—

"We can read the fate of the human mind emphatically sealed, in those times when conformity to religious faith was enforced by penal statutes, and priests were elevated as hierophants, from whose judgment there was no appeal. We can read it still in those countries where tolerated dissent is unknown. There fanaticism and superstition brood over the minds of the population. There barbarism and sensualism prevail, and hang their heavy clouds over the tomb of intellect, virtue, and knowledge. In condition they are very little better than the Greek helot or the Roman slave. In extensive districts this mental darkness hangs over our population. The ignorance of our people is a stain upon our character as a nation, and the time has come when there will be much danger in neglecting it. Much of the apathy has arisen, no doubt, from the prejudices that prevail, from the imperfection of our present educational scheme, and much from our ignorance of the nature of the being we had to cultivate."

Those who insist upon the necessity of excluding the people from works of art, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, in the belief that the destructive principle is more fully developed in them than in those who have had the advantages of refined culture, are shown by Mr. Beggs to entertain views entirely founded on a misconception of facts. There is much sterling sense in his arguments. Without investing the poor man with any exceptional or extraordinary taste for objects of refinement, not warranted by his previous training, he says,—

"I do not believe that the mischief which has been done on many occasions, and which has justified this charge, has been the work of the labouring classes. The workman is in the habit of using a chisel and mallet, and knows the value of labour too well to spoil its fruits. His first idea in looking at a statue would be the great toil that had dug it from the earth, and the skill which had shaped it into form and beauty. The spoilers are the youths who throng our thoroughfares, living a life of busy idleness, and who are totally uneducated so far as the useful goes. The young gentlemen who wrench off knockers, frequent the saloons of the theatres, and who are learned in the slang of fashionable society; these, I suspect, are the men who lop off shrubs, and rob statues of their fair proportions."

Mr. Beggs is not free from the prevailing misapprehensions respecting the Prussian systems of education, of which he speaks in terms of severe condemnation. It is quite true that the primary schools of Prussia teach little more than reading, writing, and arithmetic, like the so-called "National" schools of this country, but the failure of the Prussian government in elevating the mind of the people, does not lie in the organization of its schools for children, which is at least better than our own, but in the defects of its institutions as adapted for men. We rejoice, however, to recognise in Mr. Beggs a friend and fellow-labourer for the attainment of higher objects than instruction in the merely elementary principles of mechanical knowledge.

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15. A WHIM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. In three volumes. London : Smith, Elder, & Co. Cornhill. 1847. •

WITH all its short-comings this is perhaps one of the best, if not *the* best, novel of the season. We know not why it should have been published anonymously, for the author need not be ashamed of his name. There is nothing new in the plot, but the characters are well drawn and the incidents made to succeed each other naturally. Without giving any analysis, we quote the opening chapter, which is quite out of the usual style of commencing a novel.

"A solitary room at midnight : a single candle lighted on the table : the stiff dull crimson silken curtains of the bed close drawn : half a dozen phials and two or three glasscs. Is it the chamber of a sick man? He must sleep sound if it be, for there is no noise, not even a breath ; and all without is as still as death. There is awe in the silence ; the candle sheds gloom, not light, the damask hanging sucks up the rays, and gives nothing back : they sink into the dark wood furniture : one could hear a mouse creep over the thick carpet ; but there is no sound ! Is it the chamber of the dead ? But where is the watcher ? Away ! and what matters it here ? No one will come to disturb the rest of that couch : no brawling voices, no creaking doors, will make vibrate the dull cold ear of death. Watch ye the living ! the dead need no watching : the sealed eyes and the clayed cars have sleep that cannot be broken.

"But is it the watcher who comes back again through that slowly opening door ? No, that is a man ; and we give all the more sad and solemn tasks to women. A young man, too, with the broad free brow gathered into a sad, stern frown. He comes near the bed ; he draws slowly back the curtain ; and, with the faint ray of the single candle streaming in, gazes down upon the



sight beneath. There it lies, the clay—animate, breathing, thoughtful, full of feelings, considerations, passions, pangs, not six-and-thirty hours before. But now so silent, so calm, so powerfully grave: it seems to seize, in its very inertness, upon the busy thoughts of others, and chain them down to its own deadly tranquillity.

"It is the corpse of a man, passed the prime, not yet in the decline, of life. The hair is grey, not white; the skin somewhat wrinkled, but not shrivelled. The features are fine, but stern; and there is a deep furrow of a frown between the eyebrows, which even the pacifying hand of death has not been able to obliterate. He must have been a hard man, methinks. Yet how the living gazes on the dead! How earnestly—how tenderly! His eyes, too, fill with tears. There must have been some kindly act done, some tie of gratitude or affection between these two. It is very often that those who are stern, but just, win regard more long-enduring, deeper-seated, more intense, than the blandishing, light-minded man of sweet and hollow courtesies.

"The tear overtops the eyelid, and falls upon the dark shooting-jacket; and then, bending down his head, he presses his lips upon the marble brow. A drop (of the heart's dew) will be found there in the morning; for there is no warmth in that cold forehead to dry it up.

"The curtains are closed again; the room is once more vacant of breath. The image of human life upon the table, that decreasing taper, gutters down with droppings like those of a petrifying spring. A spark of fire, like some angry passion of the heart, floats in the melted wax above, nourishing its flaming self by wasting that it dwells in. Then comes back the watcher, with bleared and vacant eyes, and lips that smell of brandy. She has sense enough yet to stop the prodigal consumer of her only companion of the night; and sitting down, she falls asleep in the presence of death, as if she were quite familiar with the grave, and had wandered amongst the multitudes that lie beneath."—p. 1.

16. THE ELEMENTS OF BOTANY, STRUCTURAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL; being a Fifth Edition of the Outline of the First Principles of Botany. With a Sketch of the Artificial Methods of Classification, and a Glossary of Technical Terms. By John Lindley, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Bradbury and Evans, 11, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street. 1847.

It would seem to be a work of supererogation to do more than simply announce the appearance of the fifth edition of a work, the merits of which are so generally acknowledged as those of Dr. Lindley's 'Elements': there is, however, one change in the present edition, the inconvenience of which we have practically experienced, and against which we record our strongest protest; we allude to the substitution of a glossary of terms, useful though it be, for the natural classification and an account of the medical properties of plants, which occupied the corresponding portion of the preceding edition. In justification of this change, Dr. Lindley coolly tells us in his preface, that as those subjects are "now treated of partly in 'School Botany' and very fully in the 'Vegetable Kingdom,' it has been deemed unnecessary again to include them;" so that the information which a student could previously obtain in a single volume for half a guinea, he is not now to procure for a smaller outlay than two guineas, and then it will be

mixed up with what, in nine cases out of ten, among medical students especially, will never be of the slightest use to the purchaser. This is really too bad; and comes with an ill grace from one who, in the very same preface, professes to have omitted certain portions of botanical science, as not affecting "any question which students are interested about." In plain words, it savours too strongly of *book-making*; and, from the Professor's position as a teacher, he unfortunately possesses the power of furthering the sale of his books, which few others can command. As to the great value of Professor Lindley's various botanical works there can be but one opinion; and we only regret that by the course above spoken of he should have laid himself open to the charge of paying more regard to the money part of the question than to his own reputation, or the convenience of the purchaser.

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17. **MANUAL OF BRITISH BOTANY**; containing the Flowering Plants and Ferns arranged according to the Natural Orders. By Charles Cardale Babington, M.A., F.L.S., F.G.S., &c. Second Edition, with many Additions and Corrections. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1847.

PREVIOUSLY to the appearance of the first edition of this useful Manual, scarcely any advance in the knowledge of British plants had been made since the publication of Smith's 'English Flora,' in 1828; the authors of Floras published in the interval, with the exception of occasional and comparatively trifling changes in nomenclature or arrangement, seeming to have contented themselves with reproducing their own labours or those of their predecessors, without attempting to place British Botany on a level with the actual state of the science on the continent. To Mr. Babington is due the honour of breaking through this routine; and taking Koch's 'Synopsis Floræ Germanicæ' as a model, his own extensive knowledge of the subject enabled him to produce a 'Manual of British Botany,' which, notwithstanding certain shortcomings inseparable from the task, was an immense improvement on those which had immediately preceded it. That the undertaking was appreciated as it deserved to be, the demand for a second edition is a gratifying proof. To this edition have been made several additions of species detected since the appearance of the former one, and certain errors corrected. The Manual is capable of still further improvements; but we are willing to make all due allowances for minor blemishes, and to accept it as an earnest that British plants are now receiving a greater share of attention from scientific botanists than was accorded them prior to the publication of the first edition of this work, a change to which we fully believe the appearance of the Manual in no trifling degree conduced.

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18. **COUNTRY SCENES AND SUBJECTS**. By Rhoda Maria Willan, Author of 'The Flower Girl,' &c., &c. With Illustrations. London: Wm. S. Orr & Co., Paternoster Row. 1847.

MISS WILLAN'S 'Flower-Girl' was very favorably received both by the press and public on its appearance some years ago, and was generally

considered to give fair promise of the attainment of future fame by the author. The present volume consists, for the most part, of prose sketches of rural scenes and subjects, written in a pleasing style, and calculated, by their freshness and truth, to renew the former impressions of those by whom crowded cities and the busy hum of men are felt to be but poor substitutes for the sights and sounds of Nature. To the accuracy of several of her sketches we can ourselves testify, being personally acquainted with many of the scenes described; and to us her native village, with the "wild and picturesque places,—heights, vales, meadows, and cultivated fields, interspersed with

'Green nestling spots for dreaming poets made,'"

visible from the home of her childhood, are familiar as household words.

Lovers of the country will readily enter into the spirit of the following extract from the Preface.

"Whilst the trees wave, and the flowers blow, and the birds sing, and the clear, bright rivers of England flow along with their pleasant murmurs, delight will ever be found in Nature's green haunts, and such pleasures as leave no sting behind. To myself, a country ramble is the greatest enjoyment of life; something ever new rises up and delights me. I discover a flower which I had never before seen, or behold a bird flitting across my path which I had never beheld before; and even in the shifting lights, which the clouds are ever throwing over the hills and valleys, I find something that makes the heart feel happier; and to me, many of the most beautiful descriptive passages of our immortal poets seem to have a greater charm, when read amidst the dreamy waving of the trees."

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19. **BODY AND SOUL : OR, LIFE, MIND, AND MATTER**, considered as to their peculiar Nature and combined Condition in Living Things; with a view to render the Physiology of Life and Mind more easily understood by the General Reader. Illustrated by Drawings. By George Redford, M.R.C.S.L., &c. London : John Churchill, Princes Street, Soho. 1847.

A SUMMARY of the researches of physiologists on the subjects indicated in the title, "commenced," says the author, "some years ago, for the purpose of settling his own ideas on the matters it refers to, and now published in the hope of its proving both interesting and useful to those whose minds, whether professionally or otherwise, have at any time been engaged in the investigation of the phenomena herein treated of." In the first and second parts, the phenomena of life and mind are considered apart, and the third is devoted to the combined phenomena of life and mind.

The following concluding paragraph seems to contain the sum and substance of all physiological reasoning and research on the intricate subjects treated of in this essay :—

"After all that we have said upon life, mind, and organism, it will be seen that we have not succeeded in explaining these phenomena, we have only explained how they are connected, and the conditions necessary for their operation.

We must confess ourselves unable to offer from science any reason why life should exist, or why death should occur; there certainly appears no reason why an object once endowed with life should not live for ever, for the state of maturity might be prolonged for ever, as it is; there is nothing impossible in such a state: or such a perfected condition might arise at once and continue for ever. If we could imagine a physiologist seeing, for the first time, an organic structure, such as the human frame, in a state of perfection, however closely he might examine it, and however intimately he might know the structure, he could not, without the knowledge of experience, pretend to say there appeared any reason why death should occur; he would not indeed conceive such a thought as death."

20. AZETH, THE EGYPTIAN : a Novel. T. C. Newby. 1847.

THERE can be no doubt that the author of 'Azeth,' though inexperienced, is a remarkable person. The command over language, the power of description, the rare power of fusing heterogeneous learning, by the heat of imagination, into a homogeneous mass, so that the archæology be not insupportable pedantry but attractive *couleur locale*, these qualities have enabled the author to produce an interesting romance on that most uninteresting subject—Egypt. The perils of such an undertaking have been on the whole tolerably avoided; but the inherent fault of the subject could not be overcome. Some persons there are to whom all that relates to the grave, mysterious Egyptians has an interest; others, who love to wander awhile "on the shores of old romance," whose hearts can beat at Egyptian terrors, whose minds can become agitated by Egyptian speculations. To such we can cordially recommend 'Azeth.' Our own tastes are so opposed to this style of romance that we prefer silence on that point; merely suggesting a passing counsel to the author to subdue that tendency to the grandiloquent and florid style into which he has fallen, and above all, to think more of human nature in its depths and perplexities, than in its theatrical extravagancies. There is some genuine ore in this production, but there is also a great deal which is meant for gold, and is only tinsel.

21. THE GALLERY OF NATURE : a Pictorial and Descriptive Tour through Creation. Nos. 1 to 4. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A. London : W. S. Orr, & Co., Amen Corner, and 147, Strand. 1847.

It is a pity that some little pains should not have been taken to render this really handsome and useful work something more than a mere re-issue of the former edition, published, we believe, in 1845. In a book professing to give a complete 'History of Astronomy' up to the present time, we naturally look for some notice, however short, of the grand discoveries by which the last two years have been distinguished, one of which, at least, has no parallel in the annals of science. The chapters on the 'History of Astronomical Discovery,' seem to be the proper place in which to seek records of the discovery of the new asteroid—Astræa; of the more extraordinary discovery of

Le Verrier's planet, and of the central sun, as well as of the resolution of some of the most refractory nebula, whereby the plausible *nebular hypothesis* would seem to be rendered more than doubtful; but there is not the slightest allusion to any one of these novelties. After a notice of the discovery of the four previously known asteroids, occurs the following paragraph :—

"Next to this addition to the system, the most remarkable astronomical occurrences of the present age are the November meteors, the renewed return of Halley's comet, and the determination of the annual parallax of the star, 61 Cygni, by Bessel. These will come under consideration in future pages, with the important contributions made to science by the great names of the day, Sir John Herschel, Sir James South, Struve, Airy, and Arago."

Surely, to the above names, those of Le Verrier, Adams, Rosse, and a few others, have good title to be added; but from the passage quoted, and from remarks on the nebular hypothesis which immediately follow, it is evident that at the time of writing the chapter whence it is taken, the author knew nothing of the *more* "remarkable astronomical occurrences of the present age." It may be said that these too will be considered in future pages; so far, it will be well. But we contend that the public who patronize a work of this description, have a right to the latest information on the subject in its proper place. In other respects the book is perfectly satisfactory in plan and execution.

22. FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By Hugh Miller, Author of the 'Old Red Sandstone,' &c. London: John Johnstone, 25, Paternoster Row; and 15, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

THIS is precisely the kind of book we should have looked for from the pen of the talented author of the 'Old Red Sandstone,' straight-forward and earnest in style, rich and varied in matter, these 'First Impressions' will add yet another laurel to the wreath which Mr. Miller has already won for himself. Some readers will perchance quarrel with the book for its want of method—its somewhat *outré* admixture of Presbyterianism and Puseyism, geology and politics, cathedrals and stone-quarries, poetry and potatoes; but this very absence of method is of itself a guarantee for the genuineness of the Impressions, and is far more pleasing, because more natural, than any formal arrangement of the several reflections awakened in such a mind as the author's during his first visit to the south of the Tweed.

Mr. Miller's visit to England was paid under adverse circumstances. Ill health, and the almost incessant rains of the autumn of 1845, would have been sufficient to depress the energies of any one less enthusiastic than our author; but his richly stored pages render it sufficiently evident that even these serious drawbacks to the pleasures of his tour, were never allowed to interfere with its main objects, namely, the study of "society without its mask," as exhibited by the humbler classes of the English, and such an addition to his stock of

geological lore, acquired in fresh localities, as should enable him on his return to resume his survey of the "Scottish deposits with a more practised eye and more extended knowledge."

The very Scottish appearance of everything on the south side of the Border, naturally induces reflections upon the worse than folly, —the wickedness of war, especially between people so nearly allied as the Scotch and English.

"We passed, on the Scottish side, a group of stalwart shepherds,—solid, grave-featured men, who certainly did not look as if they loved fighting for its own sake; and, on the English side, drove by a few stout ruddy hinds, engaged in driving carts, who seemed just as little quarrelsome as their Scottish neighbours. War must be intrinsically mischievous. It must be something very bad, let us personify it as proudly as we may, that could have set on these useful, peaceable people,—cast in so nearly the same mould, speaking the same tongue, possessed of the same common nature, loveable, doubtless, in some points, from the development of the same genial affections,—to knock one another on the head, simply because the one half of them had first seen the light on the one side of the hill, and the other half on the other side. And yet such was the state of things which obtained in this wild district for many hundred years."—p. 3.

At Manchester, the coming in of a train laden with townspeople, returning from their Sunday trip into the country, induces a comparison between the Sabbath-breaking Scotch and English, by no means favourable to the former. After mentioning a slight case of disturbance, Mr. Miller continues:—

"With, however, this exception, the aspect of the numerous passengers had a sort of animal decency about it, which one might in vain look for among the Sunday travellers on a Scotch railway. Sunday seems greatly less connected with the fourth commandment in the humble English mind, than in that of Scotland; and so a less disreputable portion of the people go abroad. There is a considerable difference, too, between masses of men simply ignorant of religion, and masses of men broken loose from it; and the Sabbath-contemning Scotch belong to the latter category. With the humble Englishman, trained up to no regular habit of church-going, Sabbath is pudding-day, and clean-shirt day, and a day for lolling on the grass opposite the sun, and if there be a river or canal hard by, for trying how the gudgeons bite, or, if in the neighbourhood of a railway, for taking a short trip to some country inn, famous for its cakes and ale; but, to the humble Scot, become English in his Sabbath views, the day is, in most cases, a time of sheer recklessness and dissipation. There is much truth in the shrewd remark of Sir Walter Scott, that the Scotch, once metamorphosed into Englishmen, make very mischievous Englishmen indeed."—p. 44.

We can ourselves testify to the devotion of the Birmingham people to music, spoken of in the following extract; often have we observed the swart founder or hammer-man, fresh from the forge, working away on his violoncello or double-bass, or other favourite instrument, with as much industry as if his daily bread depended upon it. The prevalence of this musical taste in Birmingham is thus accounted for by Mr. Miller:—

"Almost all the larger towns of England manifest some one leading taste or other. Some are peculiarly literary, some decidedly scientific; and the taste paramount in Birmingham seems to be a taste for music. In no town in

the world are the mechanical arts more noisy; h  mmer rings incessantly on anvil; there is an unending clang of metal, an unceasing clank of engines; flame rustles, water hisses, steam roars, and from time to time hoarse and hollow above all, rises the thunder of the proofing-house. The people live in an atmosphere continually vibrating with clamour; and it would seem as if their amusements had caught the general tone, and become noisy like their avocations. The man who for years has slept soundly, night after night, in the neighbourhood of a foundry, awakens disturbed if by some accident the hammering ceases; the imprisoned linnet or thrush is excited to emulation by even the screeching of a knife-grinder's wheel, or the din of a coppersmith's shop, and pours out his soul in music. It seems not very improbable that the two principles on which these phenomena hinge,—principles as diverse as the phenomena themselves,—may have been influential in inducing the peculiar characteristic of Birmingham; that the noises of the place, grown a part of customary existence to its people,—inwrought, as it were, into the very staple of their lives,—exerts over them some such unmarked influence as that exerted on the sleeper by the foundry; and that, when they relax from their labours, they seek to fill up the void by modulated noises, first caught up, like the song of the bird beside the cutler's wheel or coppersmith's shop, in unconscious rivalry of the clang of their hammers and engines. Be the truth of the theory what it may, there can be little doubt regarding the fact on which it hinges. No town of its size in the empire spends more time and money in concerts and musical festivals than Birmingham; no small proportion of its people are amateur performers; almost all are musical critics; and the organ in its great hall, the property of the town, is, with the exception of that of York, the largest in the empire, and the finest, it is said, without any exception."—p. 230.

On the outskirts of Hales Owen, Mr. Miller met with an incident, which, as he himself intimates, closely resembles the anecdote of Franklin and his three loaves.

"A humble fruit-shop stood temptingly open among the naileries in the outer skirts of Hales Owen, and I stepped in to purchase a few pears; a six-penceworth would have been by no means an overstock in Scotland to one who had to travel several miles up-hill in a warm day; and so I asked for no less here. The fruitman began to fill a capacious oaken measure, much like what in Scotland we would term a meal lippy, and to pile up the fruit over it in a heap. 'How much is that?' I asked. 'Why, only fivepenn'orth,' replied the man; 'but I'll give thee the other penn'orth arter.' 'No, no, stop,' said I; 'give me just the half of fivepenn'orth; you are much more liberal here than the fruit-dealers in my country; and I find the half will be quite as much as I can manage.'"—p. 187.

We regret that we are here compelled to leave this agreeable book for the present; hoping, however, to return to it at an early period.

23. *THE CAUSE OF BLIGHT AND PESTILENCE IN THE VEGETABLE CREATION*; with Suggestions for the Development of other Supplies of Food during the Present Crisis. By John Parkin, M. D. London: Hatchard & Son, 187, Piccadilly. 1846.

*THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF DISEASE IN THE POTATO AND OTHER CROPS.* By John Parkin, M. D. &c. London: W. Wood, 39, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. 1847.

DR. PARKIN is well known to have devoted much of his attention to the treatment of cholera during the prevalence of that epidemic in

1832. His researches into the probable cause of cholera have led him to form the opinion "that the decay or destruction of vegetables, when witnessed over large tracts, or whole continents, is not only similar in character, but is also due to the same cause as that which produces disease and death in the animal creation." This opinion is induced by the consideration "that at all epidemic periods these different effects invariably follow or accompany each other;" and both classes of disease the author is disposed to refer to a volcanic origin, their *immediate* cause being "the extrication of a gas from the interior to the exterior, and its diffusion in the surrounding atmosphere."

In the first of the pamphlets above named, and under the impression that the same causes will in all probability be more or less in operation for some considerable period, the fisheries are suggested as affording an almost inexhaustible supply of food, as a substitute, to a considerable extent, for that to which we have been accustomed, while the finny tribes seem to be generally less affected by the casualties which act so fatally on domesticated animals.

In the second pamphlet the same subject is continued, and the various observations recorded by Dr. Parkin certainly appear to give great weight to the opinion above cited. Acting upon this impression, and conceiving that a mode of treatment which he had found most efficacious when applied to human subjects labouring under the disease might be equally beneficial in the case of the vegetable, he recommends an additional supply of carbon, not alone in the solid form of charcoal, but more especially in that of carbonic acid gas. This is to be obtained by dressing the land previously to planting the potatoes with chalk and salt; the mutual decomposition of the two substances, Dr. Parkin conceives, would liberate a quantity of carbonic acid, the carbon of which would be appropriated by the plant.

For further explanations of Dr. Parkin's views, which are reasonable, and not opposed to fact, as well as his mode of applying the remedy for the disease, we must refer to the pamphlet.

24.—HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By D. Wemyss Johnson. Second Edition. London: E. Churton, 26, Holles Street. 1847.

THREE volumes, containing the History of France from the invasion of Cæsar to the commencement of the French Revolution, are to precede the present volume: three more are to follow, which will be devoted to the history of the Directory and the career of Napoleon to his fall. The author is evidently quite master of his subject, and his style of writing is at once vigorous, comprehensive, and graphic. He gives his authorities in the form of foot notes, which are evidently intended to guide the reader in further researches, rather than to display the author's extensive reading.

As a specimen of the work, we quote the estimate of the character and conduct of Louis XVI. :—



“Repudiating the despotic doctrine that sovereigns are responsible to Omnipotence alone—a species of responsibility whose present immunity counterpoises any future terrors—and acknowledging that collusion with the public enemy is a crime for which a monarch is justly amenable to the judgment of his people, impartial posterity may still discern in the career of Louis XVI. many circumstances to palliate his conduct and extenuate his guilt. He was less culpable than feeble, more imprudent than criminal; and his misfortunes are to be ascribed rather to his own vacillating temper than either to the violence of his friends, or the vindictiveness of his foes. It was by vacillation more than vice that his power was first subverted and finally subdued. Of all the sixty sovereigns who previously had swayed the sceptre of France, he was perhaps the least calculated to arouse, and undoubtedly the most incompetent to resist, the indignation of his subjects. But it was his fate to ascend the throne at a period when concession to popular power was demanded; and his misfortune that he either did not concede in time, or that, by the weakness of his own character and the conduct of his court, he inspired distrust in the sincerity of his concessions. It was his still greater calamity that, after acceding to the just demands of his people, he had not the resolution to oppose their unjust infringements of his power.”—p. 183.

25.—SYLVAN'S PICTORIAL HANDBOOK TO THE ENGLISH LAKES.

With Maps, by James Wyld, and upwards of One Hundred Illustrations from original sketches, by Thomas and Edward Gilks. London: John Johnstone, Paternoster Row. Edinburgh: Johnstone. Glasgow: Bryce. Dublin: M'Glashan. 1847.

THE announcement, that in twelve hours from the time of quitting London, the tourist may be conveyed to the very gate of the lake district, is enough to make any one discontented, who is compelled to confine his rambles to the dingy streets of the metropolis. For those who are more fortunate, another candidate for favour has arisen in the shape of a very convenient and useful ‘Pictorial Hand-book,’ the object of which, as far as possible, is “to give a pleasant gossiping account of all the objects worthy attention in the routes—whether it be the mountain or valley—lake or fall—gill or force—castle, abbey, ivy-mantled tower, or druidical temple, with such pictorial representations of them, as shall place the volume on a level with the demand of the age for cheap illustrated literature; and which also will enable visitors to carry away to their homes a panorama of scenes associated with interesting reminiscences of travel.” All this, the ‘Pictorial Hand-book’ honestly performs. Some of the illustrations perhaps might have been more illustrative, but the majority are very good; the maps are well executed, and will be found exceedingly useful. And when a neat pocket volume like the present, containing four districts and one large general map, with upwards of a hundred pictorial illustrations, and accompanying letter-press, can be purchased for a few shillings, nothing more can be desired on the score of cheapness.

**26. BYWAYS OF HISTORY FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.** By Mrs. Percy Sinnett. In Two Volumes. Longman.

THE above is the simple and unpretending title of one of the most important chapters of human history. The history not of political chieftains, nor of an ecclesiastical hierarchy, but of the struggles of the working classes against both, for the right to the enjoyment of the fruits of their own industry. The subject relates to the peasant war of Germany; embraces a graphic sketch of the previous condition of the mass of the German people, the oppression of the priests and nobles, and the fearful retribution by which they were overtaken. The tale is well told. Mrs. Sinnett has great skill as a narrator. Her style is most felicitous; abounding with playful touches, sometimes reminding us of the quaint humour of Carlyle, and her dramatic grouping of the various incidents of the war is powerfully effective. The two volumes (to which we may return) contain an instructive lesson, and are conveyed in a form which must ensure the work a favourable reception with the public.

*Miscellaneous.*

**HOGG'S WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR.** Parts 25 to 27. 1847. Edinburgh: James Hogg, 122, Nicolson Street. London: Groombridge & Sons.

THE twenty-fifth monthly part of this amusing and instructive *Miscellany* commences a new volume, with a novel feature—that of giving portraits of eminent characters on a leaf of plate-paper apart from the work itself. The 25th part contains a well-written memoir, and a good portrait, of Dr. Joseph Wolff. We cannot say as much for the portraits of Moore and Dr. Hamilton, which are quite unworthy a place in any respectable periodical.

Like 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,' which it resembles in size and price, the 'Weekly Instructor' contains a pleasing variety of excellent matter, original and select; while in point of ability, as compared with other periodicals of a similar character, we should be inclined to rate the 'Instructor' second only to the 'Journal.'

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**LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.** By J. M. McCulloch, D.D., Minister of the West Church, Greenock. Second edition; with Additions and Supplementary notes. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1847.

THIS little essay is written in a pleasing, popular style, and displays considerable research, and an extensive acquaintance with the subject. The valuable labours of Bishops Lowth and Jebb, are, as a matter of course, properly referred to, and the author duly acknowledges the assistance derived from them in their particular walk of biblical literature; but it is evident that he has himself devoted much attention to this, as well as the other branches of the inquiry, which is one that will amply repay all who enter upon it in a proper spirit. Dr. McCulloch's book may safely be recommended as a very useful introduction to the study of the Literary Characteristics of the Scriptures.

**THE WORKS OF JOSEPHUS.** A new Translation, by the Rev. Robert Trail, D.D., M.R.I.A., &c. With Notes, Explanatory Essays, and Pictorial Illustrations. London: Houlston & Stoneman. 1846.

THE first monthly part of this undertaking promises well. It is very well printed and beautifully illustrated, and when completed will form a handsome work for the library. Unfortunately, though positively cheap, if we consider the style in which it is got up, and the number and quality of the engravings in each part, yet the price will place the work beyond the reach of the majority of book buyers. The present part contains an introductory essay "On the Character and Credibility of Josephus;" and the new translation of his life as written by himself. The illustrations are eight in number; and consist of four highly-finished views of scenery and buildings, two outline plates of buildings, and two medallions from antique coins.

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**PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE ADOPTION OF A BETTER SYSTEM IN THE GOVERNMENT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY AT WOOLWICH.**  
By an Artillery Officer. London: E. Churton, 26, Holles Street. 1847.

THE "Artillery Officer" seems to be pretty well acquainted with the "secrets of the prison house," and is evidently not indisposed to place in the fairest point of view the various questions connected with the internal management of the Military Academy, which have lately been so freely discussed in the public prints. He says, "There is no institution in the whole kingdom which can boast of such beautiful order, or such regularity of system, or such high principle in conducting the arrangement of its interior economy—to speak in general terms,—as the Royal Military Academy." At the same time, he admits that great improvements *might* be effected, both in the plan of study and internal government of the cadets. He asserts, too, that "*neuring*, or fagging, has been for several years past almost obsolete at the Academy." But we must refer to the pamphlet for a knowledge of the plans proposed by him for the improvement of the institution.

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**DEATH'S SOLILOQUY: a Poem.** By Thomas Eagles. London: Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria-lane. 1847.

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**HEROIC ODES, AND BACCHIC MELODIES.** By George St. Edmonds. London: E. Churton, 26, Holles-street. 1846.

POSSESSING about the average merit of verses "not written for publication," and consequently not calculated to extend the author's fame greatly beyond the circle of friends, for whom most of them were written.

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**AN ANALYTICAL DIGEST** of all the reported cases decided in the Supreme Courts of Judicature in India, in the Courts of the Hon. East India Company, and on appeal from India by Her Majesty in Council. By William H. Morley, of the Middle Temple, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law. London: Wm. H. Allen and Co., Leadenhall-street. 1846.

THIS is a specimen of a larger work, and contains Introductory Remarks on the Supreme Courts, Mofussil Courts, Native Law, &c., with about 80 pages of the Digest, to show the plan, with an Index, &c. The work will doubtless be found exceedingly useful to the profession.

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THE SUTTEE. A Poem, with Notes. London: Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley, Fleet-street. 1846.

A HUMANE attempt to enlist the sympathies of the British public in favor of woman in India: the profits arising from its sale to be devoted to the use of the Church Missionary Society. The notes contain much information; and though we cannot say much in praise of the *poetry*, yet the evident earnestness of the author in pleading the cause entitles him to a hearing.

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THE OPERA. VIEWS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN. By Sedgley Marvel, (old) Bachelor of Arts, S.A.H.M.T., &c. London: C. Mitchell, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street. 1847.

WE are truly grateful to the author for the following very apposite quotation, which precludes the necessity of saying a word of our own upon the merits of this *brochure*.

"I feel something as should the reverend though mistaken owl, that—educated amongst old grey ruins, and glimpses of moonshine, his repose amidst shadows concealed by curtains of ivy from inquisitive glowworms—precipitates himself in a moment of infatuation upon the brightness of the noonday. So do I feel when athwart me stealth the recollection that I have 'with these presents' (as the lawyers phrase it), undertaken to chalk out a sketch of that castle of clouds, guiltless of scaling ladders of real wood—The London Opera."

DIALOGUES ON UNIVERSAL SALVATION, AND TOPICS CONNECTED THEREWITH. By David Thom, Minister of Bold-street Chapel, Liverpool. Second edition. London: H. K. Lewis, 15, Gower-street north. Liverpool: Philip, South Castle-street, 1847.

THE first edition of this work was published nearly nine years since; the introductory matter, in addition to a short notice of the author's brother, the late Mr. Robert Thom, British Consul at Ningpo, well known for his attainments in Chinese literature, contains some remarks explanatory of additions and changes made in the present edition of the Dialogues.

THE VOCATION OF THE SCHOLAR. By Johann Gottlieb Fichte. Translated from the German by William Smith. London: John Chapman, 121, Newgate-street. 1847.

THE present publication may be considered introductory to the previously published 'Nature of the Scholar,' by the same author. It consists of five lectures, delivered at Jena, to an audience composed of students from all departments of the University. The author "sets forth the vocation of man as an individual and as a member of society; the sources of the different classes into which society is divided, and the duties arising from these distinctions; and lastly, the vocation of that particular class whose separate calling has its origin in the common desire of man to know, and who have chosen the acquisition and imparting of knowledge as their share of the general labours of the race." Mr. Carlyle's opinion of Fichte is fully borne out by the present lectures; for no one can read them without feeling that whether his opinions are true or false, "his character, as a thinker, can be slightly valued only by such as know it ill."

## Miscellaneous Notices.

**POPULAR CYCLOPEDIA OF NATURAL SCIENCE.** Parts I.—III. By W. B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S., author of “*Principles of Human Physiology*.” London: W. S. Orr & Co., Amen Corner, and 147, Strand. 1847.

WE are pleased whenever fresh effort is made to extend and popularize a taste for natural history; and one of the most effective means of accomplishing this, is the publication of trustworthy treatises on each department of natural science at a cheap rate and in an attractive form. Dr. Carpenter's works are now well adapted for the purpose, and the present series will no doubt be extensively patronized.

“These treatises are all founded upon such knowledge as every person of ordinary capacity possesses; the plan of the works being, that the attention of the reader should be directed in the first instance to phenomena of constant occurrence around him; and it is hoped that by a judicious mode of treating the subject, principles may be developed in such a manner as to render them fully comprehensible and their more extended application fully marked out.”

The illustrations, which are generally good, add to the value of the Cyclopaedia.

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**THE “VISION OF PEACE;”** or, Thoughts in Verse on the Late Secessions from the Church of England. By William John Edge, M.A., Rector of Walsingham, Suffolk. London: E. Churton, 26, Holles-street. 1847.

WRITTEN, as the preface informs us, in the “firm belief that many (though by no means all) of the late seceders have been driven from us—as were the Wesleyans and Rowland Hills of former generations, by the frigid and unsympathetic demeanour of their brethren and superiors;” by such they are to be regarded “as the genuine expression of a different feeling existing in a large and increasing body of English churchmen.” They are published in the hope “that they may meet the eye of some doubting waverer, and be suggestive of thoughts” tending to “revive within him his expiring love and allegiance to his Mother Church.”

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**CALENDAR OF THE COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.** Instituted June 20th, 1846. London: Longman and Co. 1847.

CONTAINING lists of the council, officers, and members of the college, with the questions given at the examinations; lists of gentlemen who received certificates; and an appendix, including much matter explanatory of the objects and operation of this new institution, which bids fair to be of the greatest service to the profession on whose behalf it has been founded.

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**THE TRAVELLER'S MISCELLANY, AND MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINMENT.** Nos. II. to IV.—April to June, 1847. London: W. J. Adams. 59, 1, eqs-street.

THIS agreeable little railway and steam-boat companion improves greatly as it goes on. The *business* portion appears to be conducted with every attention to correctness, while the literary contents are light, varied, and interesting. Successful must be.





